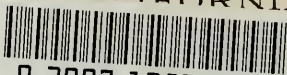


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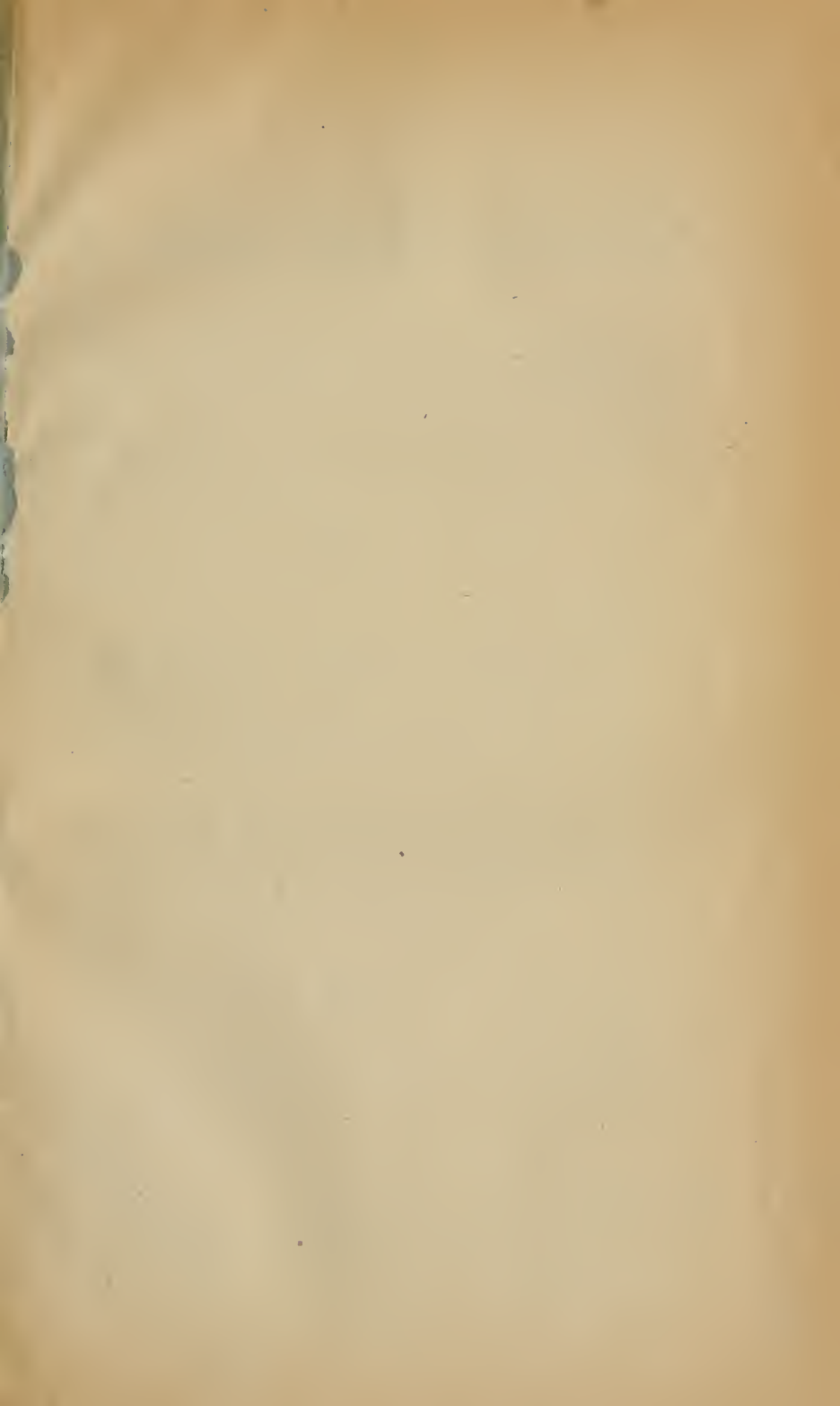
The NORTHERN CROWN



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THE NORTHERN CROWN

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people ❧ ❧ ❧



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MENDOCINO'S WILD EASTER LILY.

Easter, 1904.

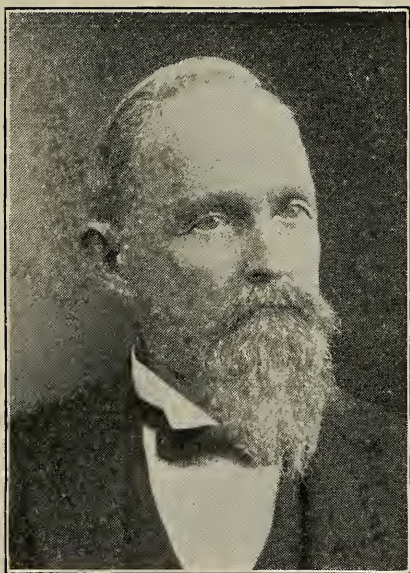
"For now has Christ arisen from the dead;"
 And the poppies nod their heads of sunny
 gold,
 The Iris pure, its pearly buds unfold,
 The leaves of oak trees grim;
 The vines of woodlands dim,
 Softly whisper: "Christ has risen from the
 dead."

The fern fronds now unfolding
 From their cells beneath the sod,
 The snowdrops shyly lifting
 Their white faces up to God,
 Once more tell the olden story;
 Long ago the Lord of Glory
 Died the death, a felon's doom;
 Slept the sleep that knows no waking,
 Yet the Easter morning breaking,
 Gave the world an empty tomb.

They that will, may read the story
 Ever old, yet ever new,
 In the whispers of the wild grass,
 In the heath bells silvery blue,
 For they sleep a little season
 In a prison neath the sod,
 Then burst the bonds of darkness,
 Wafting fragrance up to God.

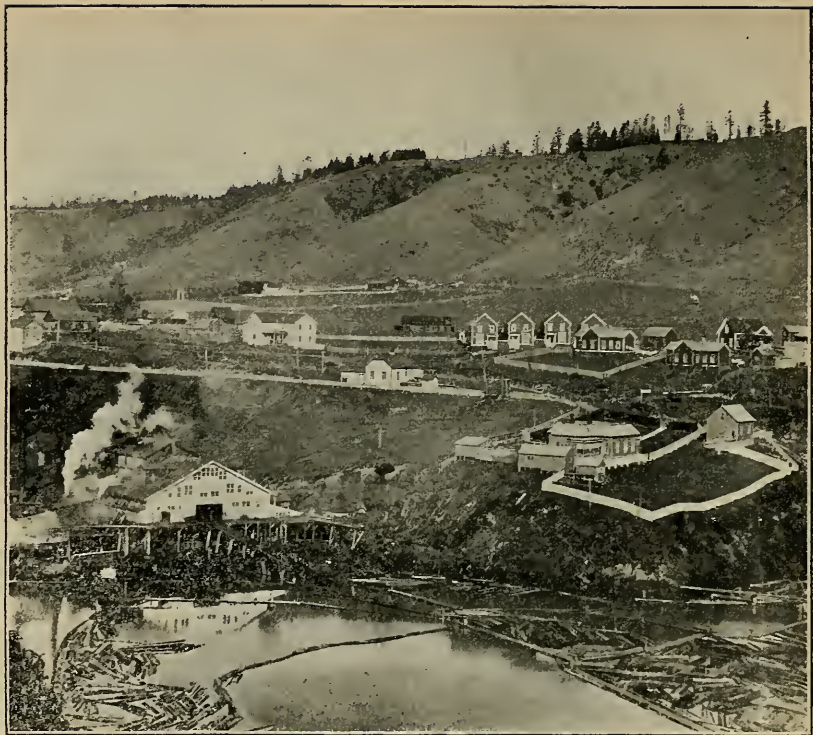
They proclaim the Easter glory
 From the darkness of the tomb,
 They unfold the wondrous story
 From a secret all their own.
 By their messengers the lillies
 In their lonely woodland bed;
 "Christ, the Lord, again has risen,
 He has risen from from the dead."

—LAURA GORDON CHAPELLE.

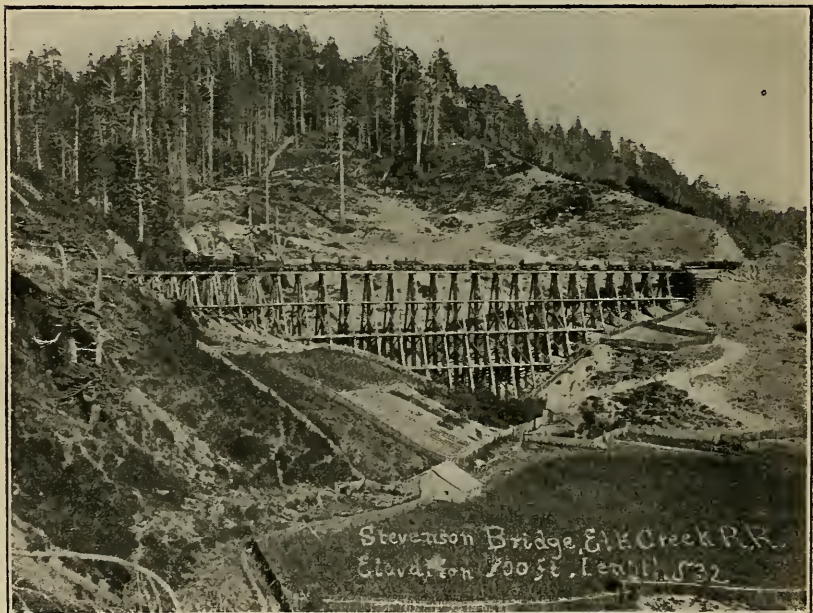


T. P. SMYTHE,

Ex-county Surveyor and Civil Engineer
For the
L. E. White Lumber Company.



Mill and Town of Greenwood.



The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., APRIL, 1904.

NO. 1

THE REDWOODS OF MENDOCINO

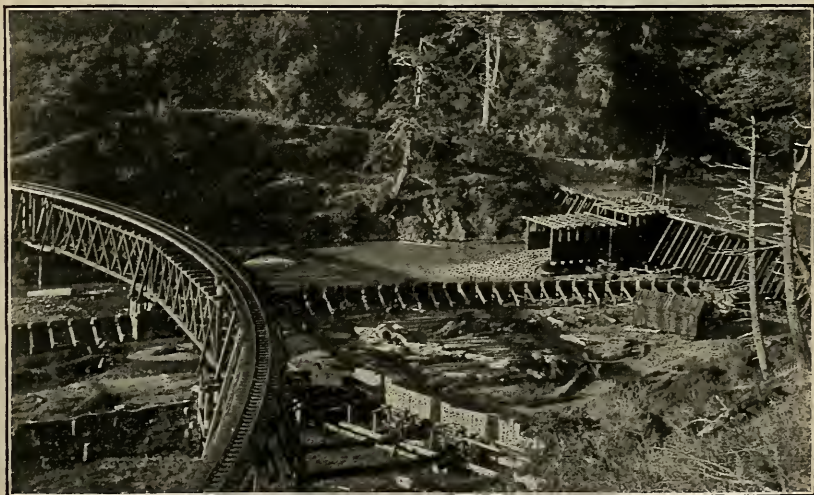
By Anna Morrison Reed

Here are the beautiful Redwood trees,
They have marched in phalanxes down to
the seas,
To stand enchanted in Nature's plan,
Till vanquished at last by the hand of man.

The great belt of redwood timber
standing inland from the 120 miles of
sea coast, on the western border of

than the assessed value of the whole
state, constitutes our greatest source of
natural wealth.

For more than forty years, where the
numerous rivers of Mendocino reach
and flow into the sea, towns have
sprung into existence, supported chiefly
by saw mills and the lumbering indus-

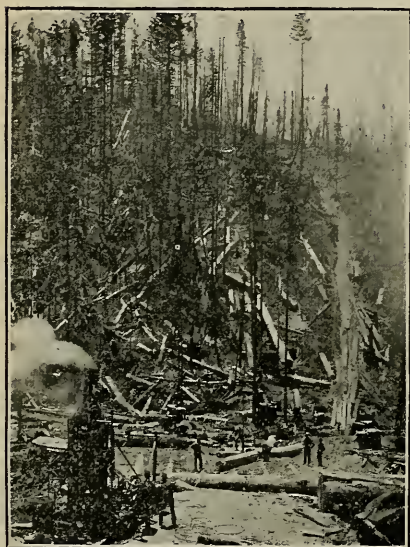


Howe Truss Bridge near Mouth of Elk Creek—Spans, 95 Feet; Curvature 18 Degrees.

Mendocino, covering 600,000 acres of try. The natural waterways, for a
the county's surface, and worth at a time, giving transportation for the nearest
conservative estimate, as much or more redwood, which was cut from canyons,

ravines and hillsides, and floated to the mill near the harbor and then the finished product loaded upon the waiting schooners for a more distant transportation to markets on the southern coasts, the far east, and elsewhere.

The Gualala, the Garcia, the Navarro, the Albion, Little river, Big river, the Caspar, the Noyo and many other smaller streams have from time to time, or simultaneously, been the mediums of this gigantic traffic in ventures that



Donkey Engine drawing logs to First Landing by cable.

involved millions of capital. Yet so inexhaustible was the supply from our great forests that still thousands of acres are covered with virgin timber.

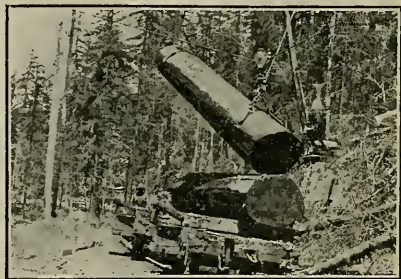
But the days of simpler transportation are over. The drift of the current and the later ox teams have been superseded by donkey engine and the endless cable, and many miles of railroad reach the remoter bodies of redwood, while the rush and roar of the iron horse echoes from canyon to hill and his startling scream proclaims that he is present master of the situation.

Greenwood, at the mouth of ~~Elk~~ creek, leads as one of the milling towns.

It was named for the five Greenwood brothers, who located there in 1851.

The company operating at present is known as the L. E. White Lumber Co. Something like 20 years ago, through their superintendent and manager, W. H. White, the Greenwood plant was bought and the business carried on by him until four years ago. W. H. Tait is now president of the company, Mrs. Helen P. Drew is principal owner and E. B. Salsig has been in charge about one year as superintendent and general manager.

The survey of the Elk creek railroad was made in 1888 under direction of T. P. Smythe, surveyor and civil engineer, and for many years county surveyor of Mendocino county. His work on the Elk Creek railroad gives evidence that he is master of his vocation. The trestles and bridges on this line are graceful in construction and unsurpassed in their strength and utility. Mr. Smythe has given his time and skill in work for this company for more than 20 years and the result is the admiration of all competent judges. Notable in the construction of the Elk Creek line is the Howe truss bridge over the creek near the coast end of the railroad. In its two spans of 95 feet each there is 18 degrees curvature and it is as artistic and accurate in its fittings as a piece of clock work and as beautiful to those



Loading Log Train by Cable.

who understand the perfection of such things. The cuts appearing with this article will give proof of these assertions

and to the eye of intelligence and skill will speak more eloquently and convincingly than any words of praise. The main line of the Elk Creek railroad

marvelous, and the evidence must be seen to be fully understood. Saplings will sprout from the side of a fallen tree and growing rapidly throw out roots over and under the fallen log, pinning it down until in course of time the old wood is absorbed in a new growth. From 12 to 30 young trees spring up around each mother stump and if spared by ax and fire are marketable timber in less than 20 years. A comparatively soft wood, yet it is susceptible of the highest polish, and when properly cut and cured is almost indestructible by time.

Fort Ross, in Sonoma county, was settled by the Russians in 1799. Redwood stockades and buildings left by them are in a state of preservation today. Redwood seems equally fitted for the massive construction of fort or bridge or the more graceful outline of the mansion or cottage. And in the realm of art and ornamental work the curly and birdseye burls are invaluable. Furniture fashioned from this material



North Fork Trestle 130 feet high, 484 feet long.

extending from Greenwood follows the coast around a high bluff near the ocean, then striking the natural grade up Elk creek to its present terminus, about 16 miles from Greenwood, thus reaching the divide between Elk and Alder creeks. And the company are now grading toward Alder creek. With all its branches there is probably 30 miles of track laid and the company owns many thousands of acres of the best redwood land. The capacity of the mill, with all modern appliances, is 100,000 feet of lumber for the day's run. There are never less than 500 men employed. This giant plant has accomplished stupendous work, and has more to accomplish, and yet is but one in a score or more of just such colossal enterprises on the coast side of Mendocino county.



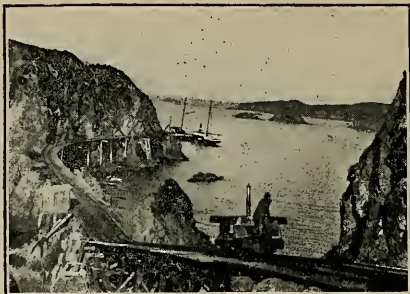
Felling Redwood Trees.

Of all the trees that grow in the forests of the world the redwood has the strongest hold on life. Its vitality is has been the admiration of the world at our late fairs with its beautiful mosaics of native woods, and exquisite designs

in delicate tracery on a lady's work box or jewel case.

It is the belief of the practical men, who have lived and worked for years among the redwoods and are perfectly familiar with their habitat, that the quite popular belief in their slow growth and great age is incorrect. Everything in their known history points to rapid growth, and size cannot be relied upon as a criterion in respect to age. One of the largest trees cut on the north fork of Big river, 20 feet in diameter, was found to be but 850 years old. And another in Marsh gulch, Navarro, only 6 feet in diameter, was pronounced by

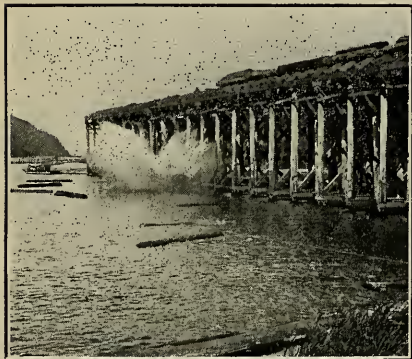
dition confronting them, and sentiment, sympathy and logic have each a reasonable appeal. We will all agree that the



Shipping Point and Schooner, Greenwood Harbor.

people of one generation have no right to destroy wantonly for selfish purposes the heritage of another.

But the truths of science and the dictates of reason will justify an intelligent and conscientious use of every natural, perishable product of our country for the benefit of its people. While the man, who with enterprise and industry, makes a business investment is certainly entitled to fair profits in return. But to see alien capital control and devastate this matchless region seems like desecration, and law makers should see to it that none shall benefit by an unbridled access to this great natural

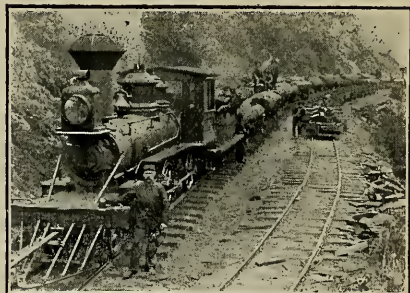


Log Dump and Pond, 40 feet to the water.

expert judges to be 960 years of age. It is to be seriously doubted that there is any tree in our great redwood belt more than 1,000 years old. The late Jerome B. Ford saw evidence conclusive to himself of a third period of growth antedating any destruction by ax or fire.

Mr. Smythe, whose opinion is authority, declares positively that there is at least proof of such a second growth. The redwood then has, like all things of the earth, a natural life time, and ages long though it be, each tree spared its allotted term of years will one day stand gray and ghostly with bare, appealing branches questioning an unanswering sky.

The sentimentalist, the humanitarian and the practical man of times and affairs have here a problem and a con-



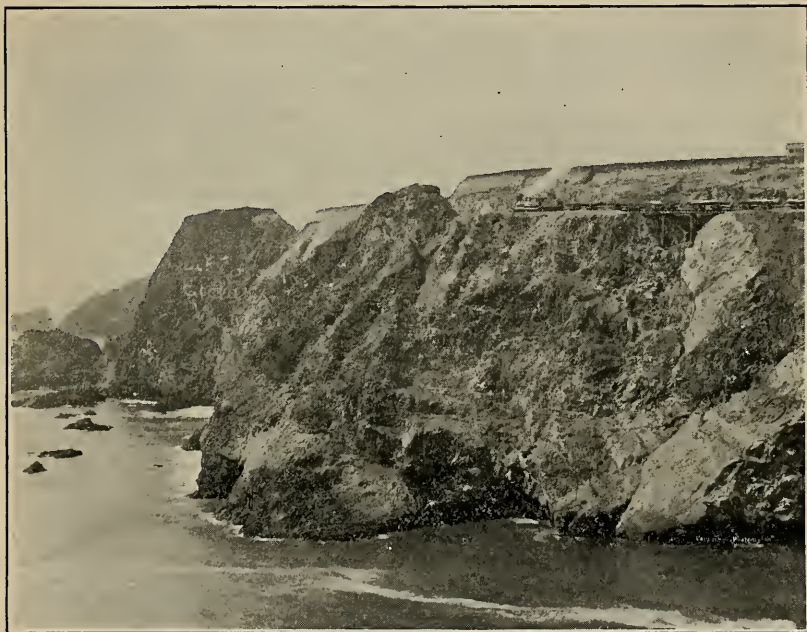
Train Load of Logs.

treasure only to ravage and destroy and leave behind them an abomination of desolation.

Fire should be used with great care and discretion if at all. Millions of feet of the most beautiful timber in the world has been destroyed by the setting out of fires to rapidly clear the underbrush and hasten the work to sooner realize the coveted dollar. All wanton waste of so beautiful and valuable a material for purposes of greed should be punishable by law.

Here and there a reserve should be made, and sacredly guarded, that our

columned way for horse and rider—on through the more sacred hush of the greater silence of the denser wood until the leaf-filtered sunlight seemed to fall from vast cathedral windows through aisles of grandeur most sublime where had echoed the anthem of the ages in living song. This once was the writer's privilege. Do not wonder, then, that the cry and crash of the falling trees touch with a thrill of anguish, at least, one heart. And only that men and



Elk Creek Railroad Around Cliff by the Sea.

children's children may behold the glory of the redwoods.

To ride by slow travel from Sonoma to Del Norte, in the beautiful days of late spring, vocal, here and there with the song of birds and the murmur of trickling water, fern-fringed and flower-bordered and fragrant with a thousand green, growing, blossoming things, through one unbroken forest where the curse and blight of ax and fire had not yet fallen—where the clean, copper-brown boles of the giant trees made a

women may be better housed and fed—that children may be better clothed and educated—that the people are more precious than the product can it be reconciled to their inevitable destruction.



ONE EASTER DAY.

By Anna Morrison Reed

One Easter Day my Sweetheart took my hand
And led me back to youth's bewitching land;
He said: "Forget the sorrows you have known,
Forget that grief has left you sad and lone;
Turn from the shadows of the silent tomb,
Come back with me, among the flowers that bloom;
Hope's star has risen—let your heart respond
To every impulse that is pure and fond;
Be glad that midway on life's journey met,
My love can make you all your cares forget,
This Easter Day."

I turned and looked into his eyes of blue,
I saw a soul so steadfast and so true,
A nature loving, and so sweet and rare,
That none with him in this world can compare;
I learned that I may all my woes forget
That life for me, indeed, holds gladness yet.
Sweetheart—Sweetheart! Then keep my heart and
hand,

I walk with you through Time's most wond'rous land,
The Sunshine of your Smile makes glad my heart,
The storms are over, and all fears depart,
Dear eyes—sweet lips come close, and closer yet,
All else forgotten—yes, I do forget—
This Easter Day.

—Oroville, April 7, 1901.

The Conflict Between Labor and Capital.

A Monograph, by W. T. Fitch.

There has been so much discussion of the question concerning the relations of capital and labor from a partisan standpoint, that the general public, as well as the interested parties themselves, seem to have lost sight of the question itself and make war upon each other as bitter and unreasoning enemies. Losing sight of justice in the desire to further their own ends, and seem likely to finally bring the matter before the final stern court before a settlement is reached. None will dispute the fact that selfishness and pride are the chief stumbling blocks in the way of a proper understanding of the real situation. It is, therefore, the purpose of this article to point out the reason for the condition and to fix the blame for it, not that any earthly power can stay the working out of the problem by many and hearty blows by each party to the controversy, thus, anything that can be said will only be educational. With this end in view let us consider the question from the standpoint of justice.

It is only necessary to assert that every nation, from the dawn of history to the present time has undergone the following stages of development and decay, viz.: Founded in revolt against the oppression of a dominant power, it begins its new national life with the lessons learned by bitter experience, firmly in mind. There is no doubting the enthusiastic honesty of a new na-

tion such as the American republic for instance: the result of the moral awakening of a people long used to the tyranny of the oppressor and the first stage of the new existence is good to look upon. Such a nation is bound to prosper, and we see the selfish, the ambitious and the crafty taking advantage of this and reaping the harvest ready to their hand. The process goes on until we see the wealth of the whole people concentrated in the hands of a few thrifty souls. The laborer becomes a serf, moral and physical degeneracy becomes rife, asylums, alms houses and penal institutions increase, then comes revolution and the process begins all over again.

It is a well established fact that upon the industrial conditions of a nation its continuance and prosperity depend, and it will readily be seen that the condition of the working people, who constitute the vast majority, is the true index to the condition of the nation. For if the toiler, at whatsoever labor he be employed, is underpaid and overworked, then the end is in sight.

It is not proposed to here discuss the question as a social problem, therefore we omit any argument as to the feasibility of any of the many proposed remedies for existing evils, and look upon the question from the standpoint of reason and justice.

Effects always spring from a sufficient cause, and we see that organized

labor was born of abuses by organized capital. This vigorous protest by the masses against the ever increasing encroachments of the wealthy classes is a legitimate effect and should not be looked upon as it is looked upon, as a vicious and selfish attack upon an innocent class. We therefore wish to consider the primary causes of difference that it may appear where the seat of the difficulty lies. Be it understood that wealth is accumulated labor and cannot be separated from this idea, so we shall consider the representative of accumulated labor and his claims in connection therewith.

The representative of wealth assumes the following rights or prerogatives as such representative:

First. That he is the absolute master of his capital and may do exactly as he pleases with the same.

Second. That he shall have the absolute right to fix his wage schedules and to determine the number of hours per diem that his employees shall labor.

Third. That he shall have the absolute right to hire and discharge at will.

We will now take up these propositions in turn and see whether these rights belong to him, and in what measure.

Proposition First. Existing laws and customs guarantee absolute ownership of money and property, but no amount of legislation, or number of court decisions, can confer the absolute moral right upon, or take away the responsibility attached to the possession of wealth from the individual possessor, seeing that wealth is accumulated labor and must remain the property of the producer should his needs require it to sustain life. The ancient Jews recognized this right in their year of restitution; that the complete sequestration of property was ethically wrong, and from this standpoint, the only important one, it is at once seen that the possession of vast wealth by one individual

and the abject poverty of another is wrong all the way through. And it will not do to say that poverty and destitution are necessary, however much it may look like it when we contemplate the degradation of some members of our race. Property rights should not be unconditional, nor from the standpoint of right are they. The employer, then, is in a measure responsible to his employees as participants in his property.

Proposition Second. It is the contention of employers of labor that the law of supply and demand controls the price of labor as well as of merchandise that thus the matter is taken out of their hands entirely and that they are not responsible. They leave it to be supposed that there is no other factor that enters into the situation. It is impossible, however, that they should not realize that they state only half a truth, and by omitting to fully acknowledge an evident fact they seek to deceive where deception is, in the long run, impossible.

There is a zone between the receipts and expenditures of any business known as the margin of profit, where supply and demand cut no figure whatever, and where only the will of the owner thereof operates, and it is just here that a little inquiry will be instructive. Several groups of employers have formed themselves into offensive and defensive leagues to resist any attempt on the part of the workingman to in any way interfere with their margin of profit. This move shows conclusively that they wish to place themselves in a position to be able to maintain absolute independence, to pay such wages as they are obliged to pay, no more.

All business men are, as a rule, the same, business is a game with them and they do not concern themselves with any save their own interests. It matters not to them whether the hours they work their men are long or the wages small, in fact, it is their financial

interests that such should be the condition, thus weight of their influence is to lower wages.

The employer goes further, he refuses to discuss wages, hours of labor or conditions of labor with his employees unless compelled to do so. He thus denies those who are the most deeply interested any voice at all as to the conditions of their employment, although there is a more or less generous margin where he may and should do so.

Now to make the above more apparent note the hundreds, nay thousands, of gigantic combinations that by throttling opposition, arbitrarily raise prices and realize millions, while the wages of their employees remain at the same notch, and instances are not rare where wages have actually been cut, while the prices of the selling product were advancing. We must concede, therefore, that the wages of a large majority of the working people are arbitrarily fixed, and that our contention holds good, although we do not wish to detract from these employers (there are a few such) who consider the welfare of those whom they employ.

Proposition Third. The right to hire or discharge at will is also a limited one, for while it is a necessary protection to the employer against the idle or vicious, it is used oftener as a weapon to beat down wages or to lengthen hours.

It will now be seen that the average employer of labor is autocratic even in legitimate business, the other faces of the situation not being touched upon where the power of capital to coerce, to imprison or to slay is too well known to need repetition.

It is, therefore, to do battle upon the ground wherein organized capital through the selfishness of its accumulators have oppressed the laborer and deprived him of what is justly his, denying him the right of representation, that the labor and trade union have been formed.

We will now consider the trades

union in its relation to the employer. The trades union is, in the concrete, an organization whose principles are entirely unobjectionable, as its avowed principles and objects cannot be challenged by anyone. It is in the use of the only weapon such an organization has with which to meet its firmly intrenched opponent, capital, viz.: The strike and boycott, that it is objectionable to the employer, therefore it is with these features that we have to deal.

The employer complains that the labor organizations are interfering with his rights under the following heads: Wages, hours, conditions, and as to what constitutes a day's work. We will briefly discuss each of these in turn. Concerning wages we have already shown that before the advent of organized labor the workman was obliged to take what was given him, he had no recourse, but now that he has succeeded by organized effort in bettering his condition the employer complains that he is being robbed, that being obliged to pay more money for labor he cannot compete in the open market. This is not the case, for it can now be said that as all lines of industry are so thoroughly organized that one firm cannot get labor any cheaper than another, it follows then, that the employer is, on the contrary, against competition. The same general facts apply to hours of labor also.

The social and intellectual conditions of his workmen, as well as the sanitary conditions under which they live and work, are a matter of indifference to the average employer, he is, however, one against the many, and their interests should have the same consideration as his own. It was the custom of the employer before the advent of the labor organizations to employ "Pace-setters," men who were expert workmen, and who could turn out a large amount of work. These men were secretly paid large salaries to set a high standard of production, their fellow workmen were

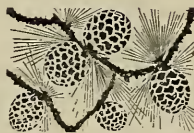
given to understand that they were expected to do as much as the "pace-setter." They were continually harassed by the bosses, who gave them to understand that they were not earning their wages. The labor organizations corrected this abuse by specifying a certain amount of work as a day's or hour's labor, and the employer now claims that this limit is below what it should be. Certainly he complains, and suppose he is, in a measure correct, did he not just do likewise?

The employer also bitterly complains of the strike, the weapon of the trades union. But here, also, we find that his self-interest prompts him, for the laborer has the same right to deny labor on the terms of the employer, as the latter has to deny employment on the terms of the laborer, this needs no proof.

It is also urged against the labor organizations that those who are indirectly affected by a strike have a cause of complaint against organized labor. Not so, the labor organizations are fighting the battles of the entire laboring class, which comprises almost the

entire population. Those, therefore of the laboring class who, from selfish motives antagonize organized labor can blame no one but themselves if they suffer. On the other hand, the lock-out is becoming as frequent as the strike, in fact, at this time the employers are becoming the aggressors in the field of activity. They are inaugurating a system of wholesale lockouts that promise to paralyze the industries of the country. They are resorting to mob violence, false imprisonment and coercion by the military.

In conclusion we sincerely deplore the great struggle now going on, but we cannot agree with the subsidized press of the country, that the laborer is to blame in the matter, on the contrary we see the combined wealth of the country backed by established custom, unafraid of the law which they openly defy, opposed to the laborer who, through lawful organizations seeks to uplift himself. Let those who have thus far sympathized with the employer withhold their judgment, the situation is changing.



My Heart and I

One day my Heart and I
Went out in search of pleasure,
We traveled far, my Heart and I,
And drank our wine at leisure.
The wine was red with love;
We drank full well, unthinking,
And laughed aloud, my Heart and I,
With pleasure at the drinking.

One day my Heart and I
Came back with folly's token,
We wept alone, my Heart and I,
The golden glass was broken.
The wine had lost its glow;
We found that each tomorrow
Had sought to teach my Heart and I
That pleasure had its sorrow.

—GEORGIE KRIECHBAUM REED.

Grangeville, Idaho.



If It Is To Be.

If it is to be—O, Love! beside the changing
sea

We yet may meet; and hand in hand
Wander across the matchless strand,
And find again in answering eyes
The light of our lost paradise.

If it is to be—then each the other's face
may see

The silence of the sorrowing years
May break at last in happier tears,
And tired heart folded close to heart
So tempest-tossed no more shall part.

—ANNA M. REED.



The Elf Stroke.

A Danish Legend.

Once upon a time a Danish Knight was about to be married to the prettiest damsel in all Denmark, and according to the custom of the country, he rode about from one house to the other personally inviting all his guests. There was to be a dance and a feast after the ceremony, and every one he knew must be bidden.

He rode many miles that day and after nightfall found himself on the farther side of a great wood which every one said was haunted by elves, and where there was, indeed, a fairy ring, as anyone could see who chose to look for it.

Some people would have been afraid to ride through the wood at night, but Sir Olaf was a brave man, so he spurred on his white horse and rode into the wood. The moon was rising, her white beams penetrated the branches and faintly illuminated the path. They fell upon his fine face and his long, fair, flowing hair; his bright, blue eyes sparkled; he was thinking of the girl he loved and of his coming wedding day. Suddenly a sound fell upon his ear that broke his reverie. It was the sound of music—strange, delicate, beautiful music. The horse heard it and began to show signs of terror, but Sir

Olaf rode on, looking about him carefully, for he could not think that these delicate harps and bugles were played upon by human hands; and the tunes were all strange and elfish. So ran the old legend, did the Elf King's daughters play to win the heart of any man who rode through the elf wood after nightfall.

"But my heart they cannot win," said Olaf, "for that belongs to my true love. I have no fear of the Elf King's daughters."

But just as he spoke he came into a clearing in the wood, there was the fairy ring. A flood of moonlight fell across it, and there he saw three beautiful maidens, all in green, playing upon strange and delicate instruments, while in the midst of the ring stood one still more lovely, who held out her arms to him.

"Welcome, welcome, Sir Olaf!" she cried; "alight from your horse and come hither. I am the Elf King's daughter, and it is my will that thou shouldst come into the ring and dance with me. It is an honor given to few mortals."

But Sir Olaf remained in his saddle, only bowing low to the Elf maiden.

"I cannot dance with you," he said;

"I cannot even stay. Tomorrow is my wedding day, and I must ride home to my bride."

"Your bride is very fair, doubtless, Sir Olaf," said the Elf maiden; "but am I not fairer? Light down, Sir Olaf, and dance with me and I will give thee two golden spurs and a robe of white silk that the fairy queen has bleached in the sunshine, as a wedding gift for thy lady."

"Many thanks, lovely Elf maiden," said the knight; "but I must ride on. I cannot stop upon my wedding eve to dance or talk with thee. Good night." And he would have ridden on, but now the Elf maiden advanced and caught the horse by the bridle.

"Light down. Sir Olaf," said she, "and I will give thee gold. Thou shalt have more gold than thou hast ever hoped to have, for thou art poor, though thou art so brave. Dance in the ring with me, and thou shalt be rich."

"Nay," replied Sir Olaf; "I have told thee it is my wedding eve. I can dance with none but my bride. Let go my bridle, good Elf maiden, and farewell."

But now the beautiful eyes of the fairy woman sparkled with rage.

"If thou wilt not dance with me, Sir Olaf," she said, "thou shalt remember me. The man who will not take the Elf maiden's kiss shall have the Elf stroke from her hand." Then she rose on tiptoe and struck him over the heart and cried: "Get thee home to thy bride."

Away sped the horse, but Sir Olaf sat upon him pale and without motion; his hands no longer held the bridle; his eyes saw nothing; his lips were dumb; a white corpse seemed to ride upon the white steed in the moonlight.

All night those who awaited the coming of Sir Olaf watched for him in vain. The day dawned and he had not come, but so brave a knight would never fail his bride. The feast was spread; the wine was poured; the bride was dressed; the guests arrived.

Where tarried Sir Olaf? Those who knew that he had ridden into the Elf forest at moonlight felt their hearts grow weary, but as all eyes turned toward the wood there came forth from it a white horse, which all knew to be Sir Olaf's. It was ridden by a knight who seemed to be frozen in his saddle. He was white to the lips; his wide-open eyes stared at nothing. The horse came on and paused in their midst, and as though some unseen thing had until that moment supported him, the knight fell forward upon his face. It was Sir Olaf.

"He is dead!" shrieked the bride

"Dead! Dead!" shrieked the mother.

"Dead!" chorused the guests.

And they all wept over him as he lay in their midst, and cried: "There will be no wedding, but a funeral, the funeral of the bravest and best beloved knight in Denmark."

Then the bride tore her hair and scattered her jewels upon the ground, but there uprose in the midst of the guests an old, wise woman, who had lived more than a hundred years. Her long, gray hair fell down on either side of her headbands; her cheeks were wrinkled, and she was bent double, but her shrill voice filled all the place. "Listen to me, O, friends!" she said; "I know what you know not. The brave young knight, Sir Olaf, has met the Elf maidens in the wood and has had the Elf stroke. To every man who rides through the wood after night do the Elf maidens call. 'Come and dance,' they cry. 'Come and dance,' and whether they dance or not they give them the Elf stroke over the heart. Only there is this difference. It is well known to all wise people the man who is untrue to his wife, or his love, is dead, and all the doctors in Denmark cannot restore him. But one who is quite true, who there in the darknes of the wood, with the Elf maidens only to look upon him, and the beautiful eyes of the Elf king's daughters looking into his is utterly true, and neither

kisses her soft lips, nor dances with her, And under these kisses the white lips
or takes from her a gift or ring, him, grew red again; the pale cheeks flushed;
the lips of his true love may bring to life sparkled in those frozen eyes. The
life again. The bride has but to kiss bride felt her knight's breath upon her
him and he lives again, only," said the cheek.
old, wise woman, shaking her head, "Wise woman, thou hast spoken the
"in my time none have come to life truth," she cried; "even the Elf stroke
again. All have died who have had cannot harm the true heart, and my
the Elf stroke." Olaf is as true as the steel of his own

"But if thy words be true, old woman, Sir Olaf will breathe once more," good blade."
cried the bride, "for he is true as steel. Then up rose Sir Olaf, strong and
I know my knight. I have no doubt fair as ever, and took his bride by the
of him." hand, and far in the Elf wood were
heard strange, wild sounds, the Elf

And she knelt beside her pallid lover, king's daughters shrieking with rage,
trembling and weeping, and showered for they, like the old, wise woman, had
kisses on his lips, while all stood about never before known one so true as to
in silence, scarcely daring to breathe. refuse their kisses and their gold.



A Fringe of Gold.

The golden billows of poppies
Roll out on the headlands bold,
And the white pearls of the breakers
Meet the shining flowers of gold
That ripple in lines of beauty,
Dividing the sea from the land;
A tangle of gold and sea-pearls,
Bright fringe of the sunset strand.

—GRACE HIBBARD.

If.

If we could lay a double track
To go with those who ne'er come back;
Go hand in hand across the deep,
And leave our senseless dust to sleep.
Yea, soul with soul, go hand in hand,
Then who would dread the shadowy land?

—MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.

From "Old School Days."

The New Parnassus.

To Joaquin Miller.



Upon the heights he sings today---
The first light of a dawn which brings
The morning of Eternity,
Has turned his golden locks to gray,
As noontides glow, and evenings pale,
He dreams; and watches while he sings
The ship's white sail; the gull's white wings,
He strikes his hand across the strings---
The song of birds, the sound of rills
Wakes from his lyre and sweetly thrills
Each listening heart with strange desire
To turn from sordid things away,
Where far from traffic, toil and strife,
He dares to live a Poet's life.

---Anna Morrison Reed.



Representative Men

HON. A. J. BLEDSOE.

A. J. Bledsoe was born in Missouri. He went into a printing office at 13 years of age and worked at the trade until he was 21, then became city editor of the San Jose Mercury, which position he filled for more than two years. Upon severing his relationship with the Mercury he was for two years editor of The Humboldt Times.

Studying law during this period, under J. J. De Haven, now U. S. District Judge. He commenced the practice of law when 26 years old, and has been engaged in that profession ever since.

In October, 1902, he published a book, "Business Law For Business Men," which has run through two editions, having a steady sale throughout California. Arrangements have been made to publish this book in ten other states, and it is now being brought out in Missouri.

In 1890 Mr. Bledsoe was elected to the legislature from Humboldt county on the Republican ticket. In 1892 he was renominated by the Republican convention and re-elected.

In 1894 the Republican party in Humboldt county was controlled by a political machine, and Mr. Bledsoe did not ask for a renomination, but came out

as an independent candidate and was again elected, receiving more votes in Eureka than the Republican, Democratic and Populist candidates combined.

He was an active supporter of Geo. C. Perkins for United States Senator.

In 1901 he originated and introduced the ten-hour bill providing that ten hours should be a day's work in all saw-mills and logging camps in this state. He secured its passage through both houses, but the bill was vetoed by Governor Markham. He then tried to pass the bill over the governor's veto and came within two votes of that result.

In all three sessions Mr. Bledsoe opposed the unjust demands of corporations, and did his best to secure a reduction of freights and fares on the railroads in this state.

In 1895 he was the leader of the fight in the legislature to secure the passage of a resolution instructing our senators at Washington to insist upon the payment of the Central Pacific debt to the government.

In 1891 when he was chairman of the Bruner investigating committee there were seven members of the committee, four Republicans and three Democrats.

Mr. Bledsoe prepared a report finding Bruner guilty of accepting a bribe. The three Democratic members signed the report with him, the three Republican members making a minority report "whitewashing" Bruner.

A scene then occurred in the assembly chamber, which has never been forgotten, and never will be, in this state. Mr. Bledsoe was assaulted on the floor of the assembly, and the assembly by a vote of 61 to 17 adopted the minority report in favor of Bruner, although the check which he had cashed at a bank, and which the majority of the committee had found was received by him as a bribe, was produced in evidence.

At the next election—in 1892, only one out of the 61 members who "white-

washed" Bruner, was re-elected, the others being defeated by an overwhelming vote. In the same election, Mr. Bledsoe was re-elected in the Eureka district by over 1200 majority.

Mr. Bledsoe is now a candidate for the Republican nomination for the assembly, from Mendocino county, where he has lived for the last five years. His record is one of which any man might be proud. His sympathy is with the people. He has tireless energy, and ability. He has not yet reached the prime of his life and usefulness—he is still a young man. He is a home-builder, an intelligent, earnest, honest citizen.

The people of the district, that he aspires to represent, will do well to consider his claims to their support.



Paths.

The path that leads to a loaf of bread	In the lazy hills are trees of shade,
Winds through the swamps of toil;	By the dreamy brooks of sleep;
And the path that leads to a suit of	And the rollicking river of pleasure
clothes	laughs
Goes through a flowerless soil;	And gambols down the steep.
And the paths that lead to a loaf of	But when the blasts of winter come
bread,	The brooks and rivers are frozen dumb.
And the suit of clothes, are hard to	Then woe to those in the lazy hills.
tread.	When the blasts of winter moan;
And a path that leads to a house of	Who strayed from the path to a bank
your own	account,
Climbs over the bowldered hills;	And the path to a house of their own.
And the path that leads to a bank	These paths are hard in the summer
account	heat,
Is swept by the blast that kills.	But in winter they lead to a snug
But those who start in the paths today,	retreat.
In the lazy hills may go astray.	

For Humanity.

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often

wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legis-

lation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country.

As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"To show compassion toward the people by remitting the severity of the taxes, is the virtue of the prince. And to offer up their possessions, sinking their private views in regard for the public, is the duty of the people."

Chinese Moral Maxims.

"It is better to give to the young than to the old, for the good we do the youth grows with him into a hallowed memory—stimulates him to help others. Whenever you see a boy trying to amount to something, help him, for that is a direct good done to mankind."

OPIE REED.

From the World's Best Literature

The Nineteenth Psalm.

The heavens declare the glory of the Lord is pure, enlightening the God; and the firmament sheweth his eyes.
handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and the

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment my redeemer.



Ingersoll's Poem of Life.

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy, dowered with the wealth of two united hearts, held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form, rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low, looking with wonder's wide and start-

led eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes, learning the use of hand and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thought from crabb'd and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built, with the air chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for who those toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men any eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usuary of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thoughts and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star about the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.



SCIENCE AND OLD AGE.

From twenty to fifty a man should live for himself and family; from fifty to one hundred for science and humanity, and after a hundred for the state. Honored, useful, in full possession of all his faculties at six score years and ten, the gray beard of the approaching future will be among the most enviable of mankind. For the fear of death is an aberration.

The fact is that only one man in a million at present dies a natural death. We should live till one hundred and forty years of age. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his days, and he unconsciously resents be-

ing deprived of the fifty years or so which nature owes him. Leave him a little longer and in due time he will desire to die, as a child at dusk desires to sleep. The sandman will pass! All our instincts drop from us one by one. The child cries for mother's milk; the idea of such an aliment is repugnant to the adult. The desire for sweets, for play, for love and love-making, for long walks and adventures are all impulses that have their day and pass. And the wish to live is an instinct which fails also with satiety. Only at present none of us live long enough to be satiate with days.—Putnam's Magazine.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."

—Daniel Webster.

THE REASON WHY.

We have been asked why we found a magazine at Ukiah. Northern California needs a magazine. Her forests and mountains are rich in Indian lore and legend. Her well-

watered valleys, with a thousand charms of climate and scenery, are the fit inspiration of the poet and the artist. Her natural resources are boundless. Much of her immense mining and forest region is unsettled and comparatively unexplored, and in the history of the portion that had early settlement we find romance and tragedy unexcelled in the realm of fiction. And among our people we have the genius and talent to fittingly tell these things to all the world.

California has been to the writer a life-long inspiration—land of the Pine and Palm—within whose boundary we may look from an everlasting paradise of bloom to wastes of everlasting snow.

No other state of our union has her moods and phases of attraction—"nor can custom stale her infinite variety."

Mountain, valley, rivers and ocean. Acres fabulously rich in every natural production—cities teeming with the activity of most strenuous life—and within a day's journey, the silence—the mirage—and the desert.

In the policy and mission of this magazine there will be no far-fetched appealing to the ignorance and prejudice of men.

But rather a fair minded dealing with the facts and problems, that life and love, and death have given us. A setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of all humanity irrespective of creed or party.

Not being a politician we shall try to make our readers think.

We do not aspire to office—in this fair land where the black, the red and yellow males have all the rights of present citizenship; which fact has not changed in any instance, their color or their characteristics, but where these hybred lawmakers, in fear of a change in her nature or her sex, accord to an intelligent white woman, much the same privileges and protection given the criminal and the insane—We are not eligible.

At Ukiah the best years of the writer have been passed in those duties faithfully fulfilled that belong to every loyal human life. Here have all those we love the best been born—here some are buried, and here may we be found when all this shall be over and “rounded with a sleep.”



Another reason why a reliable periodical is very much needed north of San Francisco, is that our part of the world, its features and its incidents are greatly misrepresented, probably without intent, by magazines published south of us. As a notable instance of this we call the attention of our readers to a picture and statement on the fifth page of illustrations in the March number of the “Overland Monthly,” where a glut of “Hitch,” “Chipall” and “Cushall,” in Kelsey creek, Lake county, is represented as: “A salmon run during the season.”

The writer chanced to be on the spot where this picture was taken, when 60 tons of these small fish, that in a freshet had run up the creek to spawn, had been caught by the bar that often forms in Clear lake at the mouth of the creek and left by the subsiding waters, stranded high and dry to become a stench in the nostrils of the settlement in spite of the countless loads carted off as a fertilizer by the more thrifty of the surrounding farmers.

A salmon run during the season is something so different from these piles of finned liliputians, shown in the March “Overland” that we defer a description and comparison in the fear that we, too, might be accused of being the author of a “fish story.”



We have another reason for founding this magazine—a reason that will appeal to our friends everywhere, and to the just, be they friends or foes. If the plans of the unprincipled villain, who conspired to rob us of our fortune, are successful all that will be left us, of much property,

will be a lot in the graveyard, and it will be necessary to devote the remainder of our life to some continuous work that we may be able to meet our obligations and earn a shelter for our old age. To such a task, in this, we consecrate ourselves—our every energy and ability, knowing that the day of reckoning will come, even for this man, who, rich though he may be in material wealth, and at present the arbiter of men's lives and fortunes — God help them—is indeed poor in spirit and Judaslike betrayed the interests of the man who trusted him, and the woman—who did not.

In his face we fling the gauntlet of our righteous contempt, fearlessly; because he has injured us as far as it was in his power, in this world, and we do not expect to meet him in the next. His designing cupidity has forced upon deserving people unnecessary hardship and humiliation, and a long legal conflict from which has, so far, resulted, no relief. If none is given we shall “bid that welcome which comes to punish us, we punish it, seeming to bear it lightly.” For

“When remedies are past, the griefs are ended, by
seeing the worst, which late on hope depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury, a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the
thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.”

It is our pleasure to present in this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN the announcement of A. J. Bledsoe, who will be a candidate for nomination for the assembly from the ninth district, before the Republican County Convention. Every man who seeks the suffrages of the people is entitled to his record. That of Mr. Bledsoe will be found in this

number under the heading of "Representative Men." It proves him the friend of the people, and as such, he is entitled to their just consideration when they are making a selection for public service. From his former fearless fidelity to principle and duty, we believe that if he is chosen he will not fail them.



THE most important factor today in the development of the northern part of the state, is the California Northwestern railway, owned, controlled and conducted by men of broad views, fair to the people and generous to employees, they are putting the world in touch with a glorious region where climate and scenery are matchless—where there is no drouth, and no malaria, and no failure of crops. And where the stockraiser has only to adopt a few of the sensible methods of the eastern people to make it the best stock country in the world. With an almost inexhaustible wealth of timber, and coalfields of enormous extent. With an ideal territory for dairying, extending along the entire coast line from Marin to Del Norte. With healing springs, whose waters like fabled Lethe, give rest and cure, and new life, if not forgetfulness, to the tired and ailing. And beyond all, a fair city—like a queen, looking with patient eyes—and waiting by the sea, for her coronation—Eureka.

This city, of nearly 10,000 people, built upon the shore of Humboldt bay, the most westerly harbor in the United States, capable of receiving deep sea vessels, and at the end of a line, that if drawn direct across the natural passes, from Chicago, gives the shortest possible route for a trans-continental railway, which aided by the natural currents of the ocean from this point, would give the shortest time in transportation round the globe, in about the 41st parallel of latitude, which is near the central belt of the travel and traffic of the world.

This city, so favored by surroundings and location, will at last have undelayed communication with all the world,

and will no longer be to the ordinary tourist, or traveller, practically inaccessible. It is generally believed that through the enterprise, and immense outlay of capital and labor, by the California Northwestern Railway Company, in the construction of a road, through a country so picturesque, as to be almost matchless in attraction, Eureka will soon be brought within reach of all commercial enterprise. And to this end we do invoke success, from the spirit of progression—for the worthy promoters, of a gigantic, and laudable undertaking.



A. E. SHATTUCK,
President

W. F. SHATTUCK,
Secretary

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EVERYBODY KNOWS JACK

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For Assemblyman

A. J. BLEDSOE

Is a candidate for the office of Assemblyman from Mendocino County, subject to the nomination of the
Republican County Convention

Election, Nov. 8, 1904

If a man can write a better book,
preach a better sermon, or make a
better mousetrap than his neighbor,
though he build his house in the
woods, the world will make a
beaten path to his door

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Path Leads to

The Excelsior Press

Producers of the Kind of
Printing that Pays

We solicit Out-of-town Orders. Just tell us what
you want. We do the rest and do it well.

The Excelsior Press Co., Ukiah

E. A. KELLER, MANAGER.

UKIAH CANDY KITCHEN

Thornton & Bane, Props.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

All Kinds of French and High Grade Candies
Popcorn Crisp a Specialty

West of County Jail, - - - Ukiah, Cal.

Commercial Bank of Ukiah

Ukiah, Cal.



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W. P. THOMAS, H. B. MUIR,
President; Vice-Pres.;
P. CONNOLLY, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

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JOHN CUNNINGHAM, W. P. THOMAS.



Will do a General Banking Business

JOHN DAY'S

Eel River Resort

25 Miles North of Ukiah

None But White Cooks Employed

TERMS
\$7 Per Week

John L. Day, Prop.

Potter Valley, Mendocino Co.

"Get That Habit"

Of getting Your information as
to Fishing, Hunting, Camping,
or anything about Mendocino
County at

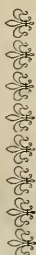
The Palm

H. P. SIEMS, Prop.

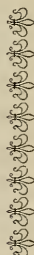
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Ukiah, Cal.

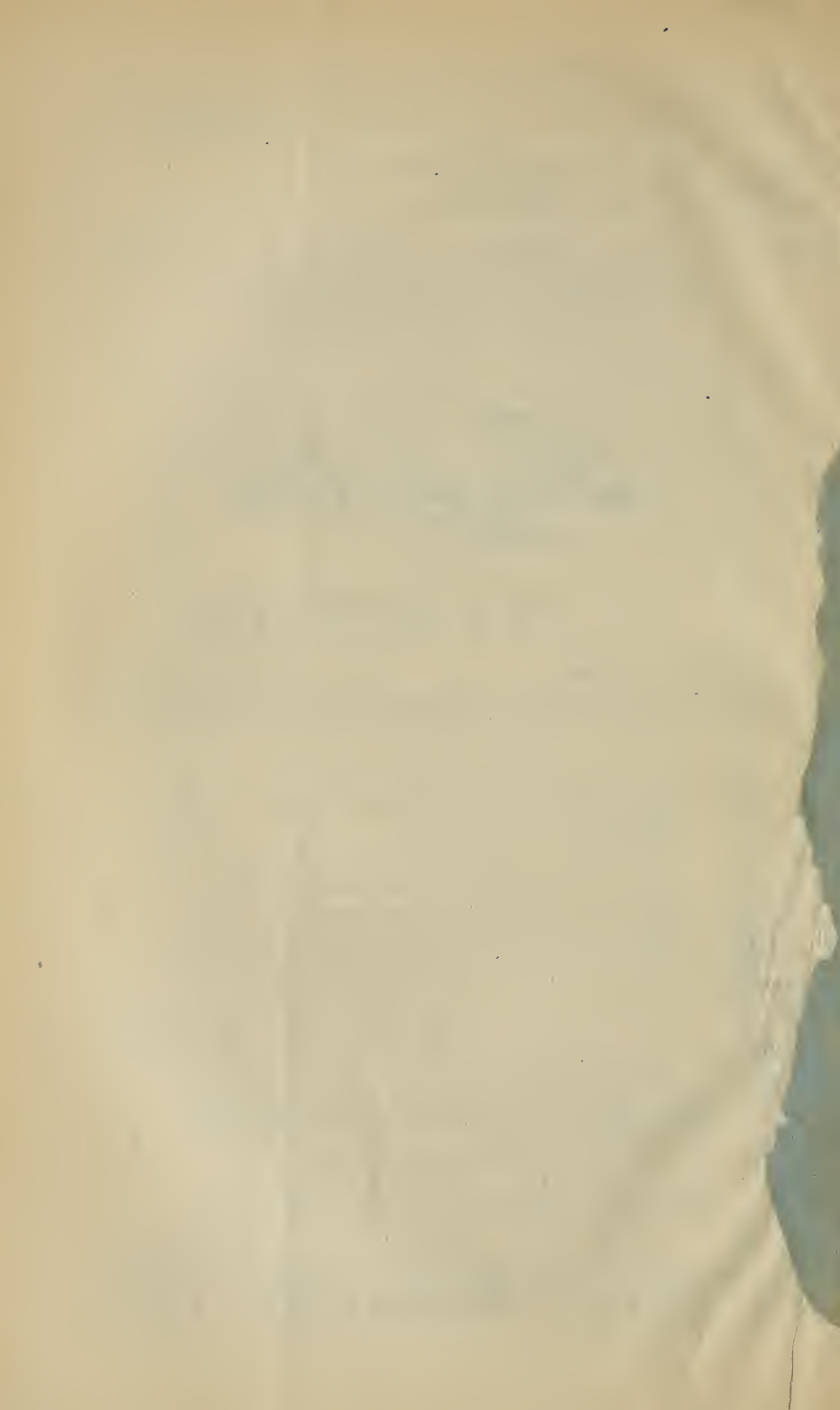


This is the advent of spring,
And with it the time of house-cleaning
When germs of disease that
Dormant have lain all the winter
Aroused by the warm flowing tide
And the hand of the kind renovater
Stalks forth in grim visaged terror
To prey on the homes of our loved ones.



If you would prevent the attack of these deadly germs
destroy the old worn out carpet that contains the
accumulation of the sick-room, and purchase
one of those elegant new designs of all
wool carpet. Where did you
say? Why, at

The Ukiah Mercantile Co.'s



Lest the Loved Dead Come Back Again.

By Grace Hibbard.

Lest the loved dead come back again,
Groping their way through infinite space;
Snatching a torch from among the bright
stars,
To light a pathway unto your face;
Lest they come back with unheard tread,
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

Lest the loved dead come back again,
Wearying for you in the world of bliss;
Longing to wreath you with unseen arms,
To seal you their own with the old-time
kiss;
And with white fingers your hair to thread;
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

Lest your loved dead come back again,
Let not your heart to the living stray,
Lest a star-torch fall from cold, white hands,
Lest despairing the loved dead turn away;
Lest they come back with unheard tread;
Be faithful ever unto your dead.





[Photo by MacDonald]

Dr. E. W. King,

Medical Supt. Mendocino State Hospital.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

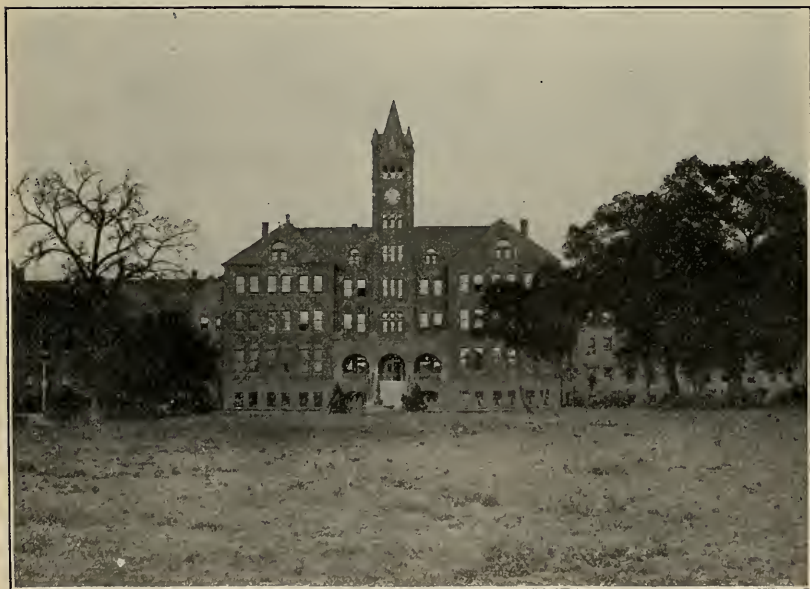
VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., MAY, 1904.

NO. 2

The Mendocino State Hospital

BY ANNA MORRISON REED



[Photo by MacDonald]

MENDOCINO STATE HOSPITAL.

On the 9th of February, 1889, the last spike on the railroad that put Ukiah in touch with San Francisco was driven by Col. J. Mervyn Donahue, amid the cheers of a jubilant crowd of people gathered upon the grounds where today stand the depot buildings. On the morning of the 20th, the date of the first excursion by rail from San Francisco, the right-of-way committee

composed of T. L. Carothers, J. S. Reed, L. F. Long, Taylor Day and others, with the Silver Cornet Band, boarded the cars for a half-way trip to meet Col. Donahue and his 250 guests speeding to the banquet of welcome prepared for them at Ukiah.

Many will well remember that day—beautiful as only a California spring day can be.

Through the morning hours ladies were passing to and fro to Ukiah hall laden with fruit and flowers and decking the place until it looked like a

luscious apples and oranges in dishes of crystal and silver. While over all floated the subtle perfume of magnificent country-grown white and purple violets from the gardens of Ukiah.

The quiet of those morning hours was broken only by the trill of a caged bird or the exquisite song of a robin or linnet and the splash of the fountains in the beautiful grounds adjoining the hall. Ladies in neat attire passing in and out—happy children in holiday dress—and the whole town in a hush of grateful expectancy waiting to greet



[Photo by MacDonald]

THE MAIN DRIVEWAY TO THE HOSPITAL—FEMALE
DEPARTMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

glimpse of fairyland.

Birds in gilt cages, gay with bright colors, sang in a wilderness of native ferns, which were banked upon the stage with a background of festooned lace and graceful arches. The tables were under the supervision of Mrs. B. S. Hirsch and were radiant with linen, glass and silverware, and pyramids of

the generous young benefactor, who had so immeasurably advanced our common interests by his untiring enterprise and the honorable fulfillment of his pledges.

Just before the arrival of the excursion train the following dispatch to the chairman of the right-of-way committee reached Ukiah:

"Sacramento, Feb. 20, 1889.

"Hon. Thos. L. Carothers:

"We regret not being with you today. With a railroad and asylum, Ukiah should feel grateful.

"Our congratulations,

"A. YELL,

"J. H. SEAWALL."

Gov. R. Waterman had signed the branch asylum bill, and so the tidings came that assured its location here, the employment of many of our people, and the subsequent outlay of money, all adding to the general prosperity by

While the Mendocino State hospital, a beautiful commodious structure of brick and stone, its general plan of construction, an improvement upon all of those formerly in vogue, stands, a thing of architectural beauty, despite the sad purpose of its uses.

The old Bartlett home, with the surrounding land, about three miles from Ukiah, constitutes the location and grounds now being rapidly enlarged, improved and beautified under able and tasteful direction.

It seems an irony upon an advanced



[Photo by Carpenter]

INTERIOR OF UKIAH HALL—DONAHUE BANQUET.

the building of such an institution in our midst.

Things seemed at flood-tide—with no forecast of the ebb, when soon after a part of that day's environment, in a sea of fire, was to go out in a \$100,000 wave of flame and smoke. But the substantial landmarks—the permanent realization of the day's best import—are with us still.

The Donahue railroad, now merged into the California Northwestern, moves on with giant enterprise toward its ultimate purpose—the opening up of California's richest region.

civilization that much of the time and means of the sane and good must be devoted to the care of the incompetent and degenerate. But such is the case.

Even as we approach from the ocean the gateway to our greatest metropolis—New York—on either side stands, here a prison for the criminal, and there an asylum for the insane—a menace to our boasted progression, and even to our national safety. And they are in evidence everywhere.

The number of insane in California in 1860 was 1 to 1,000, and in 1870, 1 to 500. At present the registered insane

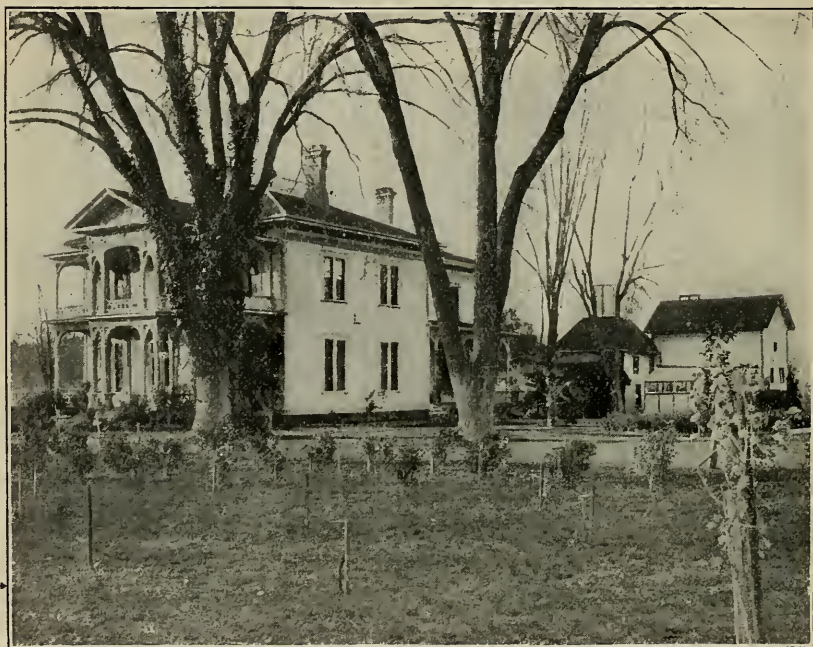
number 1 to 269 of the general population.

It behooves us then to look well to the causes that lead to these effects that we may intelligently and humanely relieve ourselves as soon and as far as possible of these great burdens.

Changes may be made in human affairs to prevent much crime—many phases of insanity may be cured, but it is only by the conscientious care, the discovery of the causes and the sugges-

nals of science are copiously quoted among the best authorities. Dr. King's term of service at the Mendocino State hospital has been one long day of devotion to duty, faithful study and research.

With broad sympathy, quick perceptions and an analytical mind, he has delved deep into the investigation so vital to the welfare of humanity. And the result is invaluable; in the additions to knowledge that he has



[Photo by MacDonald]

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE.

tions of those who are in constant charge; that we can find the remedy for these evils that, in time, they may no longer curse humanity. Here, indeed, are social, moral and physical problems for the solving, by the wise, the humane—the sage and the scientist.

The Mendocino State hospital has been most happy in this regard in having as medical superintendent Dr. E. W. King, whose contributions to jour-

made, and the relief that he is capable of giving in suggestions for the care and cure of the unfortunate. Under his efficient supervision, and ably assisted by L. A. Elster, M. D., and Dr. J. J. Crowley, his secretary, J. J. Duncan, and most competent steward, F. C. Handy, with a capable board of managers, of which A. Hochheimer of Willows, Colusa county, is chairman, and F. B. Martinelli of San Rafael, Marin

county, T. A. Templeton of Ukiah, B. Fehnemann of Fruitvale, Alameda county, and A. B. Truman of San Francisco are members, and the venerable and faithful W. W. Cunningham, treasurer and secretary. The management is unexcelled, and with a full quota of faithful attendants, under Supervisor C. E. Wilson, in situation—care—capability and cleanliness. The Mendocino State hospital is a model institution.

The beauty of its surroundings must be seen to be realized—a background of verdant hills, green fields—and at this writing the charm of the color and perfume of wild flowers—all about it, noble native oaks and ornamental trees and shrubs to shade the grounds, the trickle of fountains—an atmosphere that seems to bear balm and healing on its wings. Here is peace and rest, and cure for minds diseased, if in this world it can be found.



The Priest And The Poet.



BEN FRANKLIN BONNELL

The priest at the foot of the ladder stood weeping,
 The poet stood smiling at the head of the stair.
 Said the priest to the singer, I pray you to tell me,
 The road that you traveled to get where you are?
 I have stood here as herald, and shepherd and watchman,
 Since long years before you were born, night and day:
 There's only one road to the place you are standing,
 And I know that you never ascended this way.
 Said the poet, in turn, to the sad, holy preacher.
 You are right, I am sure, so rest and be calm.
 No ladder I climbed, no creed was my teacher,
 God made me up here, I was born where I am.

HUMBOLDT

The mem'ry of thy sunny vales sleeps in my
heart;

Where berries gleamed in golden heat,
Beneath June's softly ling'ring feet;
Where, on the summer's slumb'rous breast,
The winds the yielding days caressed.

Thy blossoms, wet with fragrant dew, have
brushed my cheek;
While wandering in thy woods along,
I heard the birds' exquisite song,
And marvelled not that life should seem,
So like a sweet, delicious dream.

From streams of water cold and pure my lips
have quaffed;
Where, in thy forests dark and deep,
The somber shadows seem to sleep;
Where pallid lilies bloom and die,
Denied the radiance of the sky.

My wand'ring feet went o'er thy hills in
sweet content;
That destiny to me assigned,
A pleasant task of heart and mind,
And led me, for a little while,
Beneath the blessing of thy smile.

The glorious promise of thy years,
Spoke to my soul;
And in the future thou shalt meet,
A grand fruition, proud and sweet;
And bloom, untouched by blight or ban,
A country blessed by God and man.

—ANNA MORRISON REED.



A HEROINE OF HUMBOLDT

Mrs. E. P. Bowman's Encounter With Reservation Indians.

Of the numerous claims forwarded from time to time, to Washington for loss of property suffered from the depredations of reservation Indians, none have been more just than that of Mrs. Eliza P. Bowman of Mendocino county, to whom the people of the whole of Northern California give honor and admiration for her most unusual bravery and endurance shown in a fight for the lives of herself and children against a band of cruel and cowardly Indians, who had escaped from the Hoopa reservation.

She was a widow with six children at the time, who had taken up 160 acres of bottom land, well covered with redwood and other valuable timber, three miles from Fort Grant, in Humboldt county, on the main Eel river, and about 30 miles from the town of Hydesville, Humboldt county. This she used as a stock ranch, going quite extensively into dairying, running the cows on the home place and also on a cattle range which she owned some three miles away.

Nine days before the attack upon Mrs. Bowman and her children the Indians had murdered a man named Delacean and plundered his place near Hydesville, and the United States sol-

diers were then on their trail, but nine days behind time, tracking them with other Indians from the reservation. The marauding band were Klamath Indians of the tribe known as the Hoopas. There were eight or ten Indians in the band, and several squaws.

On the 25th of March, 1869, at about 6 o'clock in the morning the bellowing and other strange actions of a Spanish cow alarmed Mrs. Bowman, who had heard rumors of Indian outrages, and naturally felt uneasy in such a lonely region with her little family dependent upon her for protection.

Her eldest son, Dick, was away at the cattle range, having taken with him the only rifle that they had. The next boy, Andy, was about 10 years old. But in that day's encounter and its subsequent hardships he gave evidence of the bravery and endurance that distinguished him in later years in the long pursuit after the notorious Mendocino outlaws and like adventures.

As soon as Mrs. Bowman noted the strange behavior of the Spanish cow she awakened the children telling them to dress as quickly as possible, and taking her station at the door with a double-barreled shotgun, watched the

place on the hillside toward which the attention of the cow was directed. Mrs. Bowman thought that she could make out the shape of an Indian sitting in a crouched position behind a manzanita bush, but she was not sure, as the light was still dim, and even had she been sure she had no defense available at that distance. She sat at the door with the gun across her lap, watching while the eldest girl milked the cows and turned them out of the corral to pasture. They all browsed quietly away except the Spanish cow. She gave one hurried look at the spot on the hillside, turned and ran back bel- lowing to her calf, showing the greatest fear and anxiety. Mrs. Bowman convinced by these actions that the object on the hill was an Indian, turned in her chair to tell the little girl to run to Dave Ward's house, which was about 600 yards away, to give the alarm and obtain his help, when the Indian rose into full view, took aim, and fired at Mrs. Bowman. The bullet from a Minnie rifle, struck her to the left of the navel, ranged round the body, and its course fractured the top of the hip-bone. Calling to the children to run for their lives and to take what was called the upper trail to Ward's cabin, they all started out of one door and she out of the other. She intended to go over the plowed field to try to keep between the children and the Indians, and by so doing direct the attack to herself and give her little ones time to reach the cabin in safety.

The youngest child, a little girl, wild with fear, ran back to the mother. So with the child to help along, her gun to carry, and the pain of a wound that she supposed must be mortal, to have to run the gauntlet of those 600 yards with a band of yelling Indians in sight, was an undertaking to make the bravest heart sink. The other children had scattered like quail, and almost as fleet of foot, were well on their way to the cabin. Andy, with an immense old Russian pistol, ran behind the others

giving them what protection he could.

Mrs. Bowman, walking almost backward with her gun cocked, waited to be sure that an Indian was within easy range before firing. Walking thus with her face turned to the Indians she finally stumbled, and as she fell one of these "wild" Indians exclaimed, in good English: "D—— you, now I've got you."

As she rose he dropped upon one knee, taking deliberate aim at her. She drew her gun on him, firing instantly. The charge struck him full in the face. He fell backward with a yell, arose and ran, and the whole band scattered into the brush like a pack of cowardly curs. Her shotgun had been loaded with nine buckshot in each barrel, but her little boy had loaded it, and being afraid of its kicking he was in the habit of using a light charge of powder, otherwise Mrs. Bowman's first shot would have killed the Indian.

Taking advantage of the temporary lull in the hostilities she hurried on at the best speed possible, impeded as she was by her little child, and weak from the loss of blood.

A few moments after the Indians had scattered, one, who seemed to be in authority, harangued and rallied the band. But the brief delay had given Mrs. Bowman the advantage of a little more distance from her pursuers. The Indian who had rallied the others followed after Mrs. Bowman, dancing from side to side, of a large Newfoundland dog that they had stolen from Delecean's place.

Mrs. Bowman, in relating the experience of that day to the writer, said that she could never forget the horrid expressions, gestures and peculiar chant of this red demon as he danced from side to side of the dog in the open field, never still for one instant in order to prevent her from getting aim at him. He was so near that she could have shot him, but her cool judgment was here shown by keeping this last shot, for as soon as it was gone, she would

have been defenseless. While she had one shot left they feared her and she resolved if possible to keep it until the children had reached Ward's place, then sell her own life as dearly as she could and give Ward a chance to rescue the child that was with her. About this time one of the Indians rested his gun on the fence to get better aim and shot at the eldest girl. The bullet whistled close to her ear, but did not touch her.

These shots were the most dangerous and at the closest quarters. But from the time of the flight from their home until they reached Ward's there were at least twenty shots fired at her and her children.

When they were all very near Mr. Ward's house the big Indian who had kept up his dance, dodging down first on one side of the dog and then on the other while chanting his blood-curdling song, fearing that Mrs. Bowman would finally escape, took aim and fired at her. The bullet whizzed so close to her that she involuntarily dodged from it, a fact at which she has since often laughed well knowing how unavailing such an act would have been had he come nearer his mark.

One of the little girls had by that time reached the cabin and given the alarm, and Ward on running out shot twice at the Indians wounding one, which caused another retreat.

He and Mrs. Bowman then gathered the children and took refuge with his family in the house. The Indians had turned back to plunder and burn Mrs. Bowman's home, and the squaws came up with the band as they did after each attack upon settlers, to carry off the most valuable and portable property. The first thing that Mrs. Bowman did after getting the children into the house was to load the big Russian pistol with seven buckshot. This she intended using at close quarters if the Indians continued the attack. She did not know that she would be able to stand so she laid it beside her on the

bed where she sank, faint from the pain and bleeding of her wound.

Ward's log house was well adapted for defense, having been built for that purpose, of heavy hewn logs tightly fitted together with no windows in the lower story, and with heavy doors with bars across the inside. It was built in two separate parts connected by the roof and upper story, while underneath a passage or rude hallway ran between the two lower rooms.

It stands today in Humboldt county just as it was then and with its bullet-holes in wall and door is a silent but very eloquent witness to the truth of all that is related here.

On that day the two families gathered in one apartment and made such preparations for defense as they could.

At about 9 o'clock in the morning, just as the inmates of the cabin were congratulating themselves over the thought that perhaps the Indians had given up the attack, "bang," went a rifle shot, striking a dog that ran under the house yelping and whining in its death agony. These sounds of the poor dog's misery were greeted by oaths and laughs of derision from the Indians. Then followed a fusillade upon the besieged cabin. Seventeen shots were fired at the house, only two of which perforated the wall.

Everyone in the house kept perfectly still, the only remark made was by one of Mrs. Bowman's little boys when a bullet came through the logs and rolled upon the floor close to him. He said, referring to the man who had built the cabin: "I do wish 'Milt' had made these walls a little thicker."

The silence in the house led the Indians to believe that everyone was killed. So emboldened by this conviction one Indian and his squaw ventured into the hallway between the two rooms trying the doors and entering the vacant room.

After a little time they returned to the other door and attempted to break it in, the Indian putting his knee

against it. Mrs. Bowman and Ward had crept up to the door and aiming the best that they could by the sounds outside both fired at once, Mrs. Bowman using the Russian pistol. Her shot certainly struck the squaw, as the Indians afterward told when caught and identified by the soldiers and the affair was being investigated. They said that one of the squaws was shot on that day with six buckshot, and as the pistol held seven and one was found imbedded in the wall of the hallway, it was very evident where the other six went. Ward being more nervous or not aiming as well, his bullet ranged low tearing open the pocket of the Indian and also wounding him. The contents of the pocket fell in the hallway; additional evidence that it was a reservation Indian. There was a double handful of United States Government caps, a pair of bullet molds and a pocket knife. His bloody nether garments were afterwards found on the hill about 200 yards away, the blood stains and shot-torn pocket attesting to their identity and his hurt. After these two shots the Indian raised the death cry and made off with the wounded.

Still fearful of an ambush or the return of the Indians, none of the inmates of the cabin dare cross its threshold, even for water, for the want of which they were suffering.

They remained thus until noon of the second day, when Mrs. Bowman's eldest girl went to the spring, while Ward stood on the porch with his gun to guard her from attack.

About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the second day, it was decided to start little Andy on horseback to the cattle range, to take news of the attack and bring help to his mother whose heroism had to be thus further and sorely tested by trusting her child upon this dangerous and uncertain errand.

The camp was about eight miles away, which he could only reach by a

narrow mountain trail, through an uninhabited wilderness.

He might find the men murdered and the camp in the possession of the Indians. He might be killed on the way or taken prisoner and subjected to torture. Not one of the children in their flight had taken hat or shoes.

And for Andy to wear a handkerchief over his head, as he was compelled to do was unsafe, for he could have been taken for an Indian by the whites and just then it meant certain death.

Young as he was, he realized his danger, as did his brave and suffering mother.

The horse was a good one, fairly fleet of foot, and this intrepid child of a noble mother was equal to his task.

He made the journey in safety, although the dust of the trail was thickly marked with Indian tracks.

When he came in sight of the camp, he took off his handkerchief and waved it, to show them that he was not an Indian.

His brother and two men returned to Ward's with him, while a messenger was dispatched to Hydesville to bring a doctor to his mother.

Dr. Feldt reached her on the third day after she was shot, and then, for the first time after being wounded, she believed that she could live. And feeling that she was to be spared to her helpless little family, exhausted nature at last prevailed over the heroic spirit that had sustained her through those long hours of vigilance and trials and she slept.

As the news of her misfortune, her suffering and heroism spread over Humboldt county, contributions of goods and clothes, and messages of sympathy reached her from every quarter. The people of Humboldt presented her with a beautiful rifle, as a tribute to her bravery and skill in the use of firearms.

During the healing of her wound she sewed day after day, making up the goods that had been given her to clothe her children. She continued to occupy

Ward's house with her family and he built another for himself near the river in open ground with walls made double and filled in with sand.

He would no longer stay in the house where they were attacked, but there guarding her children with ceaseless vigilance both night and day—sometimes sitting all night by their bedside, with her rifle across her lap, this brave good woman made a determined effort to keep the land and home for her children.

From March until July she stayed, hardly daring to take time for sleep, as rumors of danger from Indians came to her continually; and finally convinced that the murder of herself and family, or the losing at least of what they had left, was imminent, she left her home.

The place that she was forced to abandon cannot be bought for many thousands of dollars, and the land that she used as a cattle range has also grown very valuable.

Being compelled to give up her home together with the loss of her property, on that 25th of March, 1869, namely:

house and out buildings, one ton of butter, ammunition, coal oil and provisions sufficient for a year. A large sum of money, clothes, bedding, furniture, pictures, keepsakes of friends and relations, silver, jewelry, books etc. she and her children were literally turned out almost beggars on the world. But her indomitable energy prevailed. She came to Mendocino County and made a new home nine miles from the town of Laytonville, but at what a cost of labor and self-sacrifice is only known to those who know her best.

Her trials and privations have been many, and since the experience of that awful time she has suffered more or less from heart trouble and her wound.

Every one who knows this heroic, honest, good woman devoutly hopes that her claim will yet receive at Washington, the justice that it deserves.

That it should, is the earnest wish not only of the writer, but of every man and woman, and they are not few in Northern California, who is acquainted with the history of her heroism.

ANNA MORRISON REED.

When Finis Comes.

Sweetheart, 'tis true stars rise and set,
And all fair seasons cease to be—
The sunlight fades from off the sea,
And winter winds our rose leaves fret;
Yet past the reach of barren hours,
Across the years of shining, yet
Your face and eyes—can I forget—
Their lovely light that shines on me?
Nay, Sweet, these change not, these abide
Beyond the stress of time and tide,
Across the years, in youth's fair elime,
Live all lost loves, and all dead flowers—
The land of Memory knows no time.

—ANONYMOUS.



THE BUTTES IN A MIST.

Laura Gordon Chappelle.


[The "Islands" or "Marysville Buttes " In winter when the fog covers the Sacramento valley, the tops of the highest Buttes appear above it, in the form of dark blue islands in a rippling white sea.]

O rock crowned islands in an unknown sea
So blue, so cold,
No boat can reach you, on the phantom
waves

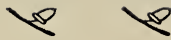
That round you roll,
With rhythmic beat with soundless ebb and
flow;
The wan, white waves, the ghosts of long ago,
Your shores enfold.

Can no one tell your story, oh lost isles?
So far, so still,
No echo from the earth disturbs your peace,
With worldly thrill,
"Isles of the blest" of some fair dreamland
born,
Called to a mimic life, this winter morn,
So dim, so chill.

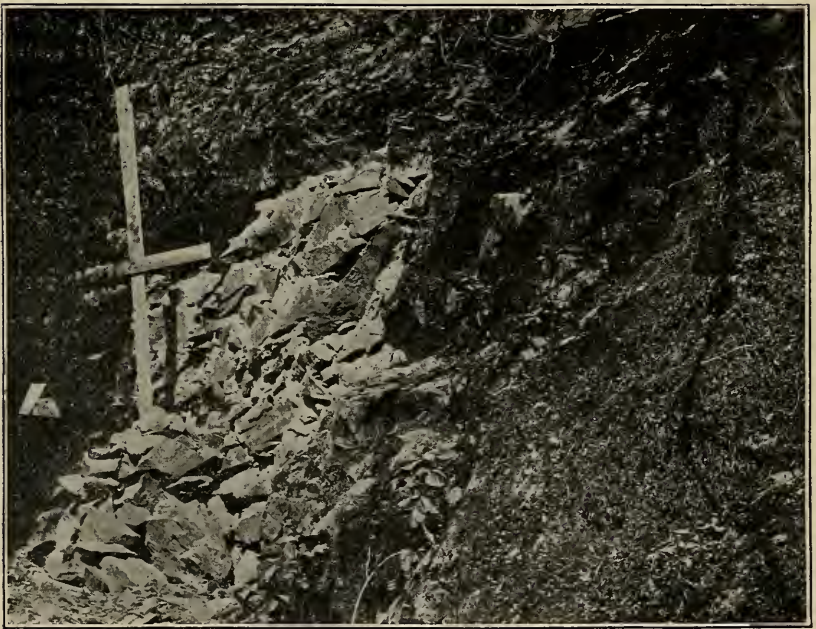
Sphinx like, the mystery of that olden sea,
You will not tell;
Your rocky cliffs and shores have kept
Its secret well,
And still will keep through ages yet to be,
O blue, cold, islands of a long lost sea,
Fare, fare you well.



The Tomb of



Louise Behrnd



Near the grade, on the east shore of Blue Lake, Lake county, a few steps from the road, in a little canyon where a cliff of rock rises in a sheer precipice of a hundred feet, is the most romantic tomb in California, where rests in peace Louise Behrnd.

A little farther on stands the pretty Swiss chalet, built by her devoted son as a home for her old age, when she came from far away Berlin, at the age of 81, to live her last days with her be-

loved and youngest born. There is one unselfish relationship, in a world of selfishness. A relationship stamped by the divine approval, for all coming time, when ages ago "the word was made flesh" and dwelt among us.

A relationship honored alike by God and man—mother and son—from the hovel to the palace, from manger to throne, it holds the sweetest, best of earth's thought and remembrance. So this dear, bright old woman

bravely crossed the sea, coming from alone.

New York entirely alone, and not speaking or understanding one word of English, to look upon her boy's face once again. He met her in San Francisco, and brought her to the home upon the lake. Here for five years they dwelt. He was an architect of skill, had planned the beautiful little chalet, and later the tasteful buildings at Laurel Dell and elsewhere, but during these years, gave up much of possible financial success to be with his mother through those precious, lessening, last days of her life. She was a woman of far more than ordinary intelligence and information. She loved the wild beauty of her surroundings, and asked that when she died, he might lay her away in the solid rock of the canyon.

The days of companionship like all earthly things came to an end. She was not well for two weeks, and finally on one February morning, in the hours close to dawn, she called her son to her, to say farewell. In reply to his wish to call some of the neighbors across the lake, she told him no, as the few hours left she wished to converse with him

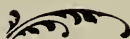
In all history, the writer knows of no more solemn and beautiful thing, than the last hours of the earthly companionship of these two. After her death, in compliance with her wish, a tomb was cut, and blasted from the solid rock, in the spot of her selection.

Friendly hands bore her to her rest, and the face of the tomb was sealed with broken rock and cement, to await that day, when in the flesh we shall see God.

Last summer, the writer on her way, stopped as she always does and stood before this grave, as at some sacred shrine. Moss and fern, the scarlet Lark Spur, and graceful, waving grasses clothed the cliff above the tomb; a rude wooden cross set in a cairn of rock faces it, and on it hung a faded wreath of Yarrow the wild Immortelle of our mountains.

A sweet, true story of unselfish love—of devotion pure and tender, ends in this lonely, lovely spot—the most romantic tomb in California.

ANNA MORRISON REED.



The Footpath to Peace.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgnists;

to covet nothing that is your neighbors except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide posts on the footpath to peace.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From the World's

Best Literature

The Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear

no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Literature of the New Testament

"The four gospels were written by a business man, a missionary, a doctor and a poet-preacher. They are the four biographies or memoirs of Christ, written from different points of view and each independent of the other. Matthew's gospel was composed of an original manuscript called 'The Oracles,' written in Hebrew; Mark's from the sayings of Peter, of whom he was the interpreter; Luke's from the words of Paul, John's from his own knowledge of Jesus. John's gospel is original with him and a continuous narrative. The other gospels are synoptic.

"These biographies do not agree in every particular. In the main particulars they are in substantial agreement, but the claim for verbal inspiration must be surrendered when we face the discrepancies of these accounts. The genealogies of our Lord, one in Matthew and one in Luke, are different. They agree from Abraham to David, but from David to Christ, Matthew makes twenty-eight generations and

Luke thirty-eight. One gives Jacob as the father of Joseph, and the other gives Heli as the father of Joseph. Other slight discrepancies might be mentioned. They prove the genuineness of the gospels rather than the untruthfulness of the records.

"Matthew wrote in Palestine for the Jews and showed that Jesus was the fulfillment of prophecy. Mark wrote in Rome and asserted the authority and power of Jesus as the son of God. His theme is the divinity of Christ. Luke wrote for the Greeks. His is the gospel of breadth, of the universality of the love of God. It is weighted with mercy. He is the most advanced of all the writers.

"John wrote for no particular race or sect, but for all mankind. He defines Christianity as life, Christ as Christianity. He lived nearest Christ and wrote a continuous and unbroken narrative out of a deep and rich experience. In the Apocalypse Matthew is likened to the figure of a man, Mark to a lion,

Luke to a sacrificial ox and John to a soaring eagle.

"The memoirs of Jesus make the most important literature of the world. They contain the greatest thoughts, the most remarkable deeds, and independently paint the picture of the greatest

life that has ever been lived. Rousseau said: 'The gospel history can be no fiction, else the inventor would be far greater than the hero,' a remark from which Theodore Parker probably coined his famous sentence: 'It takes a Jesus to forge a Jesus.'"

REV. WILLIAM RADER.

The Bible

Written by its numerous authors, during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judah, in the rustic schools of the prophets, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offspring of sanctified intellect, the highest efforts of genius, the effusions of truth and nature, the overflowings of genuine feeling, the utterance of undisguised sentiments. It is essential truth, the thoughts of heaven. This volume was conceived in the councils of eternal mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love. It blazes with the luster of Jehovah's glory. It is calculated to soften the heart; to sanctify the affections; to elevate the soul. It is

adapted to pour the balm of heaven in to the wounded heart; to cheer the dying hour; and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb.—E. C. Cogswell.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death, and the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which the island continents of thought receive their dew and rain.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

It was Napoleon who made Paris the most beautiful and attractive city of the continent. Through the establishment of its magnificent boulevards, its gorgeous parks, fountains and statuary, and its innumerable sources of public amusement, thousands of pleasure-seekers from all sections of the globe flocked annually to gay and lovely Paris, and left behind them millions of dollars which otherwise it would never have seen. The matter of beautifying a great

city, therefore, resolves itself into a pure business proposition. While a luxury, it is yet not an extravagance, for even today the Parisians are receiving the benefits derived from the immense sums of money expended by Napoleon in making Paris famous.

"Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings—there is nothing certain but oblivion."

—Horace Greeley.

Sans Coeur

A dove sat shining on a tree
Above the nest which was her home,
Cooing her one note while the sun,
Went down in heaven's dome.

A wild cat crouched in the grass below,
In the air a Merlin rose,
But the dove was too high for the cat to
climb,
And the hawk was too weak, I suppose.

A Viper looked up with diamond eyes,
And longed to be 'round her throat;
She could not abide such airs, she said,
As always singing one note.

There came a man across the wood,
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And he shot the wild dove over the nest,
"She was very good sport," said he.

A girl stood in the hall that night,
Shining over the ballroom floor;
And the rest were nearly dying of spite,
For the men stood gazing by wall and
door.

The wild cat stood and twirled his mus-
tache,
The hawk left the cardroom table,
And both were longing to carry her off,
And only wished they were able.

The Viper came up so smooth and lithe
Hanging on her partner's arm
'Came up to call her "my Dove", and "my
dear,"
And to sneer at each girlish charm.

There came a man across the floor,
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And over, and over again they danced,
While the music lilted merrily.

The girl lies in the churchyard, dead;
The dove hangs dead in the tree;
And he thought of them both on his dying
bed—
"Alas! that seemed good sport," said he.



THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY.

'Midst tangled roots that line the wild ravine
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through
the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were
seen,
Amid the darkling forests' shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun which glanced athwart the
place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain;
Fell sideways on the drummers' upturned face,
Where Death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and
heat
Of fiery onset foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe in some happy home, that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son.
And move her lips to say, "God's will be
done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell
his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame?
He lived, he died; and so, [memento mori—]
Enough if on the page of War and Glory
Some hand has writ, his name



The True Story of The ❀

❀ ❀ Dead Drummer Boy

The cut which appears with the poem, "The Dead Drummer Boy," was made from a pen sketch, taken more than 40 years ago, after the battle of Lookout mountain, Tennessee.

In 1861, a drummer boy enlisted with the 6th New York Zouaves, known as the Billy Wilson Zouaves, and in the battle of Lookout mountain, Tennessee, he was shot and killed, and afterwards buried in the trenches, among brave men, who died that day. His mother, in far away New York, dreamed that she saw her boy shot, and that he was buried under a withered tree, with a long dead limb extending like an arm over the spot where he was laid.

She could not rest, or sleep; and when the list of dead were reported after that terrible battle, she found his name in the New York Ledger numbered among the slain. She at once took train for Washington, and after days of weary waiting, she secured a permit from President Lincoln, and an order to the commanding officer, to allow her to dig at any place she might designate.

Her boy had been buried by the soldiers among hundreds of bodies thrown in those awful trenches, and those who had buried him, did not know where he lay. Immediately upon reaching the field she told the officer that she wished to go to a withered tree, with one long branch, pointing like a hand.

The escort could hardly keep up with her, she fled as in a dream, direct to a gaunt, bleached tree, with its ghostly arm, pointing, as she had said. When she reached it, she knelt down and sobbing cried: "O dig here! My boy is here."

They found the body of the boy, and on his finger the ring which she had given him, which bore her name, and so he was identified—and she took his body home.

These facts are absolutely true related by an eye witness, more than 40 years after that time. The name of the boy, who was about 15 years old, can be given to any one desiring to look into this psychological problem of long ago.

ANNA M. REED



How The Northern Crown Is



Received by the Press

THE NORTHERN CROWN for April is on our table. The striking cover, in two color work, has been specially designed by the editress, Anna Morrison Reed, and the prettily illustrated and well written monthly is launched at Ukiah in the interest of Northern California. Most of the text is written by Mrs. Reed who has passed nearly all of her life at Ukiah and has gathered inspiration from hill, forest and fertile valley, which richly endows her poetic soul for her chosen work.—The Sonoma County Farmer.

The Northern Crown.

The first number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, a magazine issued at Ukiah by Anna Morrison Reed, published by E. A. Keller, has been received. It contains 30 pages, and ought to grow, for it is well arranged and well printed and contains a variety of matter of excellent character. A few of Mrs. Reed's poems appear and are exceptionally good.

Mrs. Reed cites as one of the numerous reasons for founding the magazine the misrepresentation (usually unintentional) of northern California by other publications, referring specifically to the appearance in the Overland of a picture of one of Kelsey creek's famous runs of "hitch" described as "a salmon run."

Mrs. Reed and her bright little magazine are deserving of success.—The Lake County Bee.

THE NORTHERN CROWN, Vol. I, No. 1, Anna Morrison Reed, editress, comes to us this week from the office of E. A. Keller, the publisher, at Ukiah. It is

"a monthly periodical of literature and advertising. Devoted to the interests of northern California, and in a broader sense to the whole country and humanity. Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people." Such is the stated object of the magazine. The leading article is an illustrated write-up of the L. E. White Lumber Company's big lumber plant at Greenwood, several pages being embellished with attractive half tones. Typographically it is excellently gotten up and the printing, by the Excelsior Press Co., Ukiah, is all that could be desired.—Mendocino Beacon.

THE NORTHERN CROWN, a magazine with Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, editress and Edward A. Keller, publisher, is on our table. The initial number is very neat and attractive. We welcome this little magazine among us so ably edited, knowing that it will do much toward directing the attention of many people to the wonderful resources of northern California.—The Fort Bragg Advocate.

THE NORTHERN CROWN is the name of a new periodical published at Ukiah, Mendocino county, "devoted to northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity." The Redwoods of Mendocino, illustrated; The Conflict Between Labor and Capital, by W. T. Fitch; Representative Men, are among the leading papers. Graceful bits of verse by the editress, Anna Morrison Reed, a

name not unknown in California literature, by Grace Hibbard and others, brighten the pages of the attractive little monthly. The editorial expression is keen and fearless. THE NORTHERN CROWN is ten cents a copy; \$1 a year; Excelsior Press Co., Ukiah, Cal. —The Star.

The Northern Crown.

The first issue of the new Ukiah magazine, founded by Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed of this city, was published for April. This initial number of what is intended to be a permanent monthly periodical, has been awaited with interest. We have heard no expressions of disappointment since it reached the public.

While not as large as some of the magazines of the great cities it is neatly gotten up from the mechanical standpoint and its literary contents show discrimination and judgment as well as literary merit. Its illustrated article on our redwoods and our milling interests is extremely well written, being fully equal to the best descriptive articles in our most popular magazines. The article on Capital and Labor by W. T. Fitch is an able contribution to the literature of that subject, written from a non-partisan standpoint and showing unprejudiced thought. Other contributions and selections are excellent. We welcome this new publication and hope it will add lustre to our town and county as well as profit and fame to its courageous foundress.—Dispatch-Democrat.

an article on an endowment fund for children by her, another article on "The Conflict Between Labor and Capital," by W. T. Fitch, and a dainty little Danish legend called "The Elf Stroke," which is unsigned.

In an able editorial Mrs. Reed gives her reasons for founding a magazine in Ukiah. Some of them are in her own words:

"Northern California needs a magazine. Her forests and mountains are rich in Indian lore and legend. Her well-watered valleys, with a thousand charms of climate and scenery, are the fit inspiration of the poet and the artist. Her natural resources are boundless. Much of her immense mining and forest region is unsettled and comparatively unexplored, and in the history of the portion that had early settlement we find romance and tragedy unexcelled in the realm of fiction. And among our people we have the genius and talent to fittingly tell these things to all the world.

"In the policy and mission of this magazine there will be no far-fetched appealing to the ignorance and prejudice of men.

"But, rather, a fairminded dealing with the facts and problems that life and love and death have given us. A setting forth of the truth for the defense, relief and benefit of all humanity irrespective of creed or party.

"Not being a politician we shall try to make our readers think."—Evening Bulletin.

Our New Magazine.

Magazine Started in

Northern California.

There has been a magazine started by Anna Morrison Reed in northern California. It will be issued monthly at Ukiah.

The first number is out, and among many of the good things appearing therein are several poems by Mrs. Reed

On April 15th the first number of THE NORTHERN CROWN was issued. It contains a number of well written articles by the editress, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, and is well gotten up in every way. If the succeeding numbers are as interesting as the first it will prove a valuable addition to the press of northern California. — The Ukiah Times.

THE NORTHERN CROWN is the name of a handsome magazine published in Ukiah by E. A. Keller and edited by Anna M. Reed. It is handsomely printed and contains numerous well-written articles. It is a valuable acquisition to the periodical literature of Mendocino county.—Little Lake Herald.

terests of northern California, and the first number has considerable to say about Humboldt.

The magazine contains a wealth of good matter, and if the high standard set in the first issue is maintained, will be sought and read by cultured people, not alone in northern California, but elsewhere.—Humboldt Times.

For Northern California.

Anna Morrison Reed, well known throughout the state as a brilliant writer, and who through the death of her husband and the alleged sequestration of his estate by a supposed friend, was left nearly penniless, has started a magazine. It is called "THE NORTHERN CROWN," and the place of publication is Ukiah. It is devoted to the in-

I expect THE NORTHERN CROWN to outshine "Sunshine" and "Out West" of southern California, and keep close pace with "Sunset" and the old "Overland."

Yours with good wishes for THE NORTHERN CROWN,

LAURA Y. PINNEY,
Pres. W. P. C. P. A.



The Desert Sea.

Thou silent sea 'neath an azure dome,
Thou givest back no gleam of that blue—
Nor rippling wave breaks thy pearly calm.

On thy bosom no glint of the sunset gold,
And no star looks into its own sweet face
Through thy mirrorless surface still and cold.

The whirlwind alone, with its gray-white dust,
Stalks fearless over thy poisonous breast.
Not for man, not for beast, not for living thing,

Thou Alkaline sea of the Desert west.

—Laura Young Pinney.

Alkali Lakes, Ogden.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

The welcome given the initial number of *THE NORTHERN CROWN* by the press and the people is most gratifying, giving evidence not only that such a periodical is needed, but is, and will be appreciated.

We now invoke the co-operation of all willing people, by the contribution of short sketches, stories, poems and fair-

mind discussions of the topics of the day, most vital to present good and future prosperity.



It is a source of self-congratulation, to the writer, that the subject of good roads at last claims attention of the general public, and much reform along this line is being agitated, in proper fashion, by those who will not be denied, that, as was suggested by the writer more than 15 years ago, and again, when representing this county at the first Good Road convention, gathered in our capital city, in September, 1893: The annual distribution of brush and clay upon our public highways shall cease, and the custom be ended for all time.

The application of the brush and clay method on the road between Greenwood and Anderson valley, was not only a source of discomfort and danger during the past season, but the subject of much comment by good people along the way, who regretted the use of the public funds in the construction of the so-called "Dago Graves," as water breaks every few feet, upon the grades. We suppose that comprehensive name was given because the work was done by a crew of Italian settlers.

As water breaks, the mounds of mud and brush were a failure, but as neck and limb breakers, and nerve destroyers, a decided success.

Miles of available timber and tons of natural MacAdam skirt our public highways, and almost cry out to the intelligent observer in suggestions for their use. But none are so blind as those who will not see, and the blind lead the blind through the corrupt complexities of a political maze, that leads the taxpayer 'round and 'round in an unavailing search for the honest purveyor of public funds. Choked with dust in summer, drowned in mud in winter, these patient long sufferers wend their way to the county seat, to leave their sweat-stained tributes upon the altar of unquestioning political party fealty.

Not alone is this an accepted necessity, but they must keep in the middle of the road, as an attempted escape to firmer ground was opposed, in at least one instance, by a line of posts put up near Ukiah by order of a present road master, with labor and means, that would have been better applied in work and material to make travel on the main highway possible at the time. With a good foundation of broken rock, smooth well drained thoroughfares would make Mendocino a region of delight, through all the year, and money now wasted in mud and brush would sprinkle the roads until they could return to dust no more.

In Napa we could well learn a lesson, for there the roads are sprinkled 9 miles each way from every town.

Too much money can not be used when well applied in public improvement, which adds to the beauty of surroundings, and the comfort and convenience of the people. Eureka, our most northern city, has just voted bonds to the amount of \$155,000 for such needed work. The attraction this will offer to capital and intelligent enterprise, will bring a seven-fold return for the outlay.

The good roads of southern California brought that section to the front, while we still linger twenty years behind our time, on the Indian trails of long ago.



Number 5, of "For California," a new publication under the direction and auspices of the California Promotion committee, is at hand. It is brought out "for those who desire the best there is in life." The California Promotion committee represents the commercial organization of the state. "The purpose of the committee is to give to the world reliable and unbiased information regarding the resources of, and the opportunities in California."

We find in this April number: "What California Has Done For Civilization," by David Starr Jordan; "A Mendocino Memory," by Edwin Markham; "Comparative Values of Land," by I. B. McMahon; "Vegetable Growing In Cal-

ifornia," by Professor E. J. Wickson U. of C.; and other and valuable articles of interest and information. We read with much pleasure the article by David Starr Jordan, in his beautiful, but in this instance, incomplete enumeration of the California lawyers of early days, and wonder why such names are omitted as Chas. A. Tuttle, once of Placer county and later reporter of the Supreme court and one of the men who originated the plan of exchanging the site in Oakland, for the present site of the university grounds at Berkeley, and planted the first Eucalyptus trees to bless and beautify California. And that of Joseph Winans of early mining days; and Judge James E. Hale, Nestor of Law, who revised our codes; and Theodore Hittell, author of Hittell's Digest, and later of an invaluable history of our state. N. Green Curtis of Sacramento. Creed Haymond. Clay Taylor of Shasta. Elisha Cook, father of the present Judge Cook, who is acknowledged as the best criminal lawyer in California. Murray Morrison of Los Angeles, who died judge of the Seventeenth Judicial district. Robert F. Morrison, chief justice of California, who also died while serving the state in that honored capacity.

These are a few additional names, of the men whose worth and integrity first gave to California her intellectual dignity, and safely shrined in the memory of forty years, no reference to those early days is complete without them.



For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the

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Our experience in all avenues of trade entitles us to your preference and confidence.

Write us for suggestions.

Barnhart & Swasey,

Management of Advertising,

107 New Montgomery St.,

San Francisco.

For Humanity.

most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the

young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

ARTHUR J. THATCHER

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.

Office in J. Q. White building, northwest of Courthouse.

Telephone, Main 144.

UKIAH, CAL.

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THE NORTHERN CROWN

Entered at the Ukiah Post Office as Second-class Matter.

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JUNE.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.

Between the roses of the May,
Looks out the radiant face of June;
Blushing, she seems afraid to cross
The threshold of the spring, so soon,
While my heart echoes, beat for beat,
The tread of her reluctant feet.

Passionate languor in her eyes,
The kiss of summer on her mouth—
I love her harmony of birds—
I love her soft winds of the south—
Her cumulus clouds that grandly rise,
Across the sunlight of her skies.



Photo by Lange.]

A MENDOCTNO "ANGELUS,"

[The Terraces—Home of Carl Purdy.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., JUNE, 1904.

NO. 3

POOR LO OF THE COAST.

BY W. T. FITCH.

WHO really discovered America? Columbus!—not by a jug-full, he didn't. For while Mr. Columbus was reconnoitering the shores of the "new" world from the deck of his leaky old tub, the natives, from farthest Alaska to Cape Horn, were pursuing the art of peace or war, as interest or revenge dictated. A considerable state of civilization had risen and declined in various sections of the country, and in South America, Peru enjoyed under the Incas, the best government, in many respects, upon which the sun ever shone. One which cannot be duplicated today—search where you will.

Columbus was only a visitor, and an unwelcome one at that; for did he not represent, and was he not a fore-runner of the hordes of plunder-hungry Europeans who were destined to carry death and destruction into every corner of the land? Assuredly so. It was a day of rejoicing for Europe, whose lands were over-crowded, and a sad one for the defenseless native population whose wealth was to be had for the killing of the owners. And, while intoxicants, the sword and the Bible, came to the native by the same hand, to his sorrow

and mystification, still we must remember that civilization (save the mark) must eventually result in the uplifting of all mankind, although the process seems at times to be a bit uncivil.

The boasted "ear of progress" seems to partake of the characteristics of that Juggernaut, save that its victims are unwillingly sacrificed, ignorant of the scheme which (apparently) makes necessary their sufferings. Therefore, let the heathen who do not wish to be "benevolently assimilated" get "off the earth" or they will be overtaken and added to the "white man's burden."

It is not our purpose, however, to consider the legion of "tribes and nations" which existed on this grandest of continents prior to the dominance of the Caucasian race. The remnants of the ancient races, which we see all about us, furnish a sufficiently interesting and extensive field for investigation.

The Indians of the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Mexico, differ little from each other and are not, like the Mississippi valley and Atlantic coast tribes, fond of slaughter. The Pacific coast Indian is not the dancing, slashing, blood-drinking, shrieking savage that the small boy delights to honor, but a

lazy, dirty, peace-loving bunch of hunger whom no one fears (with apologies to the numerous exceptions). Yet in certain respects the Indian is nobody's "good thing," for his native cunning is wonderful when he is driven to exert it; but it takes a miracle to rouse him, as his history shows.

ous tribes, covering a large area, were gathered together on this reservation, which was fifteen miles long, and extending back some distance into the mountains. Chief Mateo, with a part of the Santa Rosa Mission Indians, who were converts to the Catholic religion, the Cameleos (meaning coast

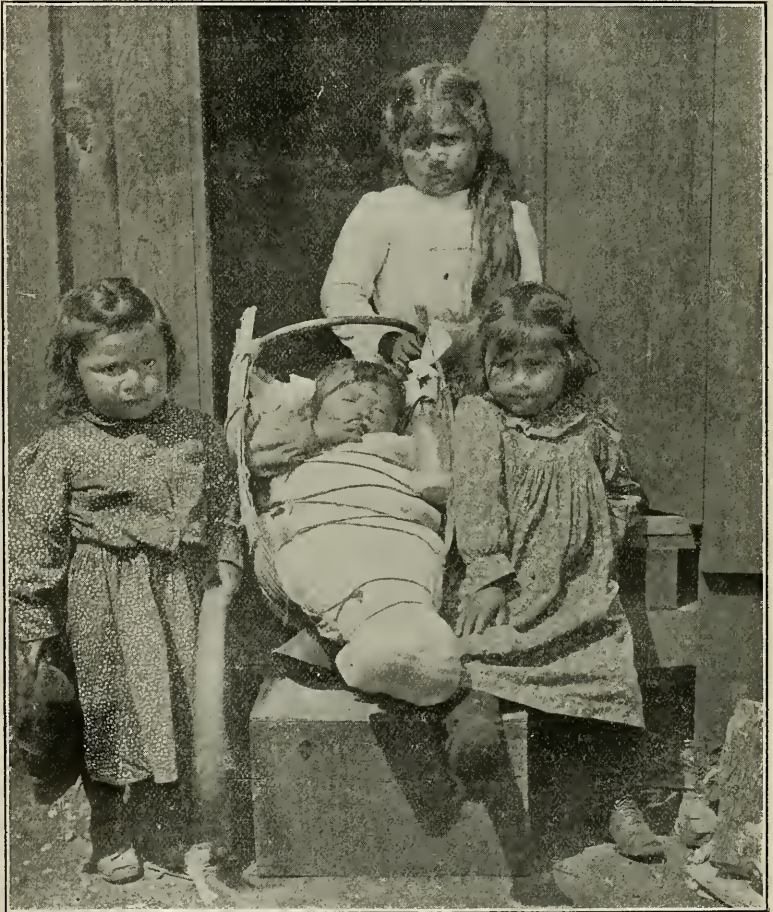


Photo by Fitch]

A BUNCH OF OLIVE BRANCHES.

A little over forty years ago, Captain Hull, with a detachment of United States troops, established Fort Bragg, on the coast of Mendocino county, California, as the official center of the Indian reservation for the district. The vari-

ous tribes; with the Ki-Pomos of Long Valley and Little Lake Valley, Usals, Humboldts, Konkows, Cottonevas, a few Pomos, and various other tribes to the number of over a thousand, were huddled upon

this tract of land and bidden not to murmur, even in there sleep.

And here, as in all other instances, the "wards" of the government, quickly learned why the invaders of their peace came among them, for, after having surrendered their lands to save their lives, they ran against the word which was then as it is now written large upon the sky, viz: "GRAFT." The Indian agent, whose name we forbear to mention, under cover of his office, secured possession of a large tract of land (which some say was within the reservation) and compelled the natives to labor thereon for his personal benefit; they receiving a bare maintenance therefor.

A portion of the yearly increase of government cattle, raised as food for the Indians, was diverted to the agent's private ranch. These, with their increase, were "sold" by the agent as a rancher, to the agent as such, representing the government, and the proceeds pocketed. The Indian getting short rations in consequence of these proceedings. The grain raised on this "private" ranch was "toted" by the Indian women in long procession, with a mounted man wielding a long whip called a "blacksnake" to urge them on, each with a bag of grain weighing about a hundred pounds, on her back. These burdens were carried some ten miles to the fort and "sold" by the agent rancher, to the agent representing the government, the proceeds going to keep the beef money company.

Also, Indian squaws were "rented" from the agent by the manager of a certain lumber company located near the reservation, to "pack" grain and bailed hay some seven miles up the river to the lumbermen's camp. The rental, fifty cents per head, going to the same thrifty agent. The abuses were endured by the Indians who were wise enough to see the futility of resistance or protest.

The reservation was removed in 1865 to Round valley, where it is today.

And to the shame of the pale faces, a bill is now pending in the National Congress to deprive the Indian of the last foot of ground that he might call his own by opening the Round Valley reservation to settlement. Large numbers of the Indians used to leave the reservation and work in the mills along the coast, they were partly forced to do this on account of the dishonesty of the agents of the government, who sold to outsiders, what should have gone to their charges.

At one time word was received of a visit of inspection soon to occur. The agent, to whom this spelled disaster, put his wits at work and evolved a brilliant "scheme." He sent out messengers who "preached" to the absent ones that the end of the world was to occur on a certain date, and that all those who wished to be saved must come at once to the reservation and bring all the supplies they could, as the agent was not prepared to entertain them. The scheme worked. And when the official arrived, everything was as it should be, to the profit of all parties concerned except the Indians. But the end of the world hasn't materialized yet, strange to say.

HOW THE INDIANS LOOK AT THE MATTER.

An old hunter who lived among the Indians at that time states that the western, like the eastern Indian, is a born orator. He recalls a speech delivered by Chief "Dock" on the occasion of the "Harvest Festival," which has lingered in his memory, both on account of its wisdom and the knowledge of the "art of persuasion" which it exemplified.

An extract, as he remembers it, follows: "Children, your fathers roamed these hills and valleys in freedom. There were plenty of deer in the forests and fish in the streams, there was plenty for all. There were no white men from the land of the sunrise to draw lines upon the ground and say

that the land was all theirs. The white man says all that you can see is his. We, brothers, know that this is not true, but we cannot dispute with the powers that are against us, we must submit.

Who have driven the fish from the streams?—the white man!

Who have driven the game away?—the white man!

Who has taken our lands and made slaves of us?—the white man!

When the long rain comes we will be hungry, does the white man care?

stood how to drive home a matter by repetition.)

The Indian has buried his past. You cannot, by persuasion or otherwise, get him to talk about it. From generation to generation he remembers that he was deprived of his rights by the white man, and dislikes him accordingly, so that he will not allow the invader to sympathize with him.

Before the advent of the white settlers, the forests and valleys were well stocked with every species of bird, animal, or reptile known to the climate.



GROUP OF CENTENARIANS. ALL CONSIDERABLY OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

The white men are as the trees for number; but we are few.

Be patient. For though our people vanish as the sea fog before the morning sun, we must not complain, for the Great Spirit fights for the pale-face. Our freedom is gone, let us accept our fate as only brave men can. The white man says we must not steal—that we must not steal a blanket, we must not steal a coat, (enumerating the various possessions of the white man and continues: You must not steal anything at all," etc. (The Indian orator under-

Game of every kind was plentiful. In fact it is so still, but at that time reasonable agility, coupled with a club, would procure meat even for the laziest. The principal articles to be found on the "bill-of-fare" of the "only original" American, were game and fish of all kinds, fresh and dried. Clams, abalones and mussels. Sea-grasses, cured for making soup, berries, of which enormous quantities grow wild along the coast, "sheep sorrel," acorns and pine nuts. Quantities of these commodities were stored for use during the

rainy season, or used for barter with the tribes of the interior. Mussels and clams seem to have been a favorite article of diet, possibly because a clam cannot run and thus tire the hungry pursuer. The abalone, a mono-valve, was also in favor as it grows to weigh a matter of pounds, and consequently the labor of gathering sufficient whereon to dine is small.

The tribes of the interior gathered large quantities of pine nuts and acorns which they bartered for the products of the sea coast. The nuts were ground up in stone mortars and made into a sort of bread, to bake, which, after a dough was made by moistening the meal with water, the "chef" scooped out a suitable hole in the sand, and placed the dough therein, covered it with sand and built fire above. The result was a rock-like substance which promoted the efficiency of both teeth, and digestive apparatus.

In a state of nature, the aborigine had an "easy job," as one might say. He wandered about wherever food was plentiful, varying his dietary according to the season.

And, like his white brother, the red man is subject to the moods of the seasons: early summer, therefore, seeing him on the move. In the old times the Indians of the interior, when the trail became good after the heavy rains of the winter, journeyed over the mountains to pay a visit to their brothers who lived by the "big drink." They came to dance about the campfires of their friends, and to feel the cool night winds that came over the bosom of the waters that loomed dimly in long lines of fleeting white as now rustling softly, now roaring with the constant sound of distant cannon, they fumbled weakly or tore furiously at the patient rocks which had resisted and baffled them for ages.

The mysterious shadows that lurked in the pine woods dimly visible by the soft radiance of the moon, spoke to them, as it speaks to us, a message that

it is not in the human heart to understand. But within the circle of light thrown by the camp fire, all was of the earth. Time was nothing. The hiss of roasting clams and venison lent completeness. Ah! the clam bake; that was a time to remember. And the deposits of shells, scattered thickly along the coast bear mute witness to the ancient revels. The remnants of the tribes still conform to ancient usage in this regard.

To the coast Indian of today, the interior is a land flowing with all things delectable. There he finds light employment such as picking hops and fruit, which occupation is much to his liking, as the work is done by the piece, i. e., he receives payment for his labor according to the number of pounds "weighed in" to his credit. To a certain extent he is then his own boss. He need not fear damage to his constitution by reason of having to overwork.

But as a rule he works well, there being so much that money will buy that he wants. Like the negro, he is fond of fruits, the greater part of his earnings going in that direction. And if his tribe were to adopt a flag, a representation of the humble watermelon would most certainly adorn the center of the design. For, during the melon season, the Indian devotes his entire earnings to their purchase; his days to their consumption; his nights to dreams of them.

All delicacies appeal to the native palate, and the dealer in these commodities always has a crowd of his dusky friends about his doors, to behold, even if they cannot purchase.

The dealer in liquors is not (quite) so fortunate, as the government forbids the sale of intoxicants to the Indians, and wisely, too; but why the good work cannot be extended so as to include the white man, is not made clear. Now-a-days, when an Indian village travels (the solidarity of the tribe is still preserved, although it is no longer necessary as a protection against an

enemy), the transportation department has its hands full, and although the Indian is not fastidious in this regard (or in any other), the gods seem never to over-provide him.

A few old vehicles of all vintages—no two wheels alike—with protruding

to walk, and the Indian, in common with all mankind, believes in assisting nature as much as possible in this connection, hence, any means to that end, however humble, is acceptable. Thus one may see them, a slow moving and dusty train, as they make their way



Photo by Fitch.]

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE."

[Squaw Carrying Wood-

"slats" giving one the impression of a picket fence. For a motive power horses, mules, or assorted beasts. Harness, that badge of equine slavery, of which hardly a souvenir of the original structure remains, a patchwork of leather, rope, wire, etc. It is easier to ride than

upon the "warranted hand made" road of the white man.

A mournful relic of a once numerous and happy people, to whom the pine clad hills and smiling valleys of the golden state once belonged, but who are now outcasts and wanderers in a

land once their own.

TRIBAL ORGANIZATION.

The tribal organization, which is now only a memory, though the form still exists in part, was once most admirable. There was the Chief and his "Queen," and under them—over each of the affairs of the tribe, a Sub-chief. A "War Chief" whose office was something of a sinecure; a "Harvest Chief," who saw to one department of the commissariat; a "Chief of the Hunt," and a "Fish Commissioner," who saw to their departments, and Chiefs over the transportation and other branches of the "government," also (we presume), a "Court Fool," as it is customary to have fools at courts (and elsewhere), to furnish the "funny business" of the tribe; and also, there were the numerous tribesmen in private life, who felt that if called upon to assume any of the official positions in the gift of the "people" that they would be quite equal to the situation.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

This functionary, who was really the ruler of the tribe, though they did not realize it, and who was "Physician Extraordinary," to the notables of the tribe, was a personage to be reckoned with. And although his services were not often required, he was always prepared for the worst with a weird collection of odds and ends such as the preserved bones, teeth, hair and feathers of the animal kingdom. His method of treatment was by incantation, a popular method of treatment, or "school of medicine," among all savage tribes, being so impressive. Its efficiency not being in question. However, some of the cures wrought by the medicine man show a remarkable knowledge of principles which we are accustomed to consider new, because we discovered them or discovered that they existed previous to our knowledge of them.

At the time that we practiced blood-letting to relieve congestion, the poor, ignorant "savage" did likewise, as the

following instance will show: A patient who was suffering from congestion of the brain, was treated in the following manner by the "doctor." Attired in his official dress, the medicine man, after frightening the patient by his mystic antics which were calculated to impress him with the power of the "medicine" he extracted a section of the patient's scalp with his teeth. The wound bled freely, relieving the pressure on the brain, and drawing away the poison blood. The patient recovered. We do not know whether the medicine man sterilized his teeth before operating, or not.

Hypnotic suggestion is as old as time among savages, though possibly not in the same manner, or to the same degree, as now practiced by some. A case in point follows: A lady of the tribe was suffering with what the medicine man diagnosed as an imaginative disorder. He then resolved on heroic treatment. Selecting four muscular sisters whose duty it should be to conduct the "candidate" during the exercises, and suggesting to the patient that he was going to cure her, he had her conducted some distance from the village and having posted her attendants, he proceeded in the presence of a few who had followed to see what was to happen, among which was a white man who was in the confidence of the tribe, to work his "spell." The patient was compelled by her escort to sit upon the ground, and the medicine man, with a large pine torch (the cure was performed on a dark night) stationed himself about twenty paces away, and when all was in readiness, and the psychologic period of suspense had the patient in the proper state of mind, he slowly advanced toward the "sufferer" uttering his choicest "medical terms" in as loud a voice as he was capable of. When close to the patient, he gave his best yell and signalling his assistants to "let go" he suddenly thrust his torch into the horrified patient's face. The effect was all that could be desired.

The sufferer arose in haste and fled in terror to the village—cured.

The medicine man was not, however, always so strenuous. He generally contented himself with going through some of his funny business, and as his "medicine" spoke, so he did. If the patient was to recover soon, he inserted a white wooden stake in the soil before the entrance to the domicile of the

times the Indian cremated his ancestors. The method of procedure was as follows: While the officiating mourners were marching around the pyre in orthodox fashion, the remains, which had been laid upon a structure of wooden piles, and covered with combustibles, was gradually consumed.

The pyre was so arranged that the ashes of the deceased alone, would fall



Photo by Fitch.]

A SECTION OF THE RANCHERIA.

afflicted one. If the illness was to be long with final recovery, a red and white stake. If immediate death, a black, and if death after a lingering illness, a red and black stake. To be sure, the patient did not always justify the medicine man's faith in his diagnosis, but such accidents did not shake the faith of the tribe in his powers.

BURIAL RITES.

Speaking of medicine men and, by association, medical men in general, seems to bring up the subject of those who refuse to "get well" under the ministrations of the "doctor." In olden

times the Indian cremated his ancestors. When the fire burned out, the ashes of the departed were gathered together and mixed with a quantity of pitch, which was then rolled into little balls about the size of an ordinary marble, which were fastened to the hair in a row from the temples around the head.

The immediate relatives of the deceased were thus decorated, and when these evidences of grief were worn away, the period of mourning was considered closed.

The native, both male and female, has a deep-rooted distrust of, and dis-

like for the white man. And who shall say it is not born of experience, the real mother of wisdom? In all their dealings with the whites they keep well to leeward. Not so bad for an untutored savage, is it? There is one class of individuals that they instantly mark as prey, namely, the "camera fiends." Be it professional or amateur, it is all the same to them.

"You sell 'um picture, make lots money. You get picture me, you pay—I wout take picture for nothing (indignantly). You pay two bits me, two bits all family, each one two bits." And they do not hesitate to revile you roundly if you do not come up to their idea of generosity. Here we have the commercial instinct amounting almost to inspiration, and will take no stock in your statement that you do not expect to gain wealth and renown by the aid of the photos of them.

No, no, why are you so anxious for the pictures if there is nothing in it for you? Just answer that! No indeed, they know your race too well to believe anything you say is said in candor. If you give, you expect to receive again—a hundred fold.

Upon the approach of a camera to the village, the ladies of the "rancheria" gather their numerous progeny under the paternal roof as a hen gathereth her chickens, casting glances of rage, triumph and cupidity in the direction from which possible revenue may come if the matter is handled properly. You may not "snap shoot" even the children and dogs without tribute. Do they want their picture taken? No! Would they let you take some negatives for a consideration? Yes, but with the distinct understanding that it was as a special favor to you, the pittance you pay is no return, merely an acknowledgement. Some of the older Indians object on grounds of pure superstition, to being photographed.

On one occasion, an old lady had been persuaded, in spite of her fears, to join a group that was being taken. She

sat quietly for a moment, gazing in deadly fear at the "devil box," then, before the picture could be secured she fell in a fit, causing a stampede; thus proving that evil lurked in the black box.

NOT SO DIFFERENT AFTER ALL.

The common origin of all men is seen in the traits that they possess in common. One of these is the love of gaming. The Indian has his games of hazard which are as old as his history, but the artistic and germ-disseminating cards of his white conqueror, now take the place of the cruder implements of his fathers, which consisted of a bunch of little sticks. He is temperate in his gambling, as he is in his labor. Sunday afternoons, and when visiting tribes are being entertained, a blanket is spread upon the ground in a sunny spot and a dozen or so gather round it.

The game goes forward as is usual, although no one dreams of cheating, unless a promising opportunity presents itself. Beans or matches are used to represent value, but soon other articles of value make their appearance upon the "board," as one or another loses his "pile," and "puts up" some article to purchase more credit. Silk handkerchiefs, pocket knives, neckties, pipes, small articles of jewelry; buttons—in short, the contents of the grown-up boy's pocket.

Coins are rarely seen, a ten-cent piece representing so much value that many of them would "break" the crowd.

The game is played with the careless, easy-going enjoyment of care-free minds, that it is doubtful if a police officer could be found who would be so rude as to interrupt such a pastime under the laws "made, concocted, fabricated and provided," against "games of chance."

The spare time of the Indian squaw is spent in making those wonderful baskets that have had such vogue among collectors. So much has appeared in the press of the west concerning them that we forbear to discuss them.

BRING ON YOUR OLD AGE RECORDS.

The environment of the aborigine, of course, exerts its influence and produces the usual results. The changes that have taken place may readily be observed among them, as there are many who are, without doubt, considerably over a hundred years of age. Five generations is a common enough family aggregation, each generation with slightly differing characteristics. There is the ancient brave, a great, great grandfather, who, through the infirmities of his unrecorded years is barely able to drag his palsied body from his wickiup into the sunshine on fine days, and who sits cross-legged upon his door step, muttering to himself of the past.

He is his own monument, a living

finger-board, pointing us to the question of the simple versus the strenuous life. His son, who is a great grandfather, is still vigorous. He is a young man yet, let no man say that he cannot hit the trail with the rest of them, for such a statement would be an absurdity.

The grandfather is a mere boy, and the father, a child in arms—bring on your old people, white man, and let them look upon the aged of the Indian and feel young again. But the gradual absorption of the Indian race will soon spoil this record, and leave it, as that of the history of the Jewish race, a thing to wonder at, unless our increasing wisdom shall teach us to slow down and thus increase the span of our years.



Photo by Fitch.]

"FOR THE PANTRY".

[Sea Grass Drying in the Sun.

LEGEND OF THE CYPRESS TREES.

BY JOHN E. RICHARDS.

Tell me your tradition hoary,
 Grand old Cypress Trees,
 Dwelling on this promontory
 By the sunset seas!
 Whisper the delicious story
 Of dim centuries!

This is not your place primeval;
 Not your native clime;
 Hither born in medieval
 Unremembered time,
 By some western wave's upheaval;
 Make the legend mine.

From the vast and velvet branches
 Of a patriarch tree;
 Mingling with the songs and dances,
 Of the restless sea;
 Freightened with its fragrant fancies,
 Came the tale to me.

Long ago from far Benares
 Grove of Cypress Wood,
 Went a band of missionaries,
 Devotees of Boodhi;
 Bound to build new sanctuaries
 For the spread of good.

Sailing by a course uncharted,
 Wandering, but not lost,
 This little band of noble-hearted

Long on ocean tossed,
 By the law of Karma guarded,
 Gained this rocky coast.

Here the pious exiles landed,
 Built here a shrine;
 Seeds of sacred Cypress planted,
 For the grove and sign
 Of their mystic creed, commanded
 In its books divine.

Found the fair land all unhaunted
 By the forms of men;
 Rested in its vales enchanted
 For a space, and then,
 Urged by purposes undaunted,
 Set to sea again.

Through the centuries' slow transition,
 Since they sailed away,
 We have kept the sweet tradition,
 Treasured to this day;
 Kept the faith which finds fruition
 Still in far Cathay.

And in all our somber glory,
 Guard a sacred shrine;
 Cluster round this promontory,
 As in olden time,
 To repeat the fragrant story,
 Which today is thine.

ANOTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

SAN JOSE, CAL. March, 8th, 1903.
 Mr. J. F. Devendorf,
 Monterey, Cal.
 My Dear Frank:—

Your letter asking for
 a copy of my Cypress poem is at hand
 and I take pleasure in complying with

your request. The poem was written
 in the summer of 1890, I think, and it
 happened in this wise: I was spending
 my vacation with my family at our
 cottage in Pacific Grove and one Sun-
 day invited John McNaught, (then
 writing for The Mercury and now edi-

torial writer on *The Call*) to spend the day with me, "around the drive."

We started early and went leisurely along until near noon, we came in view of Cypress Point from that bare strip of road near Seal Rock. I was pointing out the grove of Cypresses to Mr. McNaught and explaining to him that they were the genuine oriental Cypress and found nowhere else on the American continent, except on a like promontory on the Mexican coast, when a sudden thought struck me and I said to John: "Why may it not be that away back in the early centuries some band of Boodhist missionaries wandering from Asia has landed on this point and planted these trees and then sailed away again leaving no other memento of their visit?"

He said: "That is a truly poetic idea. Why don't you embody it in a poem?" I promised him that I would do so and about two weeks later wrote these verses, which he published in *The Mercury*. Shortly thereafter I received a letter from Santa Cruz, written by the secretary of a Theosophic society existing there in which he asked me for the data upon which I founded my poem; and with the letter he sent a paper

recently issued by the society containing an article stating that there was an ancient record in a Boodhist temple at Benares relating a voyage to this continent by a band of missionaries in the 5th century.

I had, of course, no data and had never heard of such a document or of such a voyage when I wrote my poem. Since then, however, I have abundantly verified the truth of the story. Mr. E. P. Vining, long the manager of the Market Street railway system of San Francisco, has published a book entitled, "An Inglorious Columbus," in which the whole story and the documents are set forth in detail.

I have a copy of this book, and while it does not refer to a landing at this particular spot, there can be no doubt that the visit occurred and that the Cypress Grove has such an origin. The singular thing about it all is the way in which the fact was borne to me. Mrs. Reed has my full permission to make any use of the poem, or of its history, which she may desire.

With best wishes for yourself and family, I remain

Your friend,

JOHN E. RICHARDS.

TO be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less. To make upon the whole, a family happier for his presence. To renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered. To keep a few friends, but these without capitulation. Above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TERRACES.

The Home of Carl Purdy.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.

"Consider the Lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Last summer the writer visited the Terraces, the mountain home of Carl Purdy, nine miles from the city of Ukiah, where has been established one of the two government experimental stations on the Pacific coast. She went to see, in bloom, the wonderful Burbank Hybrids, a new class of lilies—the splendid flowers, that after experiment with more than 40 varieties from all over the world, the Pacific coast can claim the parentage, of the four successful crosses.

Some time ago, these children of a wizard's skill, were given into the keeping of the only man that we believe could have reached with them the results that we beheld. From the four original crosses he has now from 80 to 100 Hybrids, each a distinct acquisition.

Perfected by his taste and care, in the congenial spot, where soil, climate and location make up the lily's natural home, they have wonderfully and beautifully increased, even to the third and fourth generation. The writer feels the pride that should animate all Californians, that the patient work and intelligent effort of Luther Burbank

and Carl Purdy has given us the only Hybrid of this kind in existence. All that the other florists of the world ever produced would not be one-tenth part of those now owned, and under propagation, by Carl Purdy.

Of these only three new varieties were introduced to growers this season, but year by year added numbers will go out to gratify flower-lovers everywhere, and bless and beautify the world. Some of the choicest have not yet been seen, except by those who, like the writer, have visited the spot in Lyons valley, near the Terraces, where last summer they were in bloom.

Close to the sunset hour, we walked through the narrow western entrance to this little valley, high among the hills, where a broad prospect opens to the east, and before us like the fabled Golden Fleece, spread the wondrous flowers—in tawny undulating, sun-flecked waves, swaying upon their graceful stems, varying in size and color, from the tall Red Giant—history unknown—to the tiny, fragrant Lemon lily of southern California. All kin—for interwedded were these radiant things

and round them bloomed a progeny with every form and feature blended into new and perfect specimens of wonderful flower life.

Among them were about twenty varieties of native plants, and a large number of the lilies of the world; but the new flower folk, that have sprung from the native of our Pacific coast, caught and held my fancy—blessed and beautiful creations, crowned with perfection beyond all human handiwork. It seemed that Heaven could hold no fairer thing.

It was a happy chance that we should find O. B. Lange, the master photographer of flowers, also on a pilgrimage to this shrine of bloom, from whence he carried—not like the writer, only a memory, but the lasting impressions of the beautiful things—the life-like shadows by the sunbeams printed, to be his own for all time to come.

As the shadows of evening were falling, down to the Terraces again we went, lily-laden; from whence, in the silent harmony of the hour and scene, wrapped in the indescribable after-sun-down tints of mountain altitude, we looked upon the "Angelus" secured so well by the skill of Mr. Lange and presented to our readers in this number of THE NORTHERN CROWN.

The Terraces will one day be world renowned. A succession of benches of the richest, deepest loam, reaching from the mountain tops down, down, to the valley, 2000 feet below, where a

lake reflects the wonders of earth and sky, in crystal and sapphire, and turquoise blue. A stream of pure, cold water runs from the highest point above, to the lake below—diverted here and there to refresh a million growing bulbs, that in soil, climate, shade, shine and moisture, find a congenial home. Such perfection of flower life the writer has not seen elsewhere. With more than 20 years of experience, in the growing of California wild flowers, as well as Daffodils, Lilies and Tulips, and now this wonderful new class, the Burbank Hybrids, Carl Purdy is the living embodiment of flower-lore.

He is the only member of the Royal Horticultural society in California. He fills a unique place in the work with which he is identified.

The road to the Terraces runs up Mill Creek canyon, one of the loveliest spots in Mendocino, and from the hour of starting, is a revelation and delight for the pilgrim on his way.

In succeeding years many noted personages, from far and near, will travel on toward this fragrant floral shrine, and tell again and again, with eloquent praise, all that I have seen and thought and tried to tell of this place and its owner's wonderful achievements; but of all that come and go, none will have deeper appreciation of the beautiful things seen, or know better the invaluable service to California, of the chosen lifework of Carl Purdy.

Life as a plank of driftwood,
Tossed on the watery main;
Another plank encounters—
Meets, touches and parts again.
So tossed and drifting ever,
On life's uneven sea,
Men meet, and greet, and sever,
Parting eternally.

FROM THE SANSKRIT.



TO HUGH FOSTER SCANLON.

The three fates spin in the silence
 A thread for the waiting loom,
 And the buds on the climbing rose bush
 Are ready to burst in bloom,
 When a gray stork taps on the window
 With a burden upon his wings,
 And our hearts grow glad with welcome
 For the burden of love he brings.

The three fates weave in the darkness
 White threads in a web of joy,
 For the gray stork's wonderful burden
 Is a beautiful brown-eyed boy,
 And the climbing rose by the window
 Bears never a pricking thorn,
 But only the pure, white roses
 That bloom when a child is born.

Oh, fates! that weave in the darkness
 Through all the checkered years,
 Bring out in the golden sunlight
 The threads of our hopes and fears;
 That our hands may gather the roses
 That bloom when a child is born,
 And weave them into his garment
 With never a pricking thorn.

—W. K. STRINGER.

From the World's Best Literature.

Ecclesiastes; or the Preacher.—Chapter One.

The words of the preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, Vanity of Vanities; all is Vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.

The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth again according to his circuits.

All the rivers run into the sea, yet, the sea is not full, unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.

All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

Is there anything whereof it may be said, see, this is new? It hath been al-

ready of old time, which was before us.

There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after.

I, the preacher, was king over Israel, in Jerusalem. And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom, concerning all things that are done under heaven; this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit. That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is nothing cannot be numbered. I commanded with my own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me, in Jerusalem; Yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I gave my heart to known wisdom, and to known madness and folly; I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BOOKS OF THE HOLY BIBLE.

The name "Bible" is given to the Holy Scriptures by way of showing how pre-eminent such writings are. It comes from a Greek word meaning "The Book." There are two main divisions, the first dealing with the old covenant of God with man, the second dealing with His new covenant. The Old Testament subdivides under four great classes known as (1) Book of the

Law; (2) Historical Book; (3) Poetical Book; (4) Prophetical Books. The Books of the Law are five in number and are known as the Pentateuch which means "Five Books." Besides the above list of books of the Old Testament and those of the New, there is what is known as the Apocrypha which as St. Jerome, one of the Fathers of the Church says, "The Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners, but yet doth not apply them to establish any doctrine." These are fourteen in number and often are bound up in our copies of Holy Writ, some portions being read in the public offices of the Church. They are more properly called the Deutero Canonical Books. The language in which most of the Books of the Old Testament were written was Hebrew, and they were carefully preserved and copied by scribes year after year, being gathered into one collection probably in the time of Ezra some 500 years before our Lord's Incarnation.

The language in which most of the Books of the New Testament were written was Greek, and with them also, copies had to be made as the various parts of the Church desired to possess them. It became necessary in the fourth century to decide what was of Divine Inspiration and what was not.

This was settled in the East by a synod held at Laodicea, A. D. 363; and in the West by the Third Council of Carthage, A. D. 397. The decrees of both these Councils were confirmed by the Trullan Council in 692, whose canon on the subject was universally received by the Church.

The Bible, as we are accustomed to call the many writings in a collective sense, is, without doubt, the Word of God. It does not merely amongst other things contain, but is the Word of God. It is divinely inspired, and so differs fundamentally from all other books. What we mean by inspiration

is, that the writers were so guided by God (the Holy Ghost) for the purpose of revealing Divine Truth that they could make no mistakes in what they revealed. We do not claim infallibility for any manuscript now in existence—for not one of the original manuscripts is ours to-day—nor for any translation of the Bible; but we do claim that the original revelation was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that of the original revelation, the last of which was given us through St. John, nothing of even the slightest importance has been lost. In the many translations made there are seen to be many variations, but variations are not discrepancies, nor can it be justly said that there are things in the Bible which are not true. For if such be looked into, we perceive that they fall under one of two heads: either they are things not clearly stated, or they are miraculous events. Now the first gives way before careful study, and the second cannot be a difficulty to one who believes in the almighty power of God. There is much in the Bible as to barbarism, and lust, and crime; and it would read as if they had the sanction of our loving and pure God. But these present no difficulty to one who bears in mind that God endowed man with free will, and that it would have been quite contrary to His wondrous method of carrying on the worlds He made to compel His creatures. We cannot expect to meet with present-day civilization in the account of ages gone by. God allowed man to work his own way up, and gentleness, honor, and morality have gradually evolved. There is no objection that the ingenuity of wicked minds has ever framed against the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures that can stand when thought is given to the matter; therefore simple folk may rest content in their pious and beautiful belief that the Bible is the Word of God and the sure revelation of hidden things to man.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM DELIVERED AT BROWN
UNIVERSITY IN 1830.

By N. P. Willis.

What is AMBITION? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly
The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearch'd
mine
Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated
thrones
Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
It hath no features. In its face is set
A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
It looks a god, but it is like himself!
It hath a mien of empery, and smiles
Majestically sweet—but how like him!
It follows not with fortune. It is seen
Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceiling with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever, as he shuts his wilder'd eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth! His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weakness. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man!

And what is its reward? At best a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear!
Gold—when the senses it should please are dead!
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown
gray!
Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd
is numb!
All things but love—when love is all we want,
And close behind comes Death, and ere we
know
That ev'n these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripp'd and naked, to the grave!

THE WAYSIDE FLOWER.

By Georgie Kriechbaum Reed.

Summer-time ^{Came} has come and the wayside flower
Bloomed forth in her dress of state,
How queenly she looked in her purple and gold
And she dreamed of a queenly fate;
She nodded and bloomed by the wayside there
And flaunted her rich attire—
And deep in her little wild-flower heart
There was planted a great desire.

She longed to bloom in a silver vase
That stood on an ivory stand,
And win the praise of the fairest lips,
And the touch of the softest hand;
She longed to rival the lily and rose,
This plain little wayside flower—
And her chance would have been a favored one
Had she grown in a high-kept tower;
But there she stood by a common road,
With a host of plainer kin,
Till she all but burst her little heart
For the unforgiven sin;

For who would pause by the dusty road,
Ah, never in such a place
Would a soft white hand seek out a flower
To bloom in a silver vase.

Poor wild flower in your dress of state
And your queenly purple and gold,
You must not dream of a queenly fate
You sprang from an humble mold,
Content yourself with fates decree—
The best of your own fair cast,
And grace the dust by the plain gray road
While your beauty and bloom shall last.

Yet the flower sighed on through the summer
days
Proud in her regal gown,
But the fates were stern and cruel and hard
And they kept her hampered down.
Till at last to show how a hope must fall
And a dream that we cannot save,
The wayside flower in her dress of state
Was laid on a paupers grave.
'Tis ever and so the world o'er,
Tho' regal as any queen,
Half of the truest purple and gold
Is left by the way—unseen.

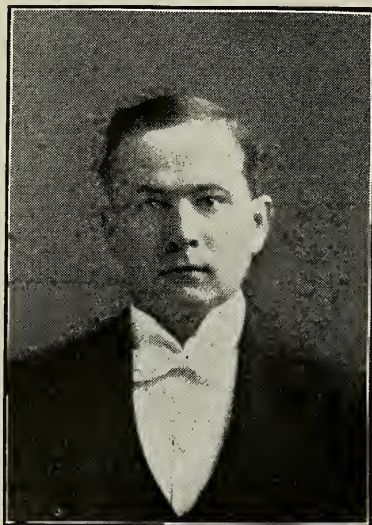
REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

MARCUS L. GIBSON.

MARCUS L. GIBSON, the Democratic nominee for supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second district, is the second son of our esteemed citizen, Thomas J. Gibson. He is a Mendocino County boy, having been born near Ukiah, attended our public schools, and grown to man's estate among us.

He comes of honest, pioneer stock, with the sterling qualities that make up the desirable friend and neighbor — with a genial disposition and ready sympathy.

We have been told, that it was through a deed of humanity and kindness to another, that the foundation of his present prosperity was laid. And we attest to the excellence and competency, for public trust, of our fellow-townsmen, Marcus L. Gibson.



the people well. He has no political record—but comes before them with clean hands, bringing a younger and fairer minded element into local politics, free from the bitterness of strife and the cankering grudges of past conflict.

In his hands, if chosen, the interests of the people will be safe—their needs will meet a cheerful hearing, and consideration, and his administration of their affairs will be along the lines of progress and improvement.

His character and standing make this evident to all, and irrespective of party prejudice, and interest, fair-minded people will

Such a man could not fail to serve



I WEAR HIS ROSE.

By Anna Morrison Reed.

I wear his rose, and he wears mine,
And that is all there is to tell you.

His "best girl" sees his blue eyes
shine,

But knows no reason—

'Tis well, for if she guessed the cause,
She'd deem it treason.

I wear his rose, and he wears mine,
That's all the secret there's between us,
And none the truth will e'er divine,
For he's just "killing,"

And if he flirted just a bit,

I might be willing.

I wear his rose, and he wears mine,
Nor dreams my heart is sad beneath
it—

So sad; with tears my lashes shine,

I'm blue and lonely,

And he will never guess the cause,

Known to me only.

So I am glad to wear his rose,
And he wears mine with careless
pleasure,

He hums a little quaint love song,

Which ends in sighing,

The while a sweeter fragrance tells,

The rose is dying.





EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

THE WOMAN'S CENTURY.

The trend of human thought seems turning to a long delayed equity in the cause of woman. The lives of the women of the twentieth century will not be one of penance

and apology, for the accident of sex. The world has awakened to the fact that the preponderance of mental effort is coming from feminine sources, and that in the race of life, merit and intellect have no sex and should not be handicapped by any condition.

At club and banquet, commencement and convention, woman, and her rights of recognition, form the theme of many an eloquent plea, chivalrous sentiment, and gallant toast. Even a few moments of the precious time of the professional politician is ungrudgingly accorded her, at the councils of the nation. One of the most truthful and graceful tributes, to the deserving excellence of woman, was expressed during the speech of General McGlashan of Truckee, at the K. of P. banquet at Willits, Mendocino Co., and we only wish that we could give the text of the entire speech.

Judge John C. Gray, a teacher of the writer years ago, and now superior judge of Butte Co., in his address to the graduates, at the closing exercises of Oroville union high school, a few days since, among other good things said:

"You, young gentlemen, have been educated in the same class, year after year, with these young women. You know that they are as clear-headed and as bright as you are. You know that they have been, and are, just and fair and intelligent in all their dealings, and are so because it is right and proper that they should be so, in other words, they are so because they could not be otherwise. After these girls complete their education, they are going out into the world to make their living, and the business world is waiting for them, and just as surely as they have succeeded in school, just so surely will they succeed in business and they will acquire property, and this property will be subject to laws that they have had no hand in making. Is that right?

"Let me put the case a little more sharply: Two children were born in Oroville on the first day of last January. One

was a girl born of American parentage; the other, a boy of Chinese parents. When they arrive at the age of twenty-one the Chinaman will no doubt cast a ballot for the men who are to make, construe and execute your laws, while the American girl is denied that privilege and must take such rules as the voters see fit to give her. This is not right; it is not just, nor is it doing the fair thing by our American women, and I want you young men to see that wrong righted within the next twenty years. Labor for it, because it is right!

"Ignorant men and ignorant women will sneer and scoff at the idea, but it is right, and the day will surely come when the ballot will be cast in this fair land, by intelligent men and intelligent women, and I ask you to assist in hastening that time."



The Democratic convention of Mendocino county has been happy in its choice of nominees for supervisor from the several districts.

John Flanagan from the 4th has been tried and not found wanting. This much we can say from personal knowledge—that Johnny Flanagan, well and ably represented this part of the world at the Good Roads convention at Sacramento in 1893, and built the best roads that the writer has ever travelled on the coast of Mendocino. Since he held office the assessment of the county has increased from 10½ to 14 million dollars.

There is a 40 per cent limit of the funds for road work, as tax-payers know. This he never exceeded. But since his term of office ended, a special levy of 10 per cent for road work, and also an additional 10 per cent for bridge-building, has been added to the public expense in the 4th district. It remains for tax-payers to decide, if an improvement has been made on the highways of travel, sufficient to justify the increased outlay.

Personally we like and respect Johnny Flanagan, and

it is therefore no effort to say a good word for him.



A different type of man, yet with every claim to the peoples' confidence is H. D. Rowe, for the 3d. Dist. A native of New York, he came to California in 1883, and lived at Rowe's Station for 13 years. There in the edge of the wilderness, he toiled early and late, and the place was like an Oasis in the desert, to the tired travellers, who winter and summer passed to and fro on the way from Ukiah to Eureka and intermediate towns.

The hour was never too late, or too early, for him to give the necessary care, or needed cheer, to man or beast, clean, comfortable beds, tempting meals, and the coldest running spring water, with a tincture of iron and traces of other qualities, that made it the finest natural tonic the writer ever tasted. These were some of the things that made a stop at Rowe's Station the best on the route. On many an occasion, when bad weather and other things made even most willing service to the travelling public a trying thing, his cheerful attention, and words of welcome and good will made things easy for us, and we never saw a frown, or heard an impatient word. And so we say—A citizen so upright could not fail, if elected, to serve his constituents through all emergencies, ably, honestly and well.



M. L. Gibson has been nominated for the 2d. district. Our mention of him will be found under the head of Representative Men.



D. H. Lawson of the 1st. district, is comparatively unknown to us, but he is very highly spoken of by those who should know, and we hope to present his announcement

and a fair statement of his claim to the support of the people later.



The Hon. F. M. Weger has been named for the Assembly. His record, as a representative of the people, is clean. He is loyal to his principles, to the interests of Mendocino and to his friends, and we have heard his political opponents, as well as his own party say, they believe he will be returned to Sacramento.



We call the attention of the readers of this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN, to the beautiful poem "The Weavers," by Mrs. Willena Knight Stringer, a gifted member of the Pacific Coast Women's Press association.

The dear little boy who inspired the lines, and whose picture appears with the poem, is the grandchild of Mrs. Josephine H. Foster, first vice president of the Women's Press association. Mrs. Foster is one of the most active, and brilliant women in the club circles of California, being vice president at large of the Local Council of Women, a member of the Daughters of California Pioneers, also of the Consumers League, The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, The California Club, The Susan B. Anthony Club, The State Floral Society, The Peoples Place, The International Sunshine and The State Suffrage Executive Board. She has recently gone east to represent at St. Louis, a number of these associations, at The National Confederation of Womens Clubs. And the choice was well made; that sent one so diplomatic and gifted with executive ability of the highest order, on a mission that calls for the greatest delicacy and adaptability.

Under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Women's Press association, she will soon publish a Club Directory of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, for 1904-5.

It will contain the names of club presidents and secretaries, their addresses, and the place and time of meeting. This book will give a long needed aid to club women.

Clubs desirous of representation will communicate with Mrs. Foster, 1204 Jackson St., San Francisco.

Funds realized from sales of the Directory, will be turned over to the treasury of the P. C. W. P. A.

Commendable as is Mrs. Foster's work among these organizations, and ably and gracefully as she fills her appointed stations, the loveliest phase of her life, is in the intimate relations, and environments of her home.

She is the mother of two beautiful and accomplished daughters, each married, and each also the mother of a beautiful boy.

Mrs. Foster through the years of a long and eventful life, has lived beyond all narrow prejudices, and littleness of soul, that too often mar the character of bright and beautiful women, her justice and sympathy are as broad as heaven, and only those who have had the privilege of enjoying her matchless hospitality, in a home where the comforts and attractions of life prevail; where flowers and birds, and dainty appointments tell the story of her taste, and the touch of her deft fingers, can know her at her best.



The public spirited generosity of Senator J. B. Sanford cannot be too highly commended. He has given a party of deserving young people the opportunity of seeing the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and taken to a world's fair, that which is a country's most precious product: a sample of its bright young men and women. If they are worthy of old Mendocino—and we know that they are—they will appreciate the opportunity, enjoy every moment of their time while viewing the sights at the mammoth exposition, and come back more loyal than ever to California better realizing than before, that here is the

garden spot of the world; and that no other part of our country can rival, or excel its climate, scenery and natural resources. They will be proud and glad that here they have been born, and that their lines have fallen in such pleasant places.



Mr. S. A. MacDonald is our authorized agent for THE NORTHERN CROWN. He is one of the best amateur photographers of this part of the world, and has suggested the organization of a club, to encourage local talent. THE NORTHERN CROWN heartily approves, and later will offer three cash prizes for the best photographs of Mendocino county scenery. Those interested in the formation of such a club, should communicate with Mr. MacDonald at Talmage, Mendocino county.



A notable event was the concert by the 5th Regiment, U. R. K. of P. band, when on Saturday evening July 2, the Hotel Cecille was thrown open to the inspection of our people. For more than two hours a gay crowd of young and old, surged up and down the wide stairs, and looked with admiration upon the elegant appointments, silver and marble, lace, and carpets of velvet texture, chairs of artistic design, cosy suites with bath, and all the accessories for creature-comfort.

No hotel north of San Francisco can offer more complete accommodations. Under the able management of the proprietors, Messrs. Malpas and Cosgrove, two efficient and experienced gentlemen, the Hotel Cecille will become one of the best known attractions of northern California, and a source of pride to the people of Ukiah. Tourists and travellers will find a delightful stopping-place, at this most modern hotel, coming with gladness and going with regret.

We wish for the owners of this property, and the present proprietors of the business, every success. And the deserved return for their investment and most commendable enterprise.

W. D. L. HELD.

W. D. L. Held, one of our prominent young attorneys, aspires to the nomination for the assembly, at the hands of the Republican convention of Mendocino county. He was born in San Francisco, in 1874, graduating from the Polytechnic high school, in that city, in 1889, and came to Ukiah in 1891, to enter as a law student, the office of the Hon. T. L. Carothers. While he was serving in that capacity, the interests of that office, the writer observed his faithful, studious methods, and was impressed by his tireless energy and application and the many commendable traits that marked him for success.

He was appointed court reporter by the Hon. Robert McGarvey in 1893, and re-appointed by J. M. Mannon in 1896, and held that appointment until he left the office of Hon. T. L. Carothers to form a partnership with T. J. Weldon, in the present law firm of Weldon & Held.

Although amply able to give to business interests, the care and attention that admit of no failure, yet in his dealings, money has not been the first and only consideration. He has been loyal to his friends when that loyalty meant financial loss, and upon the current of uncertainty often cast the bread of kindness that has not returned. His fidelity to the local Fire department, of which he is now an exempt, after eight years of active service, as member and secretary, has shown his unselfish interest in our community, while his willingness and aptitude, for duty in fraternal circles, has placed him high in the estimation of the orders to which he belongs. And as a Woodman of the World, a member of the Workmen, and

a Knight Templar, he has realized and discharged justly his duty to his fellow men.

He is another who comes before the people (perhaps happily) without a political record, but in all that means hard work, and faithful service, he is not lacking. In 1900 he was secretary of the Mendocino Republican convention, and for four years he has been acting secretary of the Republican County Central committee and also secretary of the McKinley and Hobart club.

He is a young man whose example can be emulated with pride and honor, and his nomination as a candidate, to represent this district, would be only a just action by the political party that he has served, in the capacities mentioned, with patience and ability. He is a model citizen, and has identified himself with all our best interests, and has added to the beauty and attractiveness of Ukiah by building one of its loveliest, modern homes. We wish him good luck and fair treatment by his political friends.

A ROSE JAR.

By Grace Hibbard.

You and I in the starlight,
O, but the world was fair—
'Twas June and there were roses,
Roses everywhere.

Out 'neath the stars together,
O, but the stars shone bright—
My hands were filled with roses.
Your gift, that summer night.
Here are the sweet dried rose-
leaves.

Ghosts of the blossoms dead,
Memories of the starlight,
Though summer days are fled.

How the "Northern Crown" is Received.

A new California magazine, THE NORTHERN CROWN, has made its appearance. As yet it is little more than a pamphlet in size, but "tall oaks from little acorns grow," and we have more than once seen advertising folders, backed by grit, good writing and business ability, expand themselves into full grown periodicals. The editor of THE NORTHERN CROWN, Anna Morrison Reed, has a reputation far beyond her own immediate locality, and the reasons she sets forth for venturing this little bark on the sea of literature are valid ones. The northern coast country is all too little known to the outside world. Long after other sections of the state had been exploited and introduced to the tourist, Mendocino and Humboldt were still beleived to be a primeval wilderness without accommodation for man or beast. Singular as it may appear, Lake county, which is a perfect network of springs and the roads between them, has not today a mile of railroad within her borders. It is the intention of the publishers of this aspirant for recognition to devote it to the interest of this section, and to do their part toward seeing both that it is well represented and not misrepresented. There is a secondary reason which they are independent enough to proclaim—that of earning an honest living.

TOWN TALK, S. F.

The Northern Crown.

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, Mendocino county's well known poetess and literary woman was a visitor at THE SUN office last Friday. Mrs. Reed is editress of a bright new magazine, THE NORTHERN CROWN, devoted to north-

ern California in general and Mendocino and Sonoma counties in particular. The publication office is at Ukiah. The May number which is on our table contains much interesting matter and is a credit to its fair editress. Mrs. Reed has the best wishes of THE SUN for success in her new venture.

THE SOTOYOME SUN.

The Northern Crown.

A little magazine of this name full of interesting matter is being issued from Ukiah with Anna Morrison Reed as editress. The magazine is being devoted particularly to the interests of northern California and in letter, press and illustration is a credit to its publishers. It cannot help but be of value to the territory whose beauties and wonderful features it exploits very effectively.

RETAIL GROCERS' ADVOCATE.

A Creditable Production.

Anna Morrison Reed, a well known literary woman and editress of THE NORTHERN CROWN, a magazine published at Ukiah, was a caller at THE ENTERPRISE office Friday. A copy of the magazine before us is a creditable publication and contains a great amount of interesting reading.

HEALDSBURG ENTERPRISE.

One of the prettiest Mendocino blossoms I have seen is Anna Morrison Reed's magazine. The numbers I have seen are as crisp and refreshing as a salad. The idea most admirable to me about her venture is the originator's never-ceasing energy and endless ambi-

tion. I hope they are at last to be rewarded by the success of this new work as such worthy attributes deserve. The field and material are broad enough to attain the most desired possibilities.

"JESAM," in THE DISPATCH-DEMOCRAT, June 17th, 1904.

* * *

NEWARK, N. Y., June 10, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Reed: Through the kindness of a friend in California, I have had the pleasure of reading April and May numbers of THE NORTHERN CROWN, and cannot resist (although so far off) telling you how very interesting

they are in every way. With best wishes for your success.

Most cordially,

MRS. A. H. LENORD.

* * *

My Dear Mrs. Reed: Let me say to you how much I appreciate the sample copy of THE NORTHERN CROWN, and how I wish you all success. The literary handling bears the earmarks of earnest endeavor, and none who have had the pleasure of knowing its editor, personally, or through the press, doubt the future of the magazine.

Very sincerely,

CLARA BELL BROWN.

LIGHT.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell

I asked our preacher where the light
 Four days before the sun
 Came from, and he with holy spite
 Said I was "making fun."
 I said, "I only want to know,
 And so have come to you."
 He said, "I know where you will go
 Before your course is through."
 He looked as though he knew the place
 And gloried in the thought,
 That some day I would end my race
 On earth, and find that spot.

* * * * *

Long years have passed, the light I
 sought

Shines through all space and time,
 And in its radiance honest thought
 Has ceased to be a crime.

For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the

A Stitch In Time Saves Nine

Bear this in mind when your harness needs repairing, and remember the man in town who can do the work right, that's

L. O. Morby

...ROBERT MCKINDLEY...

CASH GROCER

Dealer In

CHOICE TEAS AND COFFEES
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES
FRESH & CANNED FRUITS

West of Post Office

FOR SUPERVISOR

H. D. ROWE

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

M. L. GIBSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

JOHN FLANAGAN

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Fourth District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

A. J. BLEDSOE

Hereby announces himself as a candidate for the nomination for Assemblyman of Mendocino county, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

Excelsior Press Co., For Your Printing.

For Humanity.

most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the

young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

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UKIAH, CAL.

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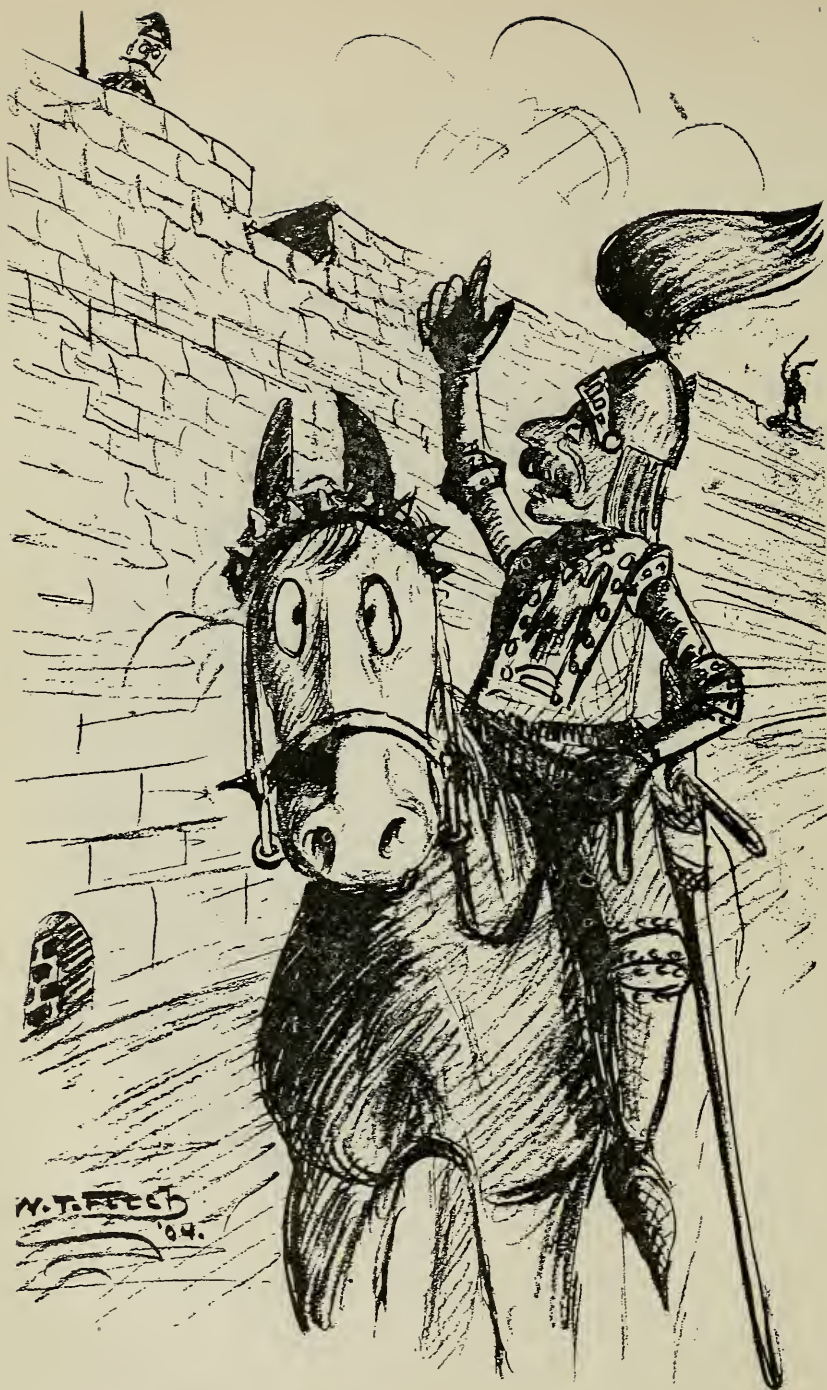
Are located on School street, opposite Masonic hall. All tinning plumbing and repairing promptly done.





EVELYN.

A TYPE OF PACIFIC COAST BEAUTY.



[THE DICE OF FATE.]

"And flung coarse jests at the apprehensive burghers on the walls."

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., AUGUST, 1904.

NO. 4

THE DICE OF FATE.

A Bit of Vain Speculation.

BY W. T. FITCH.



SPECULATION, both mental and financial, is a very human trait. Mental speculation, the building of air castles, is both pleasant and cheap; provided you use only your spare time for such feats of architecture; that the coal and grocery bills are paid; for the mind must be free from sordid cares, or, like Micawber, happily sanguine of something "turning up" when needed, in order to enjoy a restful moment.

As to financial speculation, that is between you and your broker. We do not wish to intrude where our welcome, in any other role than that of a "lamb" would, to say the least, be uncertain.

It is behind the intrenchments of our fireside, therefore, that we are unfettered in thought. To humor the random thought that has been rudely thrust aside during our business day, is the proper use of the fireside hour. The glow-

ing embers, kindly furnished (for a consideration) by the coal trust, and lighted by the match trust, ditto, seem to invite our mental confidences as they did those of Lizzie Hexam and her brother, who saw such wondrous fortune "in the hollow down by the flare."

We therefore formally invite you to follow our train of thought, forgiving whatever you cannot overlook. It is a matter for serious consideration, which would involve many, and change materially the present cosmos should we see, in place of, say, Wm. Shakespeare, a man of an opposite turn of mind. Just carry this matter out to its legitimate conclusion, and see where it doesn't stop! Just contemplate for a moment the possibilities that would have gone hence had this same William Shakespeare, or Lord Bacon (take your choice!) died in infancy.

Think of the millions of dollars invested in costumes and cough drops. Of the salaries paid to the retired pugilist who play leading parts, and—Hark

ye! is't a riot? Nay, 'tis the sound of Shakespearean drama in the land; the bellowing of the villain; the shriek of beauty beset; and the bold rescue by the hero with the wooden sword and papier-mache coat of mail. And as a purely suppositious matter, suppose poor Romeo had fallen a victim to the too ready sword of one of his many ill-wishers! The prospect appalls, for it would have deprived the modern grandmas of the theatrical profession of the opportunity of exhibiting their

ness and most of them are reckoned as insanity, the rest as genius. But in the main we are glad that things are as we find them, else might all our cakes have been dough. Neither do we yearn to "make over" the vestments of poetic thought as already expressed, for it would most certainly end in a sorry business. For instance: Had the portcullis which Sir Walter Scott poised before the vision of the doughty Lord Marmion fallen in time to stop his flight after he had, however unwisely,



The French "pleasure duel." The other principal was too far off to be included in the picture. The grand-stand was also unavoidably left out.

kalsonine blushes as fourteen-year-old Juliet. And where would have been all the rant and thunder, curses and tears, of the long list of characters that William's fertile brain has set before us?

Not that we do not appreciate them, no indeed. On the contrary we are glad, for we can go back to them after a performance of "Vawgner's" "Das Kizcizikekkuldankerwald, with Herr Einhuntereidnilesfrumnowhereatall and Madam Grinnywaldorfftercatterilde, in the leading roles.

There are a great many forms of mad-

ness expressed his full and free opinion of his late friend Lord Angus, the American small boy could never have whispered in a gasping voice, the celebrated defiance from the "platform" of the "school house," to his admiring parents and neighbors.

History, as well as fiction, is a vast storehouse of the doings of fate. In history we find recorded the good deeds of the bad, and the bad deeds of the good, approximately. Especially in the land of the lily, where the pleasure-duel, a form of amusement from which the

spice of danger, so dear to the ancient, has been eliminated, is a frequent occurrence.

Here we find those spontaneous happenings that tell of long building and quick pulling down. And there are many turns in the long and crooked lane of French history that, had the opposite turning been taken, the result had been sometimes better, sometimes worse for the citizens of the land of Absinthe and frogs legs.

There are many salient characters that stand out in her history, as having changed the current of national life. In ancient times we see Genevieve of Gaul, a holy maiden, the idol of her generation, standing upon the bridge by which Attila the Hun, the scourge of Europe, expected to enter Paris. But the brave words of the lovely peasant girl, backed up by a life of devotion to the good of her people and the weal of the church, so wrought upon the minds of the terror-stricken people, that a successful resistance was offered to the terrible Hun and the country saved.

But it will be admitted that he set a bad example, for just contemplate the ambitious Mrs. Nation—not that her will is to do good, but that we would rather, in these days of peace congresses, like that now in session in Manchuria, that the hatchet be buried, rather than wielded.

In modern Gaul, whose capitol is one of the world's centers of progress, and the gayest cities in the world, we find another turn in the lane. Why did those upon whom Napoleon depended, fail him? A little hurrying just then would have made a "mort" of difference. Victory on the field of Waterloo would have made the greatest general of all time, the master of Europe. And why was not the existence of the sunken road, upon which the fate of the day hinged (in the absence of reinforcements) taken into consideration? Historians tell us that Napoleon's digestion was such that he was not himself, so great were his sufferings,

and that this caused errors of judgment which cost him the battle, and—an empire. Here, then, is the moral: Eat Quaker's Pre-digested Scrap-Iron, for breakfast! Here was the First Consul's lack, he knew not the wonders of the modern breakfast foods.

Discussion leads to accusation, and accusation leads to blows, therefore is the small man for peace—so we will now take up another incident connected with our subject.

The sun rises on the 9th of July, 1397, and gazes warmly upon the little walled town of Sempach, on the border between Austria and Switzerland. It has before looked upon the same landscape of gnarled pines and ragged rocks. And is, therefore, not a little surprised to see an important addition to the landscape. It is the glittering lances and polished armor of a body of Austrian troops on a gentle mission of benevolent assimilation. (America is not the inventor of this method of empire.)

Duke Leopold of Austria, a haughty gentleman wearing a dress suit of boiler iron, and with an eye to Swiss territory, has deployed his knights and yeomen so as to prevent the inhabitants from driving the cows to pasture. He rides gaily 'round the village and flings coarse jests at the apprehensive burgers on the walls. He is about to add the land of Swiss cheese to the Austrian crown; therefore he is exceeding jolly, and in no special hurry.

But now another factor enters the game. Emerging from a neighboring wood may be seen a body of Swiss minute men, armed with whatever may serve to attack or to fend. A brave band, and it is well; for this is to be their busy day.

The Austrian force confronts them, far superior, both in numbers and equipment.

"Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
An un-broken line of lances blazed.
That line t'were suicide to meet,
And parish at their tyrant's feet."

Despair is in their hearts. But the

opportunity again brings forth the man, behold him! Arnold Von Winkelried, of Unterwalden. His eye roaming o'er the field in search of something that might bid him hope, sees the only desperate means by which the enemy may be worsted, and flinging his body into the breach, "ten spears he swept within his grasp," this act breaches the enemy's line and ultimately yields the victory to the Swiss. The victory is won. The country saved. Had not this worthy knight had the wit to see, and the courage to meet the emergency, Switzerland would now be the same color on the map as is Austria. The dinkey little watch-factory of a nation would have been only a province of a great empire, and ruled by a prince "Who knew not Joseph," with a lot of foreign soldiers to collect his revenues and protect him while he enjoyed himself. It was a lucky thing that Mr. Winkelried was where he was that day (for the Swiss nation). The time waited upon him to do a stunt for liberty. Has his work been since undone?

It is not patriotic though, to allow ourselves to devote too much time to foreigners. They are at best only unfortunate foreigners, poor things, with their myriad eyes turned longingly toward our shores where liberty to do (your neighbor) as you please, is granted to us for so long as we do not exercise it, when we do, the Governor calls out the militia. But between you and I, it might be our heiresses or our pork that these foreigners are after. Let it pass, however.

At any rate, we feel quite secure in their esteem. And why not? We feel that we can rest on the laurels of the great men of our past history as representing what we can do if we want to. We certainly are a nation to be reckoned with. Please not to forget it.

There was George Washington. He stands alone in many respects, not as some of our modern statesmen do, but as not requiring any help to do so. And nowhere on the pages of history

do we find so unique a man, for who, outside of his family ever had so many nurses? You foreigners may wonder, but don't you presume to doubt us, for in the states of Maryland and Virginia alone we can find enough good colored Mammys who will swear to having been George Washington's nurse, to clasp hands and play ring-around-a-rosy around the city which bears his name.

Now where, let me ask, would this important addition to the folk-lore of the Afro-American have been, had not George Washington become famous? The proud declaration "Wy, Lor' bress



The Villain is "Foiled Again."

yo' honey—I was Jawge Wash'n'ton's nuss." could never have caused about a million colored great-grandmas to hold their heads a little higher, and to prevail upon their decendants to try to live up to the tradition of their ancestors, had it not been for the many sterling qualities of the great man. And this is not all about the father of his country, either. His career furnishes another turning point.

Just think what an awful fate would most certainly have overtaken us had not young George done honor to his religious training and told the truth when he knew there was a walloping on the other side of it. We might have been a nation of liars if young Washington had not set us so good an exam-

ple. As it is—well—yes, of course, it is alright, certainly.

It was a time of trial to the youth, and a crucial moment for the nation, when young George faced his stern parent in the orchard that memorable day. We shudder to think with what awful freight the moment was weighted.

We can imagine the thought of the youth as he gazes into the eyes of the wrathful old gentleman: Ife I ondie knewe whether or noe ye olde gente dyd see me doe it? I will riske ye truthe. "Father, I dyd it withe ye lyttle hatchet." The danger point was safely passed. We were saved. But we will have to admit the fruit of George's hesitation is with us still—we can lie a little.

There is an event that we have passed

over, but which we must not forget:—the landing of the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth. The negotiation of ye stern and rock-bound coast, was an event of the first magnitude in religious history—now forgotten. And we smile to think how the good puritan's eyes would protrude, and the rueful expression that his face would wear, could he sit in a front pew of one of our large and gorgeous American churches and witness some of the pomp and ceremony which his soul abhorred and which he and his fellow-sufferers fled to the shores of the new world to escape. But change is the order of nature, as is also the "change" financial, both small and large, and the more of it the better. Or worse, which?

TRUE LOVE.

BY BEN FRANKLIN BONNELL

Two wee little birdies sat on a limb,

He chatted to her, and she chatted to him.
I know he made love to his sweet little mate,
For she listened and chatted, by turn, till
'twas late.

He told her his love as the twilight grew dim,
And she answered by cuddling closer to him;
Then darkness came on, and the shadows of
night

Hid the two little lovers out of my sight,
But the gentle night zephyrs and star-eyes
above

Beheld 'tween two birdies a case of true love.

O MY COUSIN ANGELINE.

From the French of Harry Murger.

We two have left behind us the early years of life,
 When the beautiful and good shone forth as diamonds shine,
 I often stop to count them amid the world's strife—
 Do you ever dream our childhood o'er, O my cousin Angeline?

Those days are very distant, and already many times,
 The passing years have touched us with fingers light and fine;
 And all our glorious gaiety—our laugh-provoking rhyme,
 Alas! have fled forever, O my cousin Angeline.

Wild and reckless scholars, free from the masters' power,
 We sang and danced together—care never left a sign;
 We'll never more go gipsying they've cut the roses down,
 We'll never more go gipsying, O my cousin Angeline.

Ah! happier far than I can be, for you have never left
 A loving mother's tender care—the sweet domestic shrine;
 Oh! let not holy piety from your pure heart be reft
 As it has been from mine, O my cousin Angeline.

With work for your companion throughout each joyous day,
 At night the guardian spirit comes to bring you dreams
 divine;
 And many a blessed thought from its home above will stray
 From heaven to your pillow—O my cousin Angeline.

Your voice sounds sweet and pleasantly, as sweetly sounds
 your name.
 The spirit of all goodness from out your eyes doth shine,
 With the flowers of your sixteen years an odor to us came,
 'Twas the perfume of your youth, O my cousin Angeline.

Ah! long ago, when New Year came, how pleasant was the day,
 'Twas then I emptied my scant purse to get some trifle fine;
 And joyous of my present your acceptance I would pray,
 Though it never was a rich one, O my cousin Angeline.

But since that time the devil—at least they tell me so,
 Has taken up his dwelling in this empty purse of mine;
 I call vainly on blind Plutus—I fear he's deaf also—
 He never seems to hear me cry, O my cousin Angeline.

Then you can have nothing from me, no present, dear, today--
 No rich and handsome keepsake where all the arts combine,
 No glittering, sparkling trifles deflecting every ray,
 Not even sugar bon-bons, O my cousin Angeline.

You will have nothing from me, I sorry am to say,
 Except a brother's kiss on that forehead sweet of thine;
 And then these wretched verses that to-morrow or next day
 You'll doubtless have forgotten, O my cousin Angeline.

THE TREND OF CIVILIZATION.

BY WILLIAM AYRES.

Impelled by the westward trend of civilization THE NORTHERN CROWN has anchored in the beautiful Ukiah valley, on the extreme western shore of the American continent, and tuned its lyre to sing of the wonders and rich gifts that nature has bestowed along the Pacific waters; to waken the echoes in this splendid wilderness of redwoods; chanting in heroic measure the future greatness to which the advantages it possesses must inevitably carry it as the western trampling of the pressing millions halts upon the shore of our fair Pacific ocean to gather accumulated strength before crossing the water to the regenerative work beyond.

To paint a picture, there must be a subject, foreground, background and canopy; to state a fact graphically there must be comparison; to portray a condition, there must appear a cause. We are here because of an irresistible force which is constantly impelling the world of commerce and of letters westward; it may be an interminable round as the "centuries flit by like shadows into the past," but never the less the movement is continuously on, and on, each civilization as it passes leaving monuments of its handiwork in the remains and ruins of its achievements in art, literature and architecture.

We, here on the western shore, are deemed by the more esthetic and less vigorous people of the eastern shore to be uncouth pioneers, unversed in the

polite amenities of advanced civilization; across the Atlantic the self-sufficient sons of Albion look with pitying patronage upon the assumed greatness, the scientific and social advancement of the American world; still farther back, the Spaniard, the Turk, the Mongol, each in turn, looking westward toward the newer civilization, the more vigorous and prosperous physical and intellectual energy, the unstayed, irresistible force of the newer thought, looks with mingled contempt and pity upon what they deem the ignorant and arrogant assumption of the untaught, immature civilization of the millions who are pushing their way toward the setting sun.

But however much the inspired bards of the infant days of extant history may have painted their age and achievement in colors that are glowing, in all that is enchanting, beautiful and miraculous, we have a record of noble manhood, exalted ambition and heroic achievement, here on our own continent, and at our own doors; a history and a theme, that might well inspire to sublimest song the bards of old, or the poets of the present, and thus sung, eclipse the hectic glamor of the olden fables.

It is true there is a charm as of infatuation that still lingers around the story of Ulysses and the Trojan settlement under the blue skies of Italy, and thrilling are the recollections recurring

to the heroic period when Iliou resisted the shock of Agamemnon's arms, and distant Colchis became the destination of the freighted Argos. But in the eternal press westward, the fabled Argos, with their tiny burdens became caravals, the caravals, in turn, became a ship-of-the-line, carrying thousands of tons, and which could put a dozen Argos in its hold; and the ship-of-the-line has become an ocean steamer, a floating palace carrying thousands of people, or a transport carrying a small army.

The wierd, eventful and spectacular career of Fernando de Soto, the marvellous and ambitious project of Juan Ponce de Leon, the fascinating story of Pochahontas, the singular vicissitudes in the fortunes of Raleigh and of Burr would, if sung to the same measure and inspired by the same genius, surround the name and historical event in our own land with as brilliant a coloring as the ancient bards have thrown around the fables and accomplishments of classic history.

And around these, as around the allurements of Calypso, and the enchantment of Armida, would gather the charm of fable, the fascination of half-authenticated history. The amazing exploits of Hobson at Santiago and the miraculous achievement of Dewey at Manila, would outsplendor the fables of antiquity.

The scenes of the achievements sung by the earlier bards were circumscribed; the territory was small; their seas were lakes and their national domains were ranches when compared with the extent of sea and land over which have been accomplished the achievements of modern civilization. The crossing of the Atlantic and the subjugation of the American continent has no parallel with the much sung ancients.

And thus the inexorable march of the human family, impelled by a force mysterious as it is irresistible, has reached the western shore of the American continent, passing over mountains, crossing rivers, traversing

the plains, and girdling the globe with electric currents to convey intelligence to any point at will, we have a recent past to gaze upon, one that is prouder, more brilliant than the felicitous visions of the Greeks; more magnificent than the conceptions of the Romans, more glorious than the rose-colored dreams of the bards of Castile, and more thrilling than the history of the early settlement of the Atlantic coast—it lies in the acquisition, the marvellous growth and development of the golden El Dorado of the Pacific—California.

Today the westward bound millions are gathering and halting on this western shore, as in past centuries they gathered on the shores of the Black sea, the North sea, the Mediterranean, and on the chalky cliffs of Albion, building great commercial cities till they gathered strength for passing beyond the water. The circumnavigation of the globe is nearly complete in extant history. The advance guard of the newer civilization of the Occident is looking westward across the Pacific to the decaying, crumbling Orient.

The advancing civilization of the new world in treading hard on the heels of the effete, dying civilization of the old. The human current in its course westward is halting on these shores, and its millions will mass and aggregate here in the preparation to push across the Pacific to absorb the new-old fields toward the setting sun. But we are only at the threshold of this process of up-building on the western shore of the American continent. The possibilities here are such as to require centuries to fully appropriate.

The race across the continent has been made with such haste that there is much intervening territory that will easily assimilate a far greater population, and the halting line along the Pacific shore in varied possibilities of climate and soil give promise of a future whose greatness is beyond the human ken to divine, or the power of language to portray.

Along the northern shore are gigantic trees that were growing when the gentle Savior walked upon the earth, teaching his lessons of Universal Love to all mankind, and they form an almost incalculable store of crude wealth, and they will continue to grow for the use and enrichment of the children of man, if the vandalism of the present and coming generations do not destroy them totally from the face of the earth.

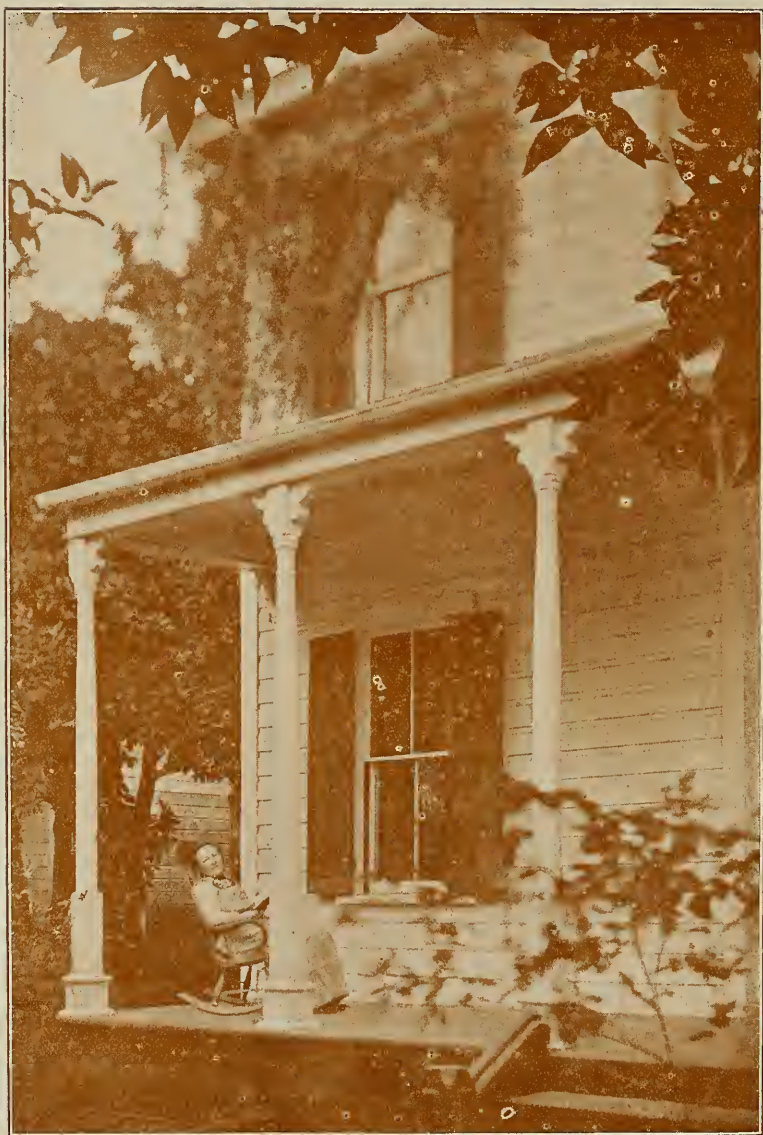
Our mountains contain exhaustless stores of precious and base metals. Our valleys and plains and countless hills bountifully watered everywhere, stand unparalleled in their productivity, and our climate, mild and balmy, the atmosphere filled with ozone from the ocean and balsam from the forests, seems a special dispensation, and cause many to think that the Garden of

Eden has been falsely located by the chronicles of history.

In reviewing these possibilities of the future, the query naturally comes to the mind: Where will the gathering hosts build their great cities, both inland and commercial ports of entry? Where will northern California figure and how will she fare in the settlement of the great incoming population? This is a question for the logician, the statesman, the prophet. Nature has endowed northern California with a lavish hand, and her industrial centers and commercial marts will grow in exact keeping with the energy and spirit of progress and liberality of her people. But of this view of the future and its practical possibilities we must paint another scene, for the whole would be too large a picture for one painting.

framing

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet
 breathing;
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways,
 Made for our searching: Yes, in spite of all
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. —KEATS



"The starry bloom of the orange tree
Is shedding its fragrance over me."

On My Veranda.

THE starry bloom of the orange tree
Is shedding its fragrance over me,
Side by side with the ripe, rich fruit
That's always found in the groves of Butte.

Look where I will, I'm sure to see
The blooming rose and the orange tree;
Roses of red, yellow, pink and white;
Roses grown to a wond'rous height,

Dropping their petals so bright and sweet,
To make a carpet for dainty feet,
Brighter and finer than Orient loom
Has ever woven for queen's own room.

The lilies, too, add a tender grace
With their broad, green leaves and pure white
face;

But a clinging vine on the gray, old wall,
For me has the greatest charm of all.

Here a pair of birds have built a home,
And here their nestlings will some day come;
I'll rest 'neath the shade of my orange tree,
And the birds will sing sweet songs to me.

[From "Old School Days" by MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.]

JUST TEN MINUTES BEHIND.

An Incident of Travel.

It was 10:45 P. M. Mother and I were waiting in the Suisun depot for the belated Southern Pacific, Shasta route. We had telegraphed ahead for sleepers but none were to be obtained as the trains were all crowded to overflowing with G. A. R. delegates returning from the convention, held in San Francisco, to their homes. As the train stopped, everybody scrambled aboard and occupied the first seat they came to. Mother and I were fortunate enough to secure one although we had plenty of hand luggage.

We were en route to Portland, Or., to visit my uncle, Judge Johnson, for two months. After becoming as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances, we attempted to go to sleep, but that being out of the question, I suggested we have some lunch. Of course during this time we were quietly "sizing up" our fellow passengers, and presently mother remarked: "See that gentleman, sitting three seats back of us, on the right. He will be over here talking to us by morning." I laughingly answered: "He looks at my 'drumstick' rather longingly; I believe he is hungry."

Being of a jolly disposition, I kept my neighbors laughing at my foolishness. Next morning while I was standing on the platform enjoying the brisk, fresh air, with an impromptu acquaintance of the night before, this gentleman came (as mother had prophesied), and spoke to her. She was getting our breakfast ready. When I came in

mother said: "This is my daughter, Mr. Francis." After a few common-place remarks were exchanged, mother asked: "Would you join us in our morning repast, Mr. Francis? It is cold, but you are welcome to share it with us."

He did, and ate very heartily, for he was hungry. My first impression of him was not very flattering and at my earliest opportunity I teased mother about her "mash." Mother is a good character reader, seldom making a mistake, but I thought the story he told her was a little far fetched. He said he had taken advantage of the excursion rates of the G. A. R. to go to San Francisco from his home in Grant's Pass, and that he had taken, as he thought, enough extra money to see him through, but that he had met some Eastern friends and spent what he had, besides borrowing from a brother lodge-member, enough as he supposed, to see him home safely; but when he made our acquaintance he had five cents, and a bag of gingersnaps, which he generously shared with us. He claimed that he was a property owner in his home city, with a bank account, and said, if we would only honor him by stopping over a day in Grant's Pass he would repay our hospitality two fold, or if on our return trip we would only let him know, and would stop, he would take us to all points of interest in and about his city.

He had passed over the road so many times, I soon saw he was a very interesting companion, for through his kind

attention mother and I saw many things of interest we otherwise would have missed, and as I talked to him I found him a refined, cultured gentleman. My first impression of suspicion soon gave way to whole-hearted admiration and pity for his sad plight, hungry and penniless. He said he was first attracted to us by my hearty, girlish laughter and buoyant spirit.

I soon saw he was a man with a past; a sorrow that is buried, only after years of struggle in trying to forget. I could feel a deeper sympathy for him, as hidden away from all human eyes is a great sorrow of my own, that none ever suspects, as my face is always smiling, and I have ready wit to answer any mood.

His destination was reached at 5:25 P. M. of the second day of our journey and as he was about to leave us he said: "Now if you ladies change your minds and come back by train, (for we had said we were going to return by steamer) let me know and I will meet you at the depot, if you won't stop over—we jokingly said we would. We reached Portland at 7 A. M., next morning, and during our two months' visit we had a delightful time and scarcely gave our travelling companion a thought until mother came across his card and guide book, which he had kindly left us on leaving the train.

There had been a number of storms at sea and mother being timid about the ocean we decided finally after much argument to return the way we came. I thought it would be quite a joke to drop Mr. Francis a note telling him if he would be at the station on the given date, that as we were passing

through I'd laugh for him once more, for you see we had inquired into the matter and found him to be just what he represented himself. We were fortunate enough to get a Pullman coming back, but stayed in the day coach until after we passed through Albany, Ore., as there were some friends at the depot to tell us good-by.

Adieus exchanged, we returned to our seats to get our baggage; lo and behold they were occupied. My aunt had given me a beautiful picture and in packing for the return trip I found it to be too large to fit into our trunk, so I had to make a separate package of it, I wrote on it in a spirit of fun: "If this package should be left on the train, please forward by express, C. O. D., to Miss Nina Daily, Suisun, Calif.

This of course was in the seat with the other things and the strange occupants sat facing it. Imagine the pleasant surprise to find it to be none other than Mr. Francis, who with a friend had been to Salem on business, from there they took the local to Albany and waited for the Overland.

The surprise was mutual for he had not received my note, and thought we had gone back by steamer. Our tete-a-tete was cut short by the porter who came to escort us to the Pullman. After promising to have breakfast with Mr. Francis next morning, we went to bed. In the morning we were up early and wondered what could be keeping Mr. Francis, when presently the porter (a pleasant faced darky) came by and said: "Yo' might as well eat yo' breakfast honey, for de train was divided into two sections at Roseburg and yo' friend is just ten minutes behind."

AMATEUR.

"So shall it be with all those who fall asleep in Jesus. They shall rise again, as if they had passed the night in sleep, without suffering, and without dreams."

In the Plaza.

By Alice Kingsbury Cooley.

My brother, who sits dozing there,
Upon the plaza's benches rude,
With "failure" writ upon thy brow,
And speaking in thy attitude;
Cast up by life's great ocean's tide.
A bit of flotsam, ownerless;
Thy feelings all benumbed and seared,
Expecting never happiness,
Look up, the sky is bright above,
And birds are circling in the air,
The carpet at thy feet is green;
The flowers too, are everywhere
The richest man in all the land,
Can see the sky no more than you,
The myriad beauties of the stars,
For rich and poor alike are true,
The breath of heaven is just as sweet,
To thy dumb lips as to a king,
The joys of nature all are thine--
Free gifts of God, wealth cannot bring.

LETTERS.

SANTA ANA, July 31, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: I have read with delight the two numbers of THE NORTHERN CROWN that came to me. They bring the very odor of the forests and make me long to some day see again the many beauties of Mendocino.

I remember you always, as a much admired friend of my father's, and when I read, with so much pleasure, "One Easter Day" and "Humboldt," I knew that I, with him, held you, one of God's true poets. Oh, the joy of the human soul that loves all beauty. I should love to contribute something to your magazine, but have never written anything worthy of publication. I wish you all success in your undertaking.

Yours very truly,

GERTRUDE CONNELL FINLEY.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., July 19, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: The June number of THE NORTHERN CROWN has just reached me and I find it, as usual, full of bright, breezy prose and refined and interesting poetry. I very much desire, however, to see more good, paying advertisements in the future numbers; the people of your county, in fact, of the whole of northern California, should help you, as well as themselves, by permitting you (for a consideration) to tell in your dainty magazine just what they have, or are willing to do, for the dear public.

I am glad that you keep your original suggestion, concerning an endowment fund for children, before the reading and thoughtful people. May your in-

telligent efforts result in securing legislation to carry your eminently practical and sensible plan into effect. Your facts and figures are simply irrefutable. Enclosed you will find an editorial by a Winona, Minnesota editor, which I think fine; use it if you can; please return the clipping to me.

Wishing you a full and overflowing measure of success, I am

Sincerely yours,

FRANCIS MCG. MARTIN.

OAKLAND, CAL., July 21, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: I've just finished reading THE NORTHERN CROWN for June, and I feel as rested and refreshed as if I had been visiting dear old Mendocino. The roses of "June" and the "Kiss of Summer" I've shared in your poem; "The Mendocino Angelus" needs but color to make it a veritable, Thad Welsh gem, our California Millet.

Fitch's article on "Poor Lo," should be read in every California school as history. The exquisite poem, "The Weavers" has a personal interest to me and to every member of the Pacific C. W. Press Association. Do you know that you voice the thought of all of us in your tribute to Mrs. E. J. Foster?

It is fourteen years ago, dear, since you and I first met. We came together with other women at the call of Emily T. Y. Parkhurst to form this very association. And what a gathering of representative women it was; women of national as well as state reputation—I close my eyes and recall the scene: Dear Mrs. Cooper, who made

San Francisco distinctive for its kindergarten system; think of the hundreds, nay thousands, of good citizens that she made so, because she saved them from the slums.

Mrs. Edholm—to this day devoting her life, to save fallen girls, through her mission work—I often think of her at night, as I turn out my light, knowing that she is travelling the streets, rescuing, and toiling for the unfortunate. Mrs. Eyster, who was one of the women to start the Mt. Vernon fund, and whose life work in the cause of temperance, is national. Do you remember she won the prize for the best southern colonial story in her Colonial Boy? Jesse Benton Fremont, Ina Coolbrith—when I was in London, all I had to say was, that I knew Ina Coolbrith and I had friends among the literary people.

I cannot name them all, but the sweet face of Alice Kingsbury Cooley, as I saw her then, was to me that of the great, "Fanchon the Cricket;" but after, we all came to love her, and know her as the woman whose great mother love surpasses all else. You and I, dear, why we met as two women who had "lived in the mines." we had known all about each other since we were girls, and when we met, then what miners' stories were "swapped!"

The fourteen years of our Association forms a good part of the life of a state only fifty years old, and among our members are many who have helped form the state and who still devote their lives to its interest. I shall not give it to you in detail. You know where to find them: In the "Land Mark league," in the "Miners' association," in the "Sequoia club," in the "Native Daughters," they hold prominent places, but they all still hold together as members of the dear old Press association.

When I began to write, I intended only to tell you that I look upon this

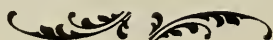
new venture of yours as the culmination of all the years that have gone before. As I read it, it rings true. It is your outlet of expression for all the hope, and love, and interest, you have in your fellow-beings. That poetry, and sentiment, and enthusiasm should throw a rosy halo over it all, is fitting, for that has been the saving grace, that has redeemed, for you always, even the vulgarity of the commonplace.

One "red letter day" in the long ago, I too, took "the drive" and saw the Cypresses so interestingly written of in Mr. Richards' letter. My companion was a scientist and a botanist who explained to me the facts, well known, that these trees were the genuine Oriental cypresses, and the only ones in America. He talked learnedly and scientifically of the possible ways of their having been saved in some glacial deposit and washed in through the Gulf of Mexico. I listened attentively and when he finished I exclaimed: "O! no, it was not that way at all; away back centuries ago, a ship laden with stores and riches from the Orient sailed to these shores, many of them came and landed their people in Mexico, but this one, this ship, was wrecked; and as the sea washed up her wreckage along the coast, the seeds of the Cedars of Lebanon were deposited in the crevasses of these rocks and they took root and grew to be these trees. And so I know, that the "wise men from the east" brought them here, and to them, I pour my libation, and in reverence I acknowledge their pre-possession."

I poured my glass of wine on the ground, and from that day to this, I have always believed in my own inspiration until I read, with little thrills of pleasure, Mr. J. E. Richards' letter, published under title of, "Another Psychological Problem," in the June number of your magazine.

Yours,

SARA E. REAMER.



Lost In the Hills of "Never-Come-Home."

~~~~~

By Anna Morrison Reed.

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A little boy that I used to know,
Who came from Heaven quite long ago,
And stayed with me for a little while,
With innocent eyes and an angel's smile,
His soft little body, tiny and warm,
I held so closely away from harm.
But out of my arms, he grew and grew.
Till I looked in vain for the boy I knew.
For this dear little boy went out to roam,
And was lost in the hills of "Never-Come-Home."
And across the valley of "Used-To-Be
I know he will not come back to me.
And now, Oh! now the days are long,
And I think of him and write this song
That other Mothers may sing to sleep.
The little boys that they still may keep.
I should not care—for he is not dead.
The light brown curls that crowned his head,
Are short and dark, and that's not all
For now he's a man almost six feet tall,
And another thing that seems disgrace—
Whiskers are growing all over his face—
But still I grieve when all alone
For the boy in the hills of "Never-Come-Home."

From the World's Best Literature.

Ecclesiastes—Chapter Two.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure: And behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, it is mad: and of mirth, what doeth it. I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom, and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life.

I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.

I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me.

I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments and that of all sorts.

So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me.

And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of

spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly: for what can the man do that cometh after the King? Even that which hath been already done.

Then I saw that wisdom excelled folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness: and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all.

Then said I in my heart, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth, even to me: and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity.

For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.

And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labor, wherein I have labored, and wherein I have shewed myself wise under the sun.

This is also vanity.

Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labor which I took under the sun.

For there is a man whose labor is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity: yet to a man that hath not

labored therein, shall he leave it for his portion.

'This also is vanity, and a great evil.

For what hath man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart, where-in he hath labored under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity.

There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in

his labor. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.

For who can eat, or who else can hasten hereunto, more than I?

For God given to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom and knowledge, and joy; but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather, and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God.

This also is vanity, and vexation of spirit.

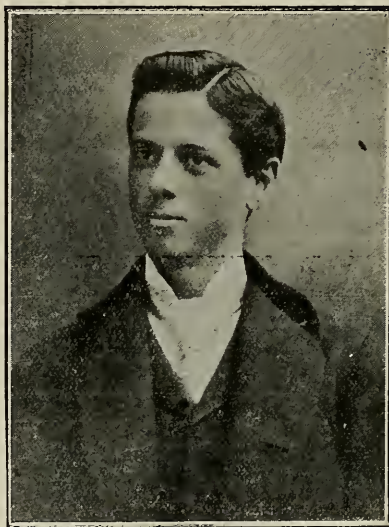
A Hope.

From poems of Ina D. Coolbrith.

It befel me on a day---
Long ago, ah, long ago!
When my life was in its May,
In the May-month of the year.
All the orchards were like snow,
With pink flushes there and here;
And a bird sang, building near,
And a bird sang far away,
Where the early twilight lay.

Long ago! ah, long ago!
Youth's sweet May passed quite away---
May that nevermore is May!
Yet I hear the nightengale,
Singing far adown the vale,
Where the early twilight lies;
Singing sad, and sweet, and strong---
And I wonder if the song
May be heard in Paradise.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.



W. D. L. HELD

Courtesy of Republican-Press

W. D. L. HELD, one of our prominent young attorneys, has received the nomination for the assembly, at the hands of the Republican convention of Mendocino county. He was born in San Francisco, in 1874, graduating from the Polytechnic high school, in that city, in 1889, and came to Ukiah in 1891, to enter as a law student the office of the Hon. T. L. Carothers. While he was serving in that capacity, the interest of that office, the writer observed his faithful, studious methods, and was impressed by his tireless energy and application and the many commendable traits that marked him for success.

He was appointed court reporter by the Hon. Robert McGarvey in 1893, and re-appointed by J. M. Mannon in 1896, and held that appointment until he left the office of Hon. T. L. Carothers to form a partnership with T. J. Weldon, in the present law firm of

Weldon & Held.

Although amply able to give to business interests, the care and attention that admit of no failure, yet in his dealings, money has not been the first and only consideration. He has been loyal to his friends when that loyalty meant financial loss, and upon the current of uncertainty often cast the bread of kindness that has not returned. His fidelity to the local Fire department, of which he is now an exempt, after eight years of active service, as member and secretary, has shown his unselfish interest in our community, while his willingness and aptitude, for duty in fraternal circles, has placed him high in the estimation of the orders to which he belongs. And as a Woodman of the World, a member of the Workmen, and a Knight Templar, he has realized and discharged justly his duty to his fellow men.

He is another who comes before the people (perhaps happily) without a

political record, but in all that means hard work, and faithful service, he is not lacking. In 1900 he was secretary of the Mendocino Republican convention, and for four years he has been acting secretary of the Republican Central committee and also secretary of the McKinley and Hobart club.

He is a young man whose example can be emulated with pride and honor, and his nomination as a candidate to

represent this district, is only a just action by the political party that he has served, in the capacities mentioned, with patience and ability. He is a model citizen, and has identified himself with all our best interests, and has added to the beauty and attractiveness of Ukiah by building one of its loveliest, modern homes. We wish him good luck and fair treatment by his political friends.

Self-assertion a Divine Law.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell.

We have some pear trees at "The Nest," the name by which our simple home is known—to ourselves. The variety of fruit they bore did not suit us, so we sawed the limbs off, last spring, and grafted in the kind of fruit we wanted. Every graft grew. They have grown so rapidly, that when the wind blows, we have a fear for their lives. But vigorously as they have grown, they have not been able to give expression to the life of the tree, and all summer long, we have been busy breaking off the small, dark green sprouts that have grown out, here and there, on the bodies of the trees.

We forced the trees to support an artificial growth to please us. They have quietly and modestly carried out our plan, but they defiantly refuse to suppress their own inner life that cannot find expression through our artificial methods. Here, I trow, is a symbol of human life. Creeds, religious and political, are engrafted into or upon our natural life. Necessary perhaps, but the earnest, thoughtful human soul, like the pear tree, has life that finds no adequate expression in the ancient and time-worn symbols of our faith.

I, wickedly, hinder the pear tree from its God-given course—shall the orthodox-tester, religiously, hinder me from mine? I must not forget that we all believe—at least we say we do—that fruit and flowers and humanity itself, has been benefitted by the engrafting, budding and proselyting of the past, and it may be so; but I'd give anything I have to give for one "slip" from the old rose bush that grew in my mother's garden fifty years ago. It would not be as beautiful as some we now have, but uncultured as it would be, its fragrance would put the roses of Santa Rosa all to shame. Is it true then, that grafting, budding and proselyting spoils the fragrance of truth? Who can say?

"The Nest,"

Santa Rosa.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Fraternity.

MORE than nineteen hundred years ago, our Lord, the gentle Nazarine, taught the brotherhood of man, as the essential doctrine, of peace on earth to men of goodwill. The church, His successor, in the instruction of mankind

in infallible truth, has repeatedly proclaimed it as the foundation of all saving grace, here, and hereafter—yet men have made it mockery, by selfish blindness, through long centuries of wrong and injustice to their kind.

God does not compel His creatures, and in the exercise of free will, man has burdened the human race with complications through which we struggle on, toward the ultimate good. To this end, in organization, have intelligent men ever combined their will and purpose, for the welfare of humanity, and the preservation of truth. Divinely beginning with Christ and His Apostles, later the church, and then order after order, as through succeeding centuries men have realized, more and more, the power of uniting, to meet the necessities and obligation of human existence, and the justice of sharing its benefits and burdens.

So in the quick review of thought we remember, that the Free Masons were the first to form a Labor union. The mediaeval Building corporations, being the first cause to that effect.

As through all history, like a thread of gold, in a mesh of baser things, we find the spiritual, the sentimental, the romance, and the chivalry of man. So, in reverence for holy things, came into existence the order of Knights Templars—military from its origin, its purpose to protect the pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem and other sacred sites in the Holy Land, after the first Crusade. Strife, then as now, seeming to make it necessary to guard with arms, the shrines of peace.

Blessed is any agency that causes man to call, in word and deed, his fellow being: "Brother." Why are men so blind? Why, in the light of this new century, can they not read the truth, and know that Fraternity solves all the vexed questions that perplex us? Why can they not see that FRATERNITY is SOCIALISM, already in effect and hastening the time when the only "sign" required will

be our brother's need—and PAIN and WANT are "Passwords" to the heart.

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* *

Election Day is coming—the season is timely for resolutions and promises as to good roads.

Had we many votes, they should all be cast for the candidates who pledged themselves to radical improvement, swift and sure, along our public highways. A good point for beginning, on the coast, is the Navarro hill. For almost half a century, has this perpendicular pull, been the source of cruelty to man and beast. Years ago, when its steep way led up to the hospitable hotel of genial Haskett Severance and his admirable wife—and rest, and refreshment, and good fare, were at the end—there was much inducement for continuing the road. But now, when he, and his wife, and the old familiar stand, and all its surroundings of tree and flower, and familiar landmarks under the remorseless touch of time and change are but dust and ashes for evermore, there is nothing to hold the traveller along this wretched grade, if grade it can be called.

An easy route around the hill, at no great expense, will give comfort and satisfaction to a long suffering people, who clamor for the change.

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* *

Hon. A J. Bledsoe announces himself as independent candidate for the assembly. The people of the district will see through the public press that Mr. Bledsoe thinks that he has been unfairly treated by some of the self-appointed leaders of the Mendocino County Republicans, and common rumor says that this is true.

To descend to the methods of jobbery, and political trickery, of which these men are accused, is unnecessary, and beneath the dignity of self-respecting citizens. Such acts can lead a party only to defeat. The time is passing when bosses can select a candidate and announce him to the people. The people will select their own, support him.

and carry him to victory. Personally our only interest in this, is the desire for fair-play. We believe that the world is broad enough, its opportunities so many, and the reward of honest effort so sure, that we need not stoop to vileness, to secure anything that is best in life. A position is not worth having, political or otherwise, that must be secured through treachery to another.

In this land, where free speech is one of the safeguards of our liberty, all mooted questions should be aired. The people should hear Mr. Bledsoe. He will address them at:

Willits, August 27.

Potter Valley, September 1.

Calpella, September 3.

Hopland, September 7.

Boonville, September 8.

Philo, September 9.

Covelo, September 22.

Laytonville, September 24.

Comptche, October 1.

Fort Bragg, October 15.

Other meetings to be announced. Give him a hearing.

*
* *

It is our good fortune to be able to present to the readers of THE NORTHERN CROWN, the latest poem of Alice Kingsbury Cooley, fourth vice president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press association: "In The Plaza." It was given to us from her own hand, at her dainty little news depot, 304 Turk street, San Francisco. It is full of the wholesome comfort that belongs to the cricket's song, as is her little book, "Poems of Joy," that we have lately read with much interest.

Alice Kingsbury, in the earlier days, was a bright soubret and as "Fanchon the Cricket," became the darling of the public. A tiny woman, but full of tireless energy. When she retired from the stage, to domestic life among her babies, she modeled dainty shapes in clay, which were put

into plaster and greatly admired. Among them were "Cupid at Play," and the "Sleeping Bacchus."

In such work and her books, she found expression for a wonderfully gifted and restless soul. Her books were all bright and clever. Of "Ho! for Elfland," two thousand copies were sold in San Francisco. Her "Secrets Told," was a dainty sarcasm on social questions, but where others had poured gall, she sprinkled rose water. Her life has been full of thought, of effort, of work and service for others.

She had bright and beautiful children, more than half a score. Her son, Frank Cooley, has inherited much of her talent. Whenever we see this wee, winsome woman, we pray that time may touch her kindly, and leave her with us many years. A living proof that woman may be intellectual, gifted, admired, and yet be gentle, loving, modest, and wear above the laurel and all else, the crown of motherhood.



The Republicans of Mendocino county have selected good men for their nominees for the office of supervisor. The name of Robert H. Rawles of the first district, is a synonym for upright manhood, and neighborly kindness, in the community where he lives. Outside of politics he has not an enemy. A native of Missouri, it is a wonder he is not a Democrat. But residing in California since 1858, we can surely claim him as a typical Californian, for such he is—fair of mind, generous of heart, and genial as the sunshine. His election would not only be a satisfaction to his political supporters, but could only mean the safety of the interest of the people at large.



In the second district, C. H. Bush is named by the Republicans. He is a native son of California, born in Amador County, and moved to the Gualala in 1859. Then to Ukiah in 1861, and in 1864 to Potter valley. He is a

good man, who earns his way by honest toil, worthy of the respect of the people, and the loyal support of his party. Between him and his opponent, Marcus L. Gibson, it will be for many a difficult thing to choose—but whichever is elected, the interest of the public will be safe.

* *

It will also be difficult to choose in the third district, where Supervisor A. J. Fairbanks is pitted against one of the best of men. But he has greatly strengthened his claim to the people's support, by pledging himself to continued road improvement. Work on the Eel river bridge will soon commence. They say he is the first supervisor of the third district, who ever succeeded in getting anything for his constituents. As a man he is known and liked, as one who for years has been identified with the interests of Humboldt and Mendocino counties. A native of Iowa, still Sonoma, Humboldt and Meadocino have been his home range since boyhood. And he will pass for a Californian anywhere.

It will be a fair fight between him and H. D. Rowe, and all of us in luck, whichever is elected.

* *

Leonard Barnard is nominated for re-election in the fourth district. Those who have travelled much, think of long journeys over devious ways, throughout the county, made easier by quick, willing stage service under his most competent control. He certainly has knowledge of the difficulties of transportation, in many directions, and should be a radical road reformer, to secure better bridges, easier grades and all that belongs to the safe conveyance of people and property. We hope to see Mr. Barnard soon, and learn his intentions, and write fully of his claims to re-election, to an office that he has so far filled admirably.

Owing to a delay, after the cover for the April number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, had been printed, our issues have been late, therefore we now bring out the August number, skipping July, but all subscribers will receive twelve copies, equivalent for their subscription.

The "Northern Crown" Monthly Contests

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

PRINT COMPETITIONS.

The following subjects are announced for our print competitions covering the next few months:

September—Landscape.

October—Portraiture, by daylight or flash.

November—Fruit or Flower Studies

December—Marine pictures, on lake or ocean, including wave and cloud studies.

RULES.

Contests for each month will close on the last day of each month. All prints must be mounted.

No print will be entered which has not a coupon (to be clipped from the advertising section of the magazine) attached to the back of mount.

Any one may enter as many prints any month as he, or she, has coupons to attach to them, but no one will be awarded more than one prize in any one month.

As our aim in conducting competition is to secure original material for illustrative purposes, we will not enter any print which has ever been published. We also reserve the right to reject any or all prints, in any competition, that do not reach the standard of excellence which our illustrations have always maintained.

REWARDS.

Prizes each month as follows:

First prize, any article or number of articles of photographic merchandise or books to the value of five dollars.

Second prize, same to the value of three dollars.

Third prize, same to the value of two dollars.

In addition to the three prizes, we

shall award honorable mention for the next three or more in order of merit, and send to the makers one copy of photo-miniature, any subject desired.

Prints awarded prizes or honorable mention will be retained for reproduction.

Mark all envelopes or packages with name or month of contest for which intended and address:

THE NORTHERN CROWN,

Ukiah, Cal.

COUPON

FOR MONTHLY PRINT
COMPETITION

Good for one month. Any number of prints may be entered. Each print submitted must have one of these coupons attached to back of mount.

Name.....

Address.....

Title of print.....

Subject of competition.....

Details of exposure, negative, printing, etc.....

.....

.....

Enclose postage if prints are to be returned. Address:

THE NORTHERN CROWN,
Ukiah, Cal.



Thors, S. F.]

A ROSE OF MENDOCINO



My Knight

By Anna Morrison Reed

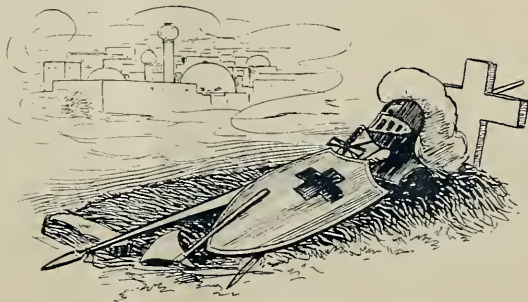
The streets are bright with gay
parade,
With blazoned banners flung,
Within a land in shine and
shade,
The fairest ever sung,
The roll of drums, the bugle's
call,
The tread of marching feet,

Where hosts of white-plumed chivalry,
In comradeship shall meet.

A score of years and one, ago,
Knights met to greet and part,
And baldrics crossed, as here today,
O'er many an honest heart,
That silent lies; as one I knew,
In days forever gone,
For time and sorrow vanquished him---
My knight has journeyed on.

The spear has fallen from his hand.
His banner trails the dust,
A stricken heart his baldric crossed,
So hurt by things unjust,
But stainless as his plume, his life,
And safe from strife and wrong,
To the holy city of our Lord,
My knight has journeyed on.

29th Triennial Conclave
San Francisco, Sept. 6th, 1904



The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

NO. 5

AN UNIQUE CHARACTER.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.



EUPHRASIA CHEVALIER.
"French Woman."

(Photograph taken in Paris 20 years ago.)

IN Commune De Azy, Department Du Cher, near the city of Bourges, Central France, was born forty-six years ago a little girl whose subsequent life and adventures have been stranger than fiction.

Of peasant origin, for twenty-one

years she worked in house and field, with no idle day for vain repining. To plant the flax, to harvest, cure, then spin and weave and bleach the fabric was the special work of her deft young hands. At twenty-one she was a lithe, active, graceful girl. Bright auburn

hair crowned a head unusually intellectual and framed a face of singular refinement, from which looked out the dark eyes of a soul brave to a fault, the spirit of the most fearless, self-contained woman the writer has ever known.

She had heard of other lands where freedom was no dream, where even a woman if honest and industrious could live an independent life, respected and unmolested.

record of his achievements.

Full of hope and ambition, she journeyed to Paris, where for three years she worked for an honest living and studied the place and the people from the standpoint of the natural philosopher—for philosopher she was and is—the greatest in California. She was impressed by the selfishness and corruption of the great city. She saw that the brightest are not always the best; that



EXERCISING WITH A 55 POUND DUMB-BELL.

And this was her "vision"—such a life, where the restrictions and unremitting toil of her earlier years should merge into a more equitable phase of existence. She was born, like many of her race, with the most marked characteristic of the French people, the courage of conviction, the courage that led Joan d' Arc to the rescue of her country and her king and inspired Napoleon in all that was best in the

great wealth was a power for evil as well as good; that vice overshadowed virtue everywhere.

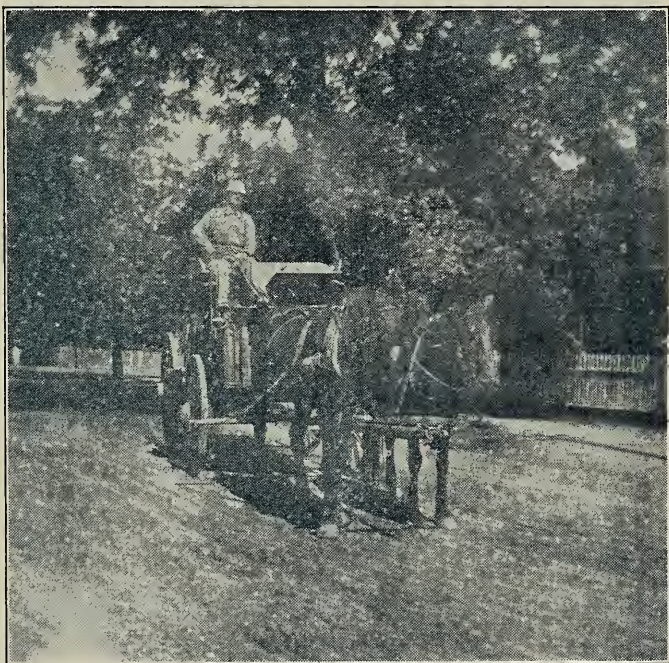
The environments were not what she longed for, and she sailed for another city, in a tropic land, that shall be nameless in her history because it is her wish that it should be so. Here she found crime more rampant, vice more shameless, sin more flagrant, making a nightmare of horror to the

girl who, though brave, was yet innocent, with high ideals of excellence and honor.

Here by some experience, some revelation of hypocrisy, some awful cataclysm of sorrow, the sensitive girl was changed to the earnest woman with the desire for emancipation from the wrongs that had been hers since childhood changed to the iron resolve of a dauntless heart.

fornia, securing 160 acres of land some 12 miles from Oroville, near Hurleton, on the Forbestown road. She has fenced all of her land by her own labor, made garden, chopped wood, sold and hauled it herself, and at this writing has taken a contract for 100 cords to be delivered at and near Oroville, the cutting, loading and hauling all to be done by her own hands.

She has horses and cattle. She is



WITH HER TEAM.

That the world could no longer hurt her, as a woman, and to make perfect independence possible, she donned male attire, braded her thick hair close under her hat, assuming the manners of men, read and studied to develop brain and practiced physical exercise to develop muscle, trying to lose completely her feminine identity in all that was masculine, excepting vice.

Nineteen years ago she came to Cali-

especially attached to her horses and her dogs, but has absolutely no human companionship except the casual meeting with neighbors from day to day as her work brings her in contact with them.

Her ordinary day's work with her ax is one tier of wood, though she could easily cut more. For years she avoided any notoriety, as she would not allow her picture to be taken or a word writ-

ten of her or her history. But the writer has had the good fortune to meet her, to gain her confidence, and to have been her guest at her mountain home, thus securing an insight into her strange, unique life and history.

As a peasant girl she was uneducated, but by ceaseless study she has become a profound scholar, learned upon topics seldom touched by woman and never by the ordinary woman. She writes and speaks French like a Parisian and is an adept in English with the pen, although speaking it with broken accent. She is 46 years old, weighs 155 pounds and is about 5 feet 5 inches in height.

She handles with ease a 55-pound iron dumb bell with one hand that the

writer could not lift from the floor, and yet she is a comparatively small woman. She is industrious and frugal, her only extravagance, if such it may be called, is an indulgence in the best of books, having in her possession a library of rare value.

She loves her adopted country with its justice to all, its freedom, its high moral standard, the land that has given her liberty, security and peace, and is as fit as anyone to help make its laws, to aid in its development, or if need be, to fight or die in its defense.

Mentally and physically sound, capable and loyal, citizen and patriot, is Euphrasia Chevalier. In the name of independent womanhood we salute her.
—S. F. Bulletin.

THE ONE TRUE PATH.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell.

The stiff and sturdy standards of our faith,
As beacon lights, shine dimly from afar,
To guide our life-boats, but the one true path,
Is not what we believe, but what we are.

When Jesus a true standard gave to men,
To draw them from the rough and trackless
wild,

Of seething passion and corroding sin,
'Twas not a creed, 'twas just a little child.

If, at the last, my faith be counted wrong,
Will it, to me, sweet heaven's portals bar?
Or shall I hear the welcome, loud and long,
'Tis not what you believe, but what you are?

My intellect may fail me, but my soul
Is linked to Him, across the eternal span,
And down the sunlight the sweet message
rolls:

"Believe the best you know, but be a man."

"The Nest,"
Santa Rosa.

Two Beauties.

Beautiful women were Maud and Clare;
Clare with her great blue wondering eyes,
And her wavey tresses of red-gold hair,
And lips made only for kisses and sighs—
Ah, never was woman more passing fair
Than Claribel with the red-gold hair.

Maud was stately and tall and dark;
Her eyes were lustrous and large and bright,
And shone with a light like the firefly's spark;
And her hair was blacker than blackest night;
And delicate pearls twixt her red lips gleamed,
That whiter than pearls of the Orient seemed.

Her laugh was like music trickling down
The ivory keys of an instrument fine;
Oh, Maud was fashioned to wear a crown,
And in a kingly palace to shine—
And if Maud a queen on a throne had been,
Why, I might have reigned a laureate then.

Ah, happiest hours of my life, were those
In the quaint old cottage beside the sea,
And memory, now, like a wind that blows,
Laden with spice, brings back to me
Floating waifs from old songs and glees,
Sung in the shade of the tall pine trees.

Sometimes we walked by the rocky shore,
And sometimes at home on rainy days,
We had noisy games of battledoor,
Or read old legends and books of plays.
And watched from the window the changingsky,
And the fishermen's boats as they drifted by.

First it was Maud and then it was Clare—
Caught by a smile on Maud's ripe lips;
Tangled in skeins of Claribel's hair,
Or thrilled by the touch of her finger tips;
So hour after hour and day after day
I gambled my heart to each away.

Maud is married and over the seas,
Far over the seas in a foreign land,
Whence fair ships, laden with fragrant teas,
Nursed by the sun and the spice winds bland,
Come sailing across the purple main,
Past southern isles and the shores of Spain.

A bachelor lonely I sit in my room,
While fades the sunset gleam on the wall,
And round me gathers the twilight's gloom
As the shadows of night begin to fall;
And Clare in the churchyard is lying low,
Where the clover blooms and the daisies grow.

Scenes From the Sportsman's Paradise, Mendocino County, California.

ONLY ACCESSIBLE FROM THE CALIFORNIA NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY & THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA.



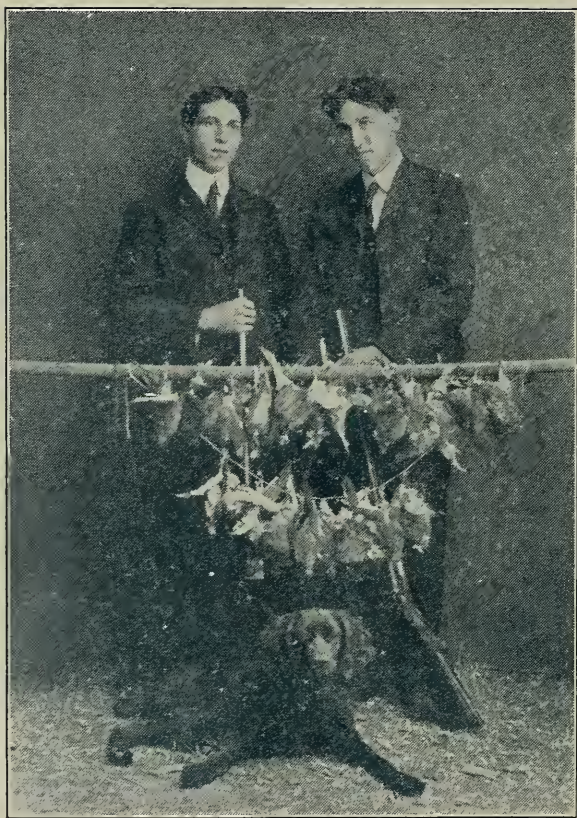
Photo by Sitton.]

AFTER THE HUNT.



"THE HUNTER IS HOME FROM THE HILL."

[Photo by Walker.]



An Afternoon's Bag of Doves From Along the Bottom Lands
of Anderson Valley Creek.

[Photo by Walker]



A Day's Catch From Rancheria Creek, Anderson Valley.
[Photo by Walker.]

WOMEN AS TEACHERS.

(From Republican and Herald, Winona, Minn.)

MAX O'RELL'S pertinent question, "Are Men Fair to Women?" has never been satisfactorily answered; indeed it has never been answered at all. This keen sighted inquisitor says: "Let a woman make a reputation in art or literature, and men begin to smile and shrug their shoulders. They dispute her talent. Hence, a woman in order to succeed in a profession must have ten times more talent than a man, inasmuch as a man will have friends and comrades to help him and a woman only difficulties put in her way by men to surmount. Man receives encouragement from all sides. Why should not women get all this? Why? Simply because man being "verdict" and "execution" has kept everything for himself."

In line with this charge of injustice to women, made by Max O'Rell, comes the report of the Moxley Educational Commission of England to the effect that only men should be employed as teachers of boys above ten years of age, for the pitiful reason that as woman has been "the slave of man" through all ages, there is still no escape for her from the mental disabilities that this condition of slavery has entailed on her.

Therefore, not being man's equal mentally, she may be competent to teach girls, but boys are beyond her grasp and there is danger of their becoming "effeminate" in her hands. It took these Englishmen many months to discover this yawning chasm be-

tween the mental capacity of the sexes, but one cannot help wondering how such inferior mothers can produce such wonderful sons, at least when we take into consideration the fact that sons as a rule inherit the personal and intellectual traits of the mother and the daughter those of the father.

The suggestion of the commission that women in the seat of the pedagogue was the fruitful cause of effeminacy in the bad little boys of the school has been taken up all over the land by the pedagogue of the masculine gender and hailed with hilarious delight. At the recent meeting of the Chicago High School association Prof. Hall laid blame for the "effeminatized boy" at the very door of the pedagogues, and proclaimed a coming epoch of masculine degeneracy unless the women pedagogues were bounced forth-with and incontinently.

The true reason for this agitation against women teachers is the fear of the men that they are being supplanted in the profession by their "weaker" sisters. The "lords of creation," whenever they desire to crowd women out of their way, are always solicitous for their welfare. Besides effeminatizing the boys and making "mollys" out of them, they are afraid that women, by clinging to the profession of teaching are enlarging the crop of "old maids" to such an extent as to become a menace to society and a disturbing factor in the matrimonial market, almost to the verge of a panic.

The same old charge that has come thundering down the ages, of women's inferiority, is again revamped by a commission of Englishmen—thank the Lord, it is not the work of Americans—who see in the women teachers grave danger to the future manliness of the boys. Nine-tenths of the successful men of the United States today owe not only the ground-work of their education but the very best qualities, manliness, honesty and patriotism, which they possess, to the women who molded their youthful minds.

If the masculine pedagogue are afraid of the competition of woman on the grounds that they work for inferior wages, there is a remedy for this inequality. El-nora Monroe Babcock writing on the Republican and Herald, puts the remedy in the hands of the men themselves. She writes: "I wonder it has never occurred to these men that the easiest and most effectual way of ridding them-

selves of the women teachers is to put all their force into the securing the passage of a law requiring equal pay for equal work in the public schools irrespective of sex, and then if the people prefer to have men teachers over their boys, there would not be this barrier of wages, and justice would be done both the men and women teachers. It would then be the one best fitted to fill the position, rather than the one who could be obtained for the least money that would secure the position. I really wonder if these men dare stand upon their own merit with a fair field and no favor. The women, I know would only be too glad to take their chances on these basis."

Here is the remedy. Put the teachers of both sexes on equal footing—equal pay for equal work—and let it be a "survival of the fittest." The women, evidently, are not afraid of the test.

A Symphony.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard, to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconsciously, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.

—W. H. Channing.

A Dream of Life.

By O. A. Ward.

I dreamed, and lo! A palace grand
Before me stood. Above
About,—on every hand,
White walls in beauteous magnificence
Towered upward. Beside me
Suddenly appeared a spirit guide,
Who, in cheerful mood and
Sweet smile born of happiness,
Spoke low:
“This mansion is thine. Dost wonder?
See! It is thy spiritual storehouse;
Enter, and I will show to thee
Far more than thou, a mortal, know.
Thy earth life, —speak not, take earnest heed,
Finds resource here. Wisdom, happiness,
Contentment. All that thou dost need,
You but express sincere desire,
'Tis here and thine.
One truth, before we farther tread;
This know: No thing created is lost.
Every atom of life's existence is returned.
Advance and note His wonderful
beneficence.”

I gazed in wonder. Past
Countless chambers sealed
With diamond bars. O'er each door,
In silvery brightness, were
Signs to me revealed.

"Golden Moments Gone,"
"Hours of Pearl that are Past."
(Were these, indeed, mine own?)
"Opportunities Lost." This chamber
Seemed complete. With tear-stained
Eye and faltering step, I would have
Sought retreat, but for my guide,
Who, with hands tight clasped,
Spoke up, again:

"What! Sad art thou? That
Is earthly, sure. Look!
This storehouse of 'Love,'
Gathered from His 'Circle of Light,'
Is still for thee. A bountiful supply
For Time and Eternity.

Thy gaze I read. Thou lookest
Anxiously, for misery
And sin. 'Tis on earth
Only, such things abound.
You gather your harvest
Of trouble there, but get not the seed
From this palace fair.

A favored mortal thou hast been,
To view what thou hast seen.
Return; and searching 'Life'
With mortal ken, gaze not too far.
For, shining at thy very feet,
The richest treasures lie, complete."

San Jose, Cal.,
June 2, 1904.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

A MEDITATION.

By Albert J. Atkins.

THE divine spirit of Nature permeates all manifestations of life. The true student of Nature makes no computation of time, with him, it is the eternal now. Time is for the convenience of separating passing events; or it arises from the perception of alternate darkness and light, which are effects of the sun upon the earth as it revolves in the fields of infinite day.

When we understand that the divisions of time relate to evanescent conditions, we shall not be controlled by the idea of limited years, months and days, we shall advance to a knowledge of glorious eternity which is without beginning and without end.

Nature has her periods of activity and her times of repose; her action is both visible and invisible; her basic unity is indestructible, calm and serene.

O Nature, thou art the great mother whose brooding tenderness awakes within the mind of man a desire for knowledge. In thy great presence the soul unfolds to the possibilities of its own achievements; to the realization of its own divinity.

O Man, with all thy pomp of power, with all thy boasted learning, thou art still but a child playing with pebbles

on the shore of the great ocean of life, yet art thou infinite, though thy divinity is still veiled in thy mortality.

Render the veil which blinds thee and holds thee to thy personality O Man, come back to a study of Nature and learn of her; she alone can unfold to thee the laws of her infinite life, she alone can lead thee to the chamber of wisdom wherein thou mayest find the rarest treasures of earth and of heaven.

O Nature, Omnipotent Spirit of the universe, would that all individual life could feel the power of thy great harmony. From everlasting to everlasting, thou art full of joy, full of contentment, full of peace.

O Spirit of all matter, Spirit of all force, Spirit of all nature, let our individuality reflect thy divine selfhood; let us sink to repose upon thy bosom, like a child cradled in the arms of love, to awaken again, in the light of thy gracious smile, to know thee as our tender mother. Here, in this atmosphere of peace and harmony, we shall find all that for which we have been longing, all that for which we have been struggling, in the great warfare of life.

From the World's Best Literature.

ECCLESIASTES * CHAPTER III.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

A time to be born, and a time to die, a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.

A time to kill, and a time to heal, a time to break down, and a time to build up.

A time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together, a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

A time to get, and a time to lose, a time to keep, and a time to cast away.

A time to rend and a time to sew, a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.

A time to love and a time to hate, a time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboreth.

I have seen the travail which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made everything beautiful in his time, also he hath set the world in their heart; so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

And also that every man should eat

and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labor, it is the gift of God.

I know that what soever God doeth, it shall be for ever, nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, and God doeth it that men should fear before him.

That what hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been, and God requireth that which is past.

And, moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there, and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there.

I said in mine heart, concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them, as the one dieth, so dieth the other, yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity.

All go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion, for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him.

SELECTION FROM "SARTOR RESARTUS."

"ACH, MEIN LIEBER!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Bootes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum; I say, like the sterretorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying, —on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, ROUGE-ET-NOIR languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councilors of state sit plotting, and playing their high chess-

game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklock and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swellling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning; Six men are to be hanged on the morrow, comes no hammering from the RABENSTINE? —their gallows must even now be a-building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry between them; —crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! —but I, MEIN WERTHER, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars "



HON. F. M. WEGER.

Assemblyman From the 6th District and Candidate for Re-election.

F. M. WEGER was born in Illinois but it makes little difference where an honest man is born—he is a citizen of the world, and a friend to all his kind. Mr. Weger came to Mendocino county in 1869, and has lived here and been identified with our interests ever since. He was postmaster at Orr's Springs under President Harrison's administration and then for a long time manager of the Palace Hotel.

In whatever capacity he has been engaged, he has been genial and obliging and his friends have learned to depend upon him. Suddenly making his advent into politics before the last election, he was sent to the assembly by the confidence of the public, and without a record, was intrusted with the responsible office of representative of the 6th district.

While at Sacramento, serving in that capacity, he surprised his constituents by his tact and ability, in handling

difficult situations. He was appointed on the committee for hospitals and asylums, and secured a raise of 12½ per cent on the wages of all employees at such institution. He was also on the committee for dairies, and dairy products, and roads and highways. He also introduced the protective bill for liverymen.

His policy showed a clear insight into the needs of the people, and he has made a record, even approved by political opponents. They not being able to attack his record or his character assail him as to his residence and business. This has only made him votes, as we all know that he belongs to Mendocino county, and his business, legitimized by the laws of our government can but illy be criticised by men who vote and make those laws. So these are but a shabby pretense against a deserving man, who has proved himself the friend of the people, and worthy of their support.



HON. CHARLES O. DUNBAR
Of Santa Rosa

Assemblyman From the 14th Assembly District and Candidate for Re-election.

CHAS. O. DUNBAR, the present representative from the Fourteenth District, is a typical Native Son. Born at Glen Ellen, in sunny Sonoma, he has grown to manhood inspired by her promise and beauty, identified with, and loyal to her interests, and alert and progressive, is serving her today, with the ability that has marked him for success, and endeared him to the people. At the late session of the legislature he secured an appropriation of \$50,000.00, for the improvement of the Home for the Feeble Minded, at Glen Ellen, and in recognition of his excellent judgment, was appointed one, of a special committee of three, on state prisons, by the speaker of the house, to review and reform the prison systems of the state.

In this capacity, he will visit the prisons of the east, to compare, and contrast existing conditions. The report of the committee will be awaited with interest, and it is to be hoped that they will carry out the reform so ably suggested by the late Hon. Wm. C. Hendricks, former secretary of state, who presented to the people of California, a Penological report of great value, and

completeness, and touching on all lines of needed reform.

Mr. Dunbar, while at Sacramento, secured the passage of the Free Market Law, and has lost no opportunity to advance, not alone the good of his constituents, but the welfare of the whole state. He is a member of the Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, Native Sons, Eagles, Modern Woodmen of the World, Druids and Redmen. He is eminently human and companionable, in bonds that bind him to his fellow-men. He is a practical news paper man and realizes fully the power of that great lever of public opinion, the press.

He has faith in northern California—the most wonderfully dowered territory of the United States. He has faith in THE NORTHERN CROWN as the exponent of its interests, as the periodical that will bring to the world the presentation of our possibilities—and we have faith in him, and predict for him a return to the capitol, as the representative of the people he has served so well—and a future, fit to crown the work of the honest, able, energetic American citizen.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Advertisement.

We live in an age of advertisement. The time will come when everything about everyone and every place will be known.

But today one of the great mediums of general education is advertisement. More knowledge of persons and places

is disseminated in this way than by any other method of instruction.

And the world will indeed "make a beaten pathway to the door" of those who best and most truthfully tell it what they have of value or of beauty to induce it to come. The world is a curious old thing, and has spent long years since creation in finding out other things, and the task of seeking and solving will not be finished until all is known; and in knowledge made perfect, the restless ages have at last found peace.

People and places that advertise lead the van in progress, their names are on every tongue, they reach the front with what they have to offer, to wealth and enterprise, while the mean spirited, lag along behind, unwritten and unsung, and unheard of in the chronicles of active existence.

On the 6th of this present month thousands of white plumed, handsome, intelligent men, marched through the streets of our great metropolis. Men from all over the world, men from every state in the union, men who had marked the progress of their own parts of the earth, and were eager to see that of ours, to compare and contrast existing conditions.

The headquarters of many of the California Commandaries were in the Mechanics Pavilion. Those from the southern part of the state had most attractive booths, with exhibits of fruit and grain and other products, most tastefully arranged, with elaborate maps and literature of the most expensive kind, embossed and lithographed, with no expense spared to present the best possibilities of their home sections to the eyes of visiting strangers. The Eureka commandry had a beautiful booth composed entirely of native woods, but comparatively little literature—Ukiah had none. Our booth could scarcely be distinguished as there were several together in a grove of small redwood saplings. Literature we looked for in vain. A two page leaflet, issued some time ago by our Board of Trade, and to

be found at the headquarters of the promotion committee on New Montgomery street, and 500 copies of THE NORTHERN CROWN distributed at our own expense, was all that we saw pertaining to Mendocino.

If we are mistaken we are eager for correction, but we believe that the thousands of intelligent and distinguished visitors have returned to their homes bearing with them the elaborate advertisements of southern California and scarcely realizing that there is a part of California lying north of San Francisco, and entirely ignorant that it is a paradise when compared with the southern part of the state.

But southern California alone will represent us to the thought of the world just so long as she continues to advertise lavishly, and she deserves her well earned fame and prosperity, the natural result of a public spirited generosity along the lines of advertisement.



On the train, between Santa Rosa and Geyserville, we met and had an interesting half hour with Duncan E. McKinlay, Theodore Bell's energetic congressional opponent. Able and popular as is Theodore Bell, he will have to look to his laurels, in a conflict with Duncan McKinlay. Talking with this bright, selfmade man, and reviewing his appointments and the long miles between, that must be traversed, with hardly time to eat or sleep properly, before election day, it became evident to us that a military campaign is nothing compared to a political field of action, where men must wear themselves out, soul and body, before securing coveted office.

It is a wonder that at the end, they have enough brain and spirit left to undertake the duties of the position, or enough confidence in their fellowmen, to wish to represent them, or believe that they can do so, honestly. Life is indeed a battle, and women should be thankful that cir-

cumstances usually relegates them to the limited strife of the commissary department of the service.

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A notable function of the fall season, will be the annual breakfast of the Pacific Coast Womens' Press association, at the California hotel, San Francisco, Tuesday, October the 11th, 1904, at 1 o'clock p. m. These bright, busy women manage to get together for refreshment of mind and body, and a social reunion, at least once a year. This coming event is under the control, and efficient management of Mrs. Josephine H. Foster and Sara Reamer, which insures the taste, harmony and entire success of the whole affair.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'.

If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'.

'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep a tryin'—
Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills your crops,
Keep a-goin'.

When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'.

S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime,
Tell the world your feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'.

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'.

See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin', sing—
Keep a-goin'.



Photo by Fitch]

ON THE BEAUTIFUL NOYO RIVER.

[Picturesque Mendoza]

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., OCTOBER, 1904.

NO. 6

THE TREND OF CIVILIZATION.

BY WILLIAM AYRES.

ARTICLE II.

IN closing the initial article of this series, the words were used: "In reviewing the possibilities of the future, for the Pacific coast, the query naturally comes to mind: Where will the gathering hosts build their great cities, both inland and commercial ports? Where will northern California figure and how will she fare in the settlement of the great incoming population?"

This is a question for the logician, the statesman, the prophet. Nature has indowed northern California with a lavish hand, and her industrial centers and commercial marts will grow in exact keeping with the energy and spirit of progress and liberality evinced by her people."

There are some pages of nature's book, however, which even the layman may understand, without the aid of prophet or statesman. And it will be readily seen by the thoughtful observer, that in the process of peopling and upbuilding of this western shore, Humboldt presents unusual physical features as a distinct section of the continent, both in relation to sea and land, that mark her as

having no superiors and but few parallels on the shore lines of the several continents.

Nature seems to have drawn her lines for the concentration of Pacific's commerce at and through Humboldt's entrance-way. Humboldt is the western-most, and most prominent headland of the United States, pushing far beyond its general coast line, causing it to be the first land sighted by the incoming craft from the Orient, but unlike most other bold and prominent headlands, it is provided with a capacious and safe, land-locked harbor, capable of accommodating the commerce of a hemisphere.

Nature does nothing by halves. Not only is Humboldt the most western headland of the United States, but her harbor of Humboldt bay is the most western harbor between the Mexican and British Columbia boundary lines, and it holds a position exactly half way between those two foreign boundaries. As a point of vantage commercially, from seaward, its merits will at once strike the student and

business man. In time of war, Table Bluff and Trinidad Heads offer strong points for fortifications against an invading foe, and the harbor can be reached and entered by craft crossing the Pacific in shorter time than other points because of its bold position, and because of the Japan current which serves Humboldt as well as does the more northern coast, and for this reason most of the craft hailing from trans-Pacific ports bound for San Francisco and lower coast ports, sight Humboldt first, and then the coast southward.

But the track for direct intercourse which nature designed does not end here. The good old Dame has marked the way for direct railroad to the east, across the Sacramento valley, through the Pit River canyon, or Beckwith's Pass, and thus straight on to the great inland distributing point of Chicago. This would form the most direct line across the continent, and there being no steep grades or great altitudes to climb, could make exceptionally quick dispatch. Dispatch in transportation is the key-note to success and domination, and thus a direct line of transportation from Humboldt bay to Chicago, having quickest dispatch, and straightest, safest line, would gather and control through traffic from the Orient.

Its course would be the center of a zone which, reaching round the globe carries two-thirds of the world's commerce. As if contemplating such development in transportation, a territory covering a hundred miles radius around Humboldt Bay has been endowed with exhaustless resources in varied form, and which are now awaiting the advent of home-seekers and capital to occupy and develop.

San Francisco has undoubtedly the position, bay and harbor for the queen city of the Pacific coast, but Eureka will prove her Liverpool in commerce, because of the advantages in transportation here enumerated. Transporta-

tion and power are the twin keys which open the door to opportunity and industrial development. Impelled by the prospect of unmeasured expansion, with their aid, both are hastening to unlock the long silent occlusion of millions of yet untouched values in Humboldt. The tide of home-seekers which has so long been pouring its current into southern California is changing its drift towards northern California. The southern end of the state has been exploited to the core. And the home-seekers are turning to the newer, fresher fields of the north, and these fields form a most striking contrast. We know nothing except by comparison, and when the home-seeker has traversed the dead brown country of the south for a few weeks looking for some inviting home, seeing nothing whatever but what is wrought by the hand of man, except the bare earth, and then expend the same length of time around the green hills and forests of the north, and it will seem like passing from death to life. The vigor and green life of the north is accompanied with available crude values in multitudes of forms. On every hand is evidence that the country is occupied with profit to its possessors and inhabitants—that the country is yielding something to those who work or operate for gain.

In the southern country the evidence is mostly of capital being expended, very little of profit coming out. When the same amount of capital is applied and energy expended in the northern section of the state that there has been in the southern, no spot on the earth can equal it in wealth, in its elaborate development in, the present possibilities that then would be realized in lumbering, in horticulture, in dairying, in mining operations and reduction works.

It is seldom that a section so richly endowed is also provided with a safe deep water harbor, and in this respect Humboldt bay and the surrounding

country is specially fortified. Here again the gauge of comparison must be applied. California embraces the same latitude on its coast lines that covers eleven coast states on the Atlantic shore, from the northern boundry of Massachusetts to the southern line of South Carolina. Within that coast line and latitude on the Atlantic coast are thirty-five sea port cities having a population of 50,000 inhabitants and upwards, and consequently the commerce and industrial forces of the Atlantic coast are divided between thirty-five different points; a considerable portion of which coast has been and always will be hampered in its development by an extended and rigid winter season, and a not over productive soil. For the same latitude which is embraced by the California coast line nature has provided but for three safe seaport harbors between which its commerce and industrial development must be divided. The whole distance from north to south has been given climate and soil that are wonderful in their productivity, but it is the northern portion of the state, and especially surrounding and bearing upon Humboldt bay, the second best harbor of the state, that Cornucopia seems to have cut loose from all restraint and scattered its gifts of every nature with lavish profusion.

When the mind takes in and weighs all these things which makes for the prominence of the harbor of Humboldt bay and port of Eureka, it will be, it cannot fail of being accepted, by every impartial reader that Eureka and Humboldt Bay are destined, without rivalry, as the second place on the coast of California.

Casting the eye along the trans-Pacific ports with which the United States holds commercial relations, from New Zealand in the South Seas, to Behring Straits in the north, and seeking an eligible port on the Pacific coast of the United States at which to concentrate commerce, and from which to dis-

patch traffic across the North American continent, no point stands out so bold and prominent to arrest the attention as the central headland of Humboldt, and the currents of wind and water join in the selection.

It is superior to San Francisco from an engineering standpoint and is second to San Francisco only in size and depth of its harbor-bay. The vast Pacific ocean is filled with thousands of islands, large and small, principally of wonderful productivity, and peopled with races in various stages of civilization and of savagery, nearly all of which have some commerce. The larger mainlands beyond are a promising field for a developing trade. From New Zealand, Australia, the Phillipines, China, Japan, and the Russian port of Vladavostock, the terminus of the five-thousand-mile Trans-Siberian railway, and hundreds of minor ports open upon the Pacific ocean, the free highway, to reach this favored point on the west coast of the United States.

Taking in the possibilities of climate and soil, of undeveloped mineral resources which are possessed by the islands and mainlands that thus give upon the Pacific ocean as a free public highway of the world, the future holds a great wealth of commerce for the up-building of the ports and cities of this west shore of the United States. The fifty years of development and growth of the Pacific coast of America, as compared with several hundred years development and growth of the Atlantic seaboard, seems like a tale of enchantment, it has no parallel.

And great as are the achievements that have been wrought, we are but arrived at the threshold of the possibilities of the future. The forces are awakening under the impulse of the newer civilization, as the westward moving millions gather on the Pacific shore.

For advantages of position as a commercial port and city, Humboldt bay and Eureka are but little less than first on the California coast, and the con-

formation of the shore line makes possible only three prominent commercial seaport cities on the coast within the state, as against thirty-five cities for the same latitude of coast line on the Atlantic shore. With such a bay and harbor, the most easily accessible to the great commercial highway of all nations, the Pacific ocean, surrounded by crude wealth of every form, the conclusion must come to every thinking mind that the future of Eureka is destined to be that of a great commercial city, having direct trade and communication with all the countries towards the setting sun. The condition and advantages thus briefly enumerated are sufficient to insure and compel the conclusion.

But Nature did not stop at these favoring conditions from the ocean side. A great railroad engineer has said that men do not make railroads, but that Nature makes them, while men simply select and smooth them off. And it would appear that the worthy old Dame had made special arrangement for Eureka's advantage by marking a direct way from this port eastward through the barrier of mountains, leaving us to take our choice between the Beckwith Pass and Pit River canyon.

The survey has been made more than once between Humboldt bay and the Sacramento valley, and pronounced feasible. For the past five years the territory eastward from the Sacramento valley has been a field for experimental survey by various powerful rail-

road companies in the search for a less circuitous route to the Pacific coast than those now occupied by existing roads, the result of which is that by degrees a line of trans-continental railroad, emphasized by Nature, is being evolved which will have the effect of correcting the blunders of pioneer efforts to effectually wed the seas and weld the union. And then the quickest dispatch from points across the Pacific to the great inland distributory depot of the United States—Chicago, will be by way of Eureka. The early tea crop from Japan and China will be rushed through to the Windy City via Eureka. The "globe trotters" who are circling the earth, will select the route with the quickest dispatch via Eureka, and those who take their easy time to make the circuit in order to see all there is to be seen, will seek the route through Humboldt in order to view the crowning glory of forest wonders—the matchless redwoods.

The direct route is via Humboldt. The quickest trip is via Humboldt. The attractions and absorbing interest in objects along the route is via Humboldt. Its climate, its scenery, the lavish opportunity for industrial enterprise and investing capital, will draw a majority proportion of seekers for new homes, and of the best energy of home-seekers.

Eureka and Humboldt will not be behind in the race for prominence with the coming years, in the process of peopling the western shore.

Live for something; have a purpose,
 And that purpose keep in view,
 Drifting like a helmless vessel
 Thou canst ne'er to life be true;
 Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
 If some star had been their guide
 Might have now been riding safely,
 But, they drifted with the tide.

—Robert Whitaker.

The Flown Bird.

From the Japanese.

By Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Maple leaves are whirled away,
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth from town to town,
Through the lone woods, and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget.

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat, and winter snow;
Poor heart! we are no longer one!
We are divided by our woe!
Go to the nest I built, and call—
She may be hiding after all—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget!

Men know my story, but not me—
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world today!
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not—only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood;
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget,

All day I see the ravens fly,
I hear the sea-birds scream at night:
The moon goes up and down the sky,
And the sun comes in with ghostly light;
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms, or the snow?
Only my hair! Goodby my heart,
The time has come for us to part;
Be still! you will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget!

THEFT OF THE GOLDEN CANDLE-STICKS.

BY WILLIAM WALTER MORELAND.

I.

ON RETURNING from an ill-starr-ed voyage to Nome in 1898 our vessel stopped and tarried a few hours at Sitka, the capital of Alaska. The passengers spent the time in looking about the city. A few went into the business portion, others discussed the social and religious significance of the totem pole at the Esquimo villiage, while the writer and another gentleman visited the imposing Russian church. In the palmy days of Russian rule, before Alaska came into the possession of the United States, it is said the church at Sitka, with one exeception, had richer interior adornments than any east of Moscow; and even now, in that respect, it is of no small consequence.

The icons, crosses, altars and altar cloths are rich and costly and well worth inspection. That which most attracted our attention, however, were two golden candle-sticks, one on each side of the altar.

They were about three feet in height; massive, highly ornamented, of nearly pure gold; and each had three branches on each side of the main stem, thereby constituting what is known as seven-pronged candelabra. We were informed that long before they had come into the possession of the church at Sitka they had been the subjects of an unique

experience of which our informant gave us an interesting account, which is substantially as follows:

II.

In the year 1816 Admiral Koskoff of the Russian navy, with four vessels, appeared off Fort Ross, a colony established by the Russian government a few years before on the northwest coast of the present state of California. He brought recruits for the army; also quite a number of colonists with which to replenish and enlarge the settlement. In addition to these there were two priests of the orthodox faith who had been intrusted by their superiors with appropriate decorations or the church already established at that place. The most attractive and costly of the decorations were two golden candle-sticks of the usual pattern but larger and more valuable than those generally used in small churches.

They were placed in that part of the church where they belonged and were objects of great interest and veneration to the neophytes and communicants. In a large city or thickly settled country where the form of the material might have been changed and utilized by melting, they would have proven tempting prizes to those in whom the reverent feeling is weak and the criminal instinct strong, but it was thought

they would be safe in a small, isolated colony such as this. Indeed it might be said the good fathers had taken no thought of their safety, relying on the veneration which all God fearing people should have for the utensils used in the service of the church.

The little community were, therefore, greatly surprised and shocked one fine morning in the spring of 1817 to discover the candelabra were not in their accustomed places; and upon calling the roll it was ascertained that two of the colonists, Ivan Petroff and Alexis Gorski, who had been brought from the penal settlement of Saghalien, were missing. There was, then, no doubt in the minds of those in authority as to what had become of the sacred objects, and the neighboring hills and canyons were soon filled with men and dogs in search of the fugitives, but no trace of either the thieves or property being found, it was finally abandoned.

Nothing definite was ever heard of the men, unless a rumor which originated about the time the Russians were leaving the country at the command of the Spaniards, was true. It was to the effect that two white men, supposed to be Russians, were living at an Indian rancheria over the mountains in the vicinity of where Ukiah now stands; but whether the report was true, or whether they were the ones who stole the candelabra, was never verified.

III.

The winter of 1889-90 will long be remembered in California as the rainiest ever experienced, with one exception. While there were no disastrous floods nor extreme high waters, the rain fell steadily and kept the streams bank full and at the danger point the entire season. Bridges were swept away; the earth became thoroughly saturated; in many places in the mountains the roads and trails were almost obliterated by slides and washouts; in the valleys

they were soft and miry, and travel about the country was impossible except to those who were expert enough to pick their way on foot over and around the impediments caused by the continued rains.

On one of these rainy mornings in the month of February 1890 Manuel Gorski, a half-breed, who was staying on and looking after a small stock ranch belonging to one James Conroy on the Buckeye fork of the Gualala river, awoke with a start. Now it is proper to say in this place, that he had never before emerged from a state of slumber so suddenly. With him it was a deliberate and reluctant proceeding. In fact he was so constituted it might be said that both his bodily movements and his mental processes were adjusted to conservative lines.

"Old Man" Brumbaker, of Coyote Divide, when asked his opinion of Manuel, forcibly expressed the idea in less elegant language. "What, that Injun, Manwel? Why he's th' laziest an' ignorantist critter God ever made. I shorely b'leve he wuz made outer mud, an' mighty common mud, too, ef ye hear me." Thus the Old Man, Mrs. Brumbaker who on the other hand, was an unconscious optimist, took issue with the head of the family on the subject, and replied: "Now Paw, I think yew air a leetle hard on Manwel. He's got his good points same ez other people ef yew kin on'y fin' 'em. He's not a reglar Injun, nohow. He sez his gran'pa was a Rushin an' Mr. Conroy sez Rushins is white. Yew air al'lez pitchin' inter people. It wuz only las' week yew wuz runnin' down yer own gran'son, Joe, an' his dogs, Bull an' Tige, an' a sayin' as how th' 'hole caboodle wa'nt wuth shucks, yet they brought in sum mighty good deer meat yes't'day, an I notice yew tuck yer sheer when it cum to eatin'." "Well" responded the Old Man, as a parting shot "I don't go much on them half-breeds, nohow."

But there is no mistake in saying

that on the morning in question, Manuel awoke with a start. The wind was shaking the rickety old cabin to its foundation and it was raining "cats and dogs." According to the account which was afterwards dragged out of him at intervals and by piece-meal the first distinct thing he remembered he was sitting on the bed rail, his feet on the floor and his knuckles in his eyes. When, by the lapse of time and his own efforts, he became less oblivious to the surroundings, he removed the knuckles and looked out of the one window the cabin contained, which was at the back or rear end.

After gazing, absent-mindedly, out of the window for some time, he began to be impressed with the thought that the objects in that direction did not look natural. He could see the misty outlines of the rain-soaked hills on the other side of the canyon, the branches of the trees thereon swaying and dipping to the gale, something he had never before observed from that point of view. The longer he looked the more convinced he became that something was wrong. The environment was new and strange. Had the cabin been moved or blown from its foundations? Had the noise which awakened him been instrumental, in some way, in transferring him, house and all, to some other place? With this idea in his dull mind he got up, went to the front door, and looked out. No; the ax and the few old logs and broken fence pickets, constituting the wood pile, and the live-oak tree with the battered and unused meat safe depending therefrom, were in their usual places and occupying their proper relative positions. Greatly mystified he returned to the window and while making the second inspection the solution of the mystery came to him. The barn was gone! An old, irregular structure, built of shakes, poles and hewn timbers, about forty feet wide and sixty feet long, situated within one hundred feet of the cabin had entirely disappeared. Not a stick,

or board, or piece of wood could be seen.

It had been erected on the brow of the hill on comparatively level ground but immediately at the rear the earth pitched abruptly toward the bottom of the canyon, a mile away and at least one thousand feet lower than the site of the cabin and barn. Manuel, being superstitious it was a long time before he could command sufficient courage to go out and investigate. When he did he found the ground had broken just back of the cabin and a large section, including that upon which the barn had stood, had slipped and slid away from the brink to the bottom, leaving debris scattered along the route.

About the first thing which attracted his attention was an object partly exposed above the broken surface, apparently of metal, very crooked, and yellowish in color. He tried to lift it but being heavier than he expected to find it he made the second attempt before succeeding. His account of the discovery is sufficiently laconic and interesting to be inserted. "Find um brass thing. Heap heav', heap crook'." "What you call um? Yas, yaller. No good. Throw um down." Of course the "slide" on the Conroy ranch excited great interest in the vicinity, and as soon as the weather had moderated the neighbors came to see it in order to satisfy their curiosity. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Brumbaker and Joe and his dogs, Bull and Tige.

As the crowd were looking over the ground and digging and poking about they unearthed another candle-stick, the mate to the one found by Manuel. Mrs. Brumbaker who, among her other characteristics was "a snapper up of unconsidered trifles," asked Manuel to give them to her. "I don't jes' sense what the'r good fer, but I'll be boun' the'r good fer sum'n ef yer can on'y fin' out what it is." Manuel, who from the first had conceived a dislike for the things was only too glad to get rid of them, readily consented; so, with

much difficulty, but against the protest of the "Old Man" they were transported to Coyote Divide. Now it happened that about this time Joe was having considerable trouble in keeping his dogs at home. They had acquired the habit of clandestinely leaving the ranch and roaming the hills, sometimes for three or four days and nights, a sure sign, according to frontier lore of becoming worthless and relapsing into the wild state.

The only way they could be kept at home was by chaining them to a post, but this was hardly feasible for the reason that they fretted a great deal and barked so continuously that the Old Man threatened "ef he got to th' pint, an' he wuz purty near thar, they'd be two dogs less, an' maybe one boy." Fortunately the day they returned from the Conroy ranch Joe found he could keep them at home as well by attaching each of them to a candle-stick as by chaining to a post. It proved to be a grand scheme. By dragging the weights after them they could freely circulate about the yard and cleared ground but when they attempted independent hunting the projecting prongs of the candelabra would catch in the fence or brush and detain them. Mrs. B. was especially delighted in being able to substantiate her theory that "ever'thing is good fer sump'n ef yew kin only fin' out what it is." "Now jes' look thare, Paw," said she. "The'r jes' like ankers ter ships, ef Joe aint a genus I never seed one."

IV.

Isaac Marks was called a peddler, but that word hardly defined the extent of his business. By means of a team and small wagon he was ostensibly engaged in exchanging "store goods" for ox-hides and calf, deer and coon skins, but he would not hesitate to trade for old iron, brass and similar articles if he saw a profit therein. In the spring of 1890, the roads having become passable, he loaded his wagon with such things as were needed in the

mountain districts and started out.

In due time he arrived at Coyote Divide. Mrs. Brumbaker wanted caliker, an' thread, an' blu'in, an' matches, an' sich like" but did not have money or articles of barter. Ike was about to leave when he espied the emblems of servitude to which Bull and Tige were attached and mentally calculated their value as junk, proposed to exchange something for them. Mrs. B. was wary, and Joe was loth to part with his "ankers," but after much haggling a basis of exchange was arrived at and agreed upon, Joe being mollified by the possession of twenty-five cartridges, his portion of the transaction. The candelabra were then loaded on the wagon and the peddler went his way.

V.

Mr. Johnson the foreman of the Hercules Foundry, of San Francisco, came into the main office of the company one day in the summer of 1890 and announced his desire to see Mr. Elliot, the manager. That gentleman, observing something unusual in the appearance of the foreman, asked: "What is the matter, Johnson?" "Well, sir," replied the latter, "I have had the men at work this morning breaking up matter for a blast and, in looking over the heap, I found something I don't think belongs there."

There are two articles which have been sold to us for brass which, on examination, I do not believe to be brass. They are softer and heavier than brass and different in color." "What do you think they are, then?" "In my opinion they are gold." said Johnson. "Oh, nonsense" replied the manager. "You are mistaken. No one would be so foolish as to sell us gold for brass. Break them up and put them in the furnace." "Now, Mr. Elliot," persisted the foreman "I am so firmly convinced I am right I will ask you to examine them first." The manager was a well informed man, had made a special study of all kinds

of metal ornaments, and at first glance concurred in the judgment of the foreman.

They were undoubtedly gold. Upon a critical examination he discovered something which had escaped the eyes of all through whose hands they had passed. He found engravings, which were very dim and nearly obliterated on each, which he decided were Russian letters or characters. He was greatly puzzled, however, as to how they had gotten into a junk pile. "Where did they come from?" he inquired. "They came with a lot consigned to us from the country by a man named Marks," answered Johnson. To a man like Elliot to think was to act.

Putting them aside he sent for the resident priest of the Russian church, the most learned individual of that people in the city. That functionary was not long in determining what they were and for what use intended. As a priest he was fully acquainted with the circumstances attending the theft of the candelabra from the church at Fort Ross, and by comparison with the details of the story decided they could be

no other than the long lost ornaments. Their history from the time they were found was traced through the hands of Manuel, Mrs. Brumbaker and Marks, and being satisfied they had each come by them honestly they were liberally rewarded for being instrumental in restoring them to the church. Mrs. B. was not only gratified at the size of the reward but highly elated over the further confirmation of her belief that "ever'thing is good fer sump'n ef yew on'y fin' out what it is." The church at Fort Ross having, long since, gone out of existence they were sent to that in Sitka as being best entitled to them.

The thieves in their flight through the uninhabited country had buried them in the spot near the crest of the ridge over which the Conroy barn had been erected many years afterwards and where they remained until providentially unearthed by the avalanche which gave Manuel so much alarm. Another co-incidence developed by the investigation was that Manuel Gorski was a grandson, through Indian female ancestors, of one of the men who disappeared with the candelabra.

WASTED.

By Nita E. White.

As some traveler in a desert way,
Thrills at the sight of palms—so green and fair,
So I, when deep into your eyes I looked
Thrilled at the lovelight there.

'Twas the reflecton of my own heart's fire
Deceived me. I found the light all false—untrue—
Ah, dear, tears had not quenched their flame,
Had it been shared by you.

MY FATE.

By Georgie K. Reed.

My Fate lives half of the world away,
Half of the world away from me,
But he is handsome and tall and fair
As any a Saxon King should be—
My Fate has eyes of violet blue,
And hair as yellow as beaten gold;
His lips are as red as a scarlet flower
And he grew from a family proud and old;
His heart is a heart that's all a heart
Of staunch and sterling worth,
But the distance dividing us, I judge,
Is half of the peopled earth;
Still he is mine and I am his
As far as our fate will tell,
And tho' we may never meet, I know
He loves me, and loves me well;
He understands and so do I
The depth of our hopeless love—
He offers a prayer and so do I
To our guiding star above—
The world is wide and hard and cold,
And fate is a thing unsure,
So all we can do, my love and I,
Is to hope and thus endure—
We have all but clasped each others hands,
We have all but touched our lips,
But it seems our love is the fated rose
That the bee in his journey skips.
He is waiting, and so am I,
But who is to know how long—
It is like a singer we hear in the dark,
We only have the song—
Perhaps we have passed a thousand times
Over the selfsame sea,
But there was never a signal shown
To beckon my love to me;
Oh, think of the wasted hours of us
The waiting—the weary hope,
But such is the life of him and me
In our written horoscope.
He may marry, and so may I,
But there will always be
That blind and staggering search in life
For all eternity—
But day is day and night is night
And fate is as sure as both,
So we must live—my love and I,
We willing—and Fate the loath
With hands outstretched and stumbling feet
And eyes that do not see—
I am seeking this love of mine
And he is seeking me;
Fate is cruel as Fate is kind
As in the darkness our way we grope—
But in spite of a thousand doubts and ifs
We nurse in our hearts a stubborn hope,
Sometime—someday—somehow—somewhere—
Deep in the midst of coming years
We yet may find the love we seek
And weep together our sacred tears.

HON. DUNCAN E. M'KINLAY.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS FROM THE SECOND DISTRICT.

DUNCAN E. M'KINLAY was born at Orilla, Ontario, Canada, October 6th, 1862; educated in the common schools of that place until twelve years of age, when he was compelled to go to work at various employments; when sixteen years old he removed to the city of Flint, Michigan, where he learned the trade of carriage painting. At twenty-one he came to San Francisco,



and worked at his trade until 1884, when he removed to Santa Rosa and engaged in the painting business.

In his spare time he studied law, and was admitted to practice before the supreme court of the state of California in 1892; was nominated elector-at-large on the Republican ticket in William McKinley's first presidential campaign, and was elected by the largest majority of that year; was made

president of the Electoral commission to cast the vote for McKinley; was appointed assistant United States attorney at San Francisco, by President McKinley in 1901, succeeding to the post of first assistant attorney, upon the death of Edward J. Banning, in January, 1904.

With this record, that tells of the tireless energy of this self-made man, as well as of the matchless opportunities afforded every bright, determined capable citizen, by the principle and policy of a peerless government, Duncan E. McKinlay comes before the voters of the second Congressional district, and asks them for their suffrage. His own experience has made him the loyal friend of every working man, who carves out life's problem from the hard rock of circumstances.

His sympathy should go out—and we believe that it does—to the struggling and oppressed upon every hand, who strive to overcome adverse fortune. He must realize the needs of the people, and would be more fit to serve them, since his own experience of their condition, has been most practical, and long thought has led to successful action.

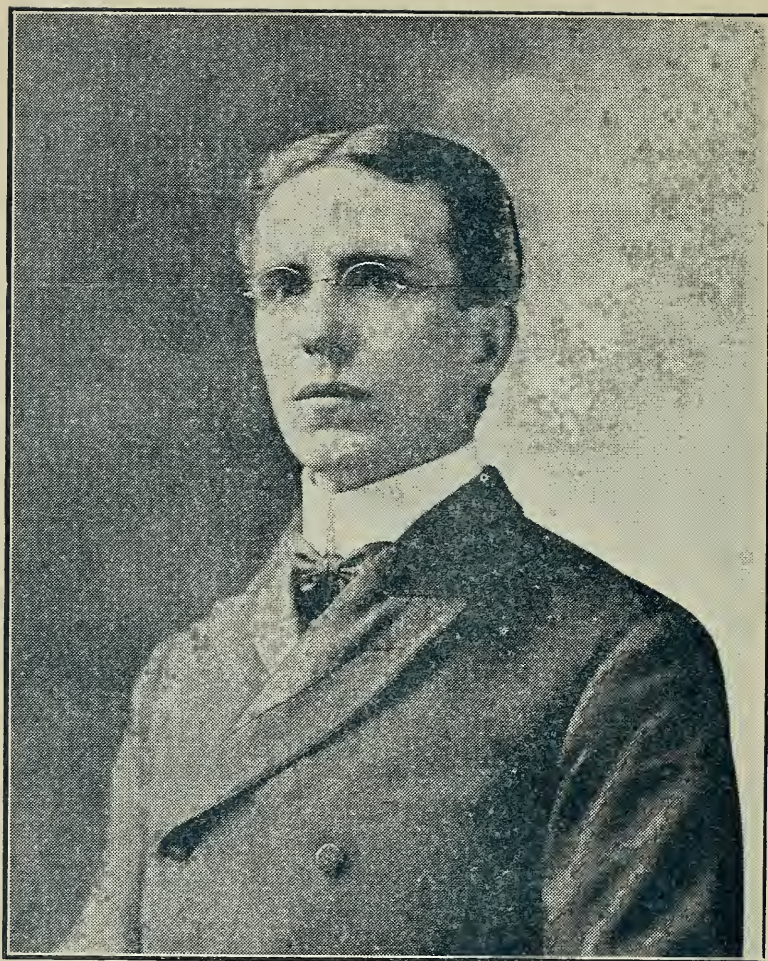
He has political ability of the first order, is an eloquent and logical speaker and would handle with tact and skill, the issues before our national assembly. We believe that the people could only be benefitted by his selection. Let the honest majority rule, and after election day, all party strife be forgotten. The choice of the people should be welcome to all, as in an honest contest there is no aftermath of bitterness. And time will tell the wisdom of all choosing. Let each public servant stand or fall by his own record.

THE CALL OF THE SEAS.

By E. B. C.

<p>Now our summer is hot with a smoky red sky, We so long to your balmy sea breezes to fly! We recall the effect of their magical kiss— The fresh breath of salt breezes—exhal- ing cool bliss!</p> <p>In weird fancy to-day, I am strolling the strand, Where your rolling white foam, laps the ocean-worn sand. I behold, through gray mists, your great billows arise, And still phantom-like vessels, dissolve in your skies.</p> <p>See, advancing, receding, those break- ers' wild spray, Submerging great rocks, on their deaf- ening way! And a gentle, surge-splash, compels my retreat, From some briny old log, I have found for a seat.</p> <p>I take home your wet treasures, in tiny pools found, On the rocks, and in sands, by the waves washed around— Though the beautiful, dripping things glistening bright, Dry, and lusterless droop, if but moved from your sight.</p> <p>Flocks of seagulls, do hover your waters and light, To float peaceful and calm, after wearying flight. They are not the same seagulls, I watched years ago— Many have vanished, with times ebb and flow.</p> <p>At the homes, that still nestle so close on your shore, Time's mask o'er known faces intrudes at the door.</p>	<p>Like thin vapor, drawn up to return soon as rain, We wash back to cold silence, from which we all came.</p> <p>How familiar, unchanged, the low landscape I see, The green hills and Big River appro- aching the sea, The old mill, and the chute, the road climbing to town, The big bridge, and the flat, with old logs strewn around.</p> <p>Far away—where the sun tints with yellow the west— Are bewildering waters' perpetual unrest.</p> <p>O you limitless mystery! Visible soul! From dumb aeons of time, how eternal your roll!</p> <p>Deep beneath all your waters' tumult- uous strife.</p> <p>Of your myriad sea creatures volup- tuous life, What dark weights of cold stillness to mankind untold! What pathetic biographies could atoms unfold!</p> <p>And o'er all are electrical waves of closed light, And too, spiritual waves far more hidden from sight.</p> <p>When I think of these wonders stu- pendous sublime.</p> <p>My soul kneels, and accepts a creator divine!</p> <p>Hush! I hear in the distance—a mur- muring roar— The low slushing of waves from an unbroken shore!— They are rolling a summons—not only for me— A lullaby summons from waves of a sea.</p>
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Ukiah, Sept., 9th, 1904.



HON. THEODORE A. BELL.

Democratic Congressman from the Second Congressional District and
Candidate for Re-election.

THEODORE A. BELL is a native Californian, born at Vallejo, where he attended the public schools, and graduated at the age of sixteen years. He worked for a time on a farm, but later qualified himself for teaching, and taught school for some eighteen months, while studying law and passing the examinations successfully, and on the twenty-first anniversary of his birth was admitted to the practice of law, before the courts of California. He was elected district attorney of Napa county in 1894, being probably the youngest District attorney in California at that time. He served in that capacity for eight years. The people of the second congressional district elected

him as their last representative in the United States congress. When at Fort Bragg, we had the delight of meeting, and hearing him on the issues of the campaign. And it is a delight and a refreshment to see, and hear this bright young Californian, in his unspoiled youth—his faith in high ideals; in his fellow men; and in his own ability, and intentions to serve them.

His broad views of usefulness, and justice lift him far, and away from the political methods and intrigues, that belong to the careers of smaller men. Theodore A. Bell has all the qualities that make up the statesman, rather than the politician. For beyond all

narrow partisanship, he is eminently an American.

His youth, made a reproach by his political opponents—and the only assertion founded on absolute truth, made by them—is a fault that time will cure, while as yet it saves him, from the bitterness, and disillusion, that mars the faith of older men in humanity, and in the possibilities of serving to some purpose, the interests of the people.

He loves California—He works for her advancement—He has served her well—The people can make no mistake in returning him to the National Assembly.

Life's True Purpose.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell.

Jesus the just and holy One
Who taught: "Love others same as self,"
Could suffer shame and stand alone,
His righteousness His only wealth—
I'd give up every earthly gain
To stand upon that lofty plain.

His enemies destroyed His life
He blessed them with His dying breath,
But now His friends with endless strife
Proclaim God's pleasure in His death—
That "God could not the world forgive,
And let the Holy Jesus live,"

Why should "His death God's wrath
appease"?

Why should "His blood for sin atone"?
Believe such doctrine all who please,
But I'll withdraw and stand alone,
'Till men will love and honor God
Through truth and right and not
through blood.

Oh would mankind but this perceive,
'Twould lift the veil from every eye;
His life taught mortals how to live,
His death taught mortals how to die—
'Tis true—"He died that we might live,"
That men—not God—might men
forgive.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Capital Punishment.

And the Lord said unto Cain: Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened

her mouth to receive thy brothers blood from thy hand; When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth and it shall come to pass, that everyone that findeth me shall slay me. And the Lord said unto him: THEREFORE WHOSOEVER SLAYETH CAIN, VENGEANCE SHALL BE TAKEN ON HIM SEVENFOLD. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.—Genesis IV, 1-16.

A man—or rather a beast in human form—has been sentenced to death, at Ukiah, Mendocino County. According to present custom, the law, and the evidence, there was nothing else to do. But it does not change the opinion of the writer, that the death penalty is a heritage from the darker ages—a relic of barbarism, inconsistent with Christian government, and should be abolished from the face of the earth.

So strong are we in this conviction, that when in 1886, John Johnson was sentenced here, to hang, we used our time, our money, and all the influence we had, to save him from the gallows—not resting until we succeeded, giving all this outlay, not for the creature that was *less* than *nothing* to us personally, but for the principle that will animate us, while life shall last.

There was a similarity in the two cases inasmuch that a vile woman was the primal cause of crime in each. And the law falls short of justice that deprives one criminal of life, and allows the equally guilty, before God, to escape. A law also falls short of justice that imposes upon the *innocent*, mental suffering and anguish to which in comparison physical pain is nothing. This would not have been a result in the Johnson case, and probably not in the one under discussion, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the execution of the death penalty, causes most intense agony to the living; innocent hearts are broken, lives

wrecked and embittered by a sorrow and disgrace, that not one man or woman in a thousand can live to overcome.

Justice is equity to all—what right has one man, or any number of men, to violate the direct command of the Almighty, and deal out by law, unmeasured suffering to those for whom there is no relief provided? We believe in punishment—in penological reform, that would mete out a just penalty to every transgressor, without resort to brutality of any sort. For such as the one under discussion, we would call to the cause of justice the aid of science, and surgery, and make the repetition of his most heinous crime, an impossibility, while leaving to the sure vengeance of God, the reckoning for the murder done.

For all murderers, convicted by actual evidence, we believe in a life sentence, without hope or possibility of pardon. By the enforced labor of all able-bodied criminals, we would make all penal institutions self-supporting, and so relieve the people of the burden of taxation. Our prisons should be great manufactories, where skilled labor was taught and exercised. Not for competition with, but for relief of, the honest citizen. This is a part of the solution of the criminal question. We believe absolutely, in the commands of God—and the promises of the Son. Life has enough of pain and horror, without deliberately adding to it by law and custom. As penalty for our first transgression, we are all condemned to death, which will come in good time, without the violent interference of fallible man, with a divine decree. So—could we save this wretch, to live out his allotted days, we would for we do not believe in the human right, to take the life that God has given. And a life sentence, we believe, would satisfy all the demands of justice, and mercy.



In the writeups of the candidates and representative men, presented in THE NORTHERN CROWN, we wish our readers to remember, that we speak of them, *not* as Repub-

licans, Democrats, or other partisans, but as individuals, as citizens, and above all as *Americans*, with the right to think and be themselves. We do not look upon a man as an unprincipled villain, because he differs with us.

We will say the best thing possible for him consistent with truth. For everyone is entitled to his record, and his deserts, irrespective of creed or party.



On a recent visit to Fort Bragg, we called, as is our custom, on our old friend Chas. J. Cavanagh, of the FORT BRAGG ADVOCATE. We found him busy as ever, heart, hand and brain in active service. Progress is the word in old Mendocino, and to keep up with the times, Mr. Cavanagh is putting in a six horse power engine, and a new power press, and various other things to meet the added requirements of an old and well established printing and publishing business. THE ADVOCATE was started in 1889 and has well justified the hopes and plans, of its courageous founder. He has not swerved from the tenor of his way, and has ever advanced the best interests of the people. We remember, though others may forget, that he was one of the first to urge shorter hours, and better terms for the working-man—his life and energies, have been one long investment for those dependent upon him, and the bettering of his kind, and at this late day, we fear no change of sentiment or policy in the FORT BRAGG ADVOCATE, or its owner.



A visit to another office that of THE FORT BRAGG MAIL, the best equipped printing plant in Mendocino county, brought us the conviction that every other paper should rejoice, that we have among us the best facilities possible for turning out work on a moments notice, making us all practically independent of aid from San Francisco. You people of the press of Mendocino county, would do well to patronize THE FORT BRAGG MAIL and its giant plant.

when work piles up, on more limited capacities. F. V. Owen, its editor is an affable, able gentleman, and an accession in printing circles and we are glad that he is here.



A propos of some of our political methods, we think they are treating Len Barnard unfairly. The Pudding Creek bridge is a comfortable reality, where once there was only a crying need. Let us "praise the bridge that carries us over." Pine would be better than nothing, but reliable people say it is redwood. As a convenience, it is "a thing of beauty," and will be "a joy forever," to the travelling public.

CONSOLATION.

By O. A. WARD.

(Dedicated to Anna Morrison Reed)

"My Knight," how much the words contain;
 They speak of bright and brilliant scenes
 Too sacred for refrain,
 Of pageant grand in line and march
 And step so firm and true,
 Tho' I knew him not, a comrade still,
 He, who was "My Knight" to you.

I know not what the future realm
 Of light, will bring to me;
 But I feel that when the countless throng,
 With banners high unfurled,
 Move down with mighty tread and shout,
 The streets of the spirit world;
 A Knight of the Temple you will see
 On charger swift and strong,
 For as ritual's teachings tell us here,
 "Your Knight" is riding on,—and on,
 "Your Knight" is riding on.

COMMENTS.

From Saul's Sunday Letter.

We have before us a bouquet of choice periodical literature in the form of a little, artistically printed, monthly magazine yecept THE NORTHERN CROWN, and issued by the Keller Publishing Co., of Ukiah, while the "rare and radiant" literary flowers, full of that essence of refreshment and brain-elixir which so charms the mind of those who appreciate good reading, are from the mental garden—a fertile spot,—of Anna Morrison Reed. There are numbers one, two, three, four and five upon our table. All have been carefully read, and but now laid down . . .

Like lotus leaves, their perusal has, for the moment, carried us in imagination over the California Northwestern Railway (which in itself is a treat, even in imagination), into the picturesque territory of this pretty magazine's home—superb Mendocino county. There, we wander along silvery streams, in quiet solitudes—"away from the maddening crowd," amid brilliant, blushing flowers and nodding ferns, as the soft winds play about their stems, or watch the circling movements of yon great bird in the azure sky as he, perhaps, watches the steps of some lost sheep in the brush of yonder canyon.

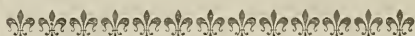
Anon, to loiter through the grand groves of stately redwood or aromatic pine, or stop, with breath suppressed, to watch a startled deer bound through the slyven glade and disappear among the red trunked manzanita that grows on the purple-veiled mountain side . . . But we awake, to wonder "how in the world" a journal of THE NORTHERN CROWN's high literary tone and mechanical perfection expects to live so far away from the center of appreciation of such things? However, we wish it a long life.

From The Fort Bragg Mail.

The September number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, is just at hand. Besides the usual good literary matter, there are a number of fine engravings notably those illustrating hunting and fishing scenes in Mendocino county. A poem entitled "My Knight," and a sketch, "An Unique Character," both by the editor, Anna Morrison Reed, and both illustrated, are fine literary productions. If you are not a subscriber, you ought to be. Mrs. Reed merits success.

From The Fort Bragg Advocate.

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed arrived in town Saturday evening in the interests of her bright newsy magazine, THE NORTHERN CROWN, published at Ukiah. It should find its way to every household in the county.



DEALER IN WATCHES, DIAMONDS ETC.,
WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIR-
ING AND ENGRAVING.

Official Watch Inspector
Cal. N. W. R. R. Co.

• H. H. Ewert •
Jeweler

STORE ON STANDLEY STREET, WEST
OF STATE STREET

UKIAH, CAL.



For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the begin-

Political Announcements

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

W. D. L. HELD

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Assemblyman from Mendocino county.

FOR SUPERVISOR

A. J. FAIRBANKS

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

D. H. LAWSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

C. A. BUSH

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

R. H. RAWLES

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

H. D. ROWE

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

M. L. GIBSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

JOHN FLANAGAN

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Fourth District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

A. J. BLEDSOE

Hereby announces himself as an independent candidate for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 6th Assembly district.

Excelsior Press Co., For Your Printing.

For Humanity.

ning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians

the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

For Supervisor

Leonard Barnard

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor from the 4th district.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

F. M. WEGER

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 6th Assembly District.

FOR CONGRESS

DUNCAN E. McKINLAY

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Congressman from the 2d Congressional District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

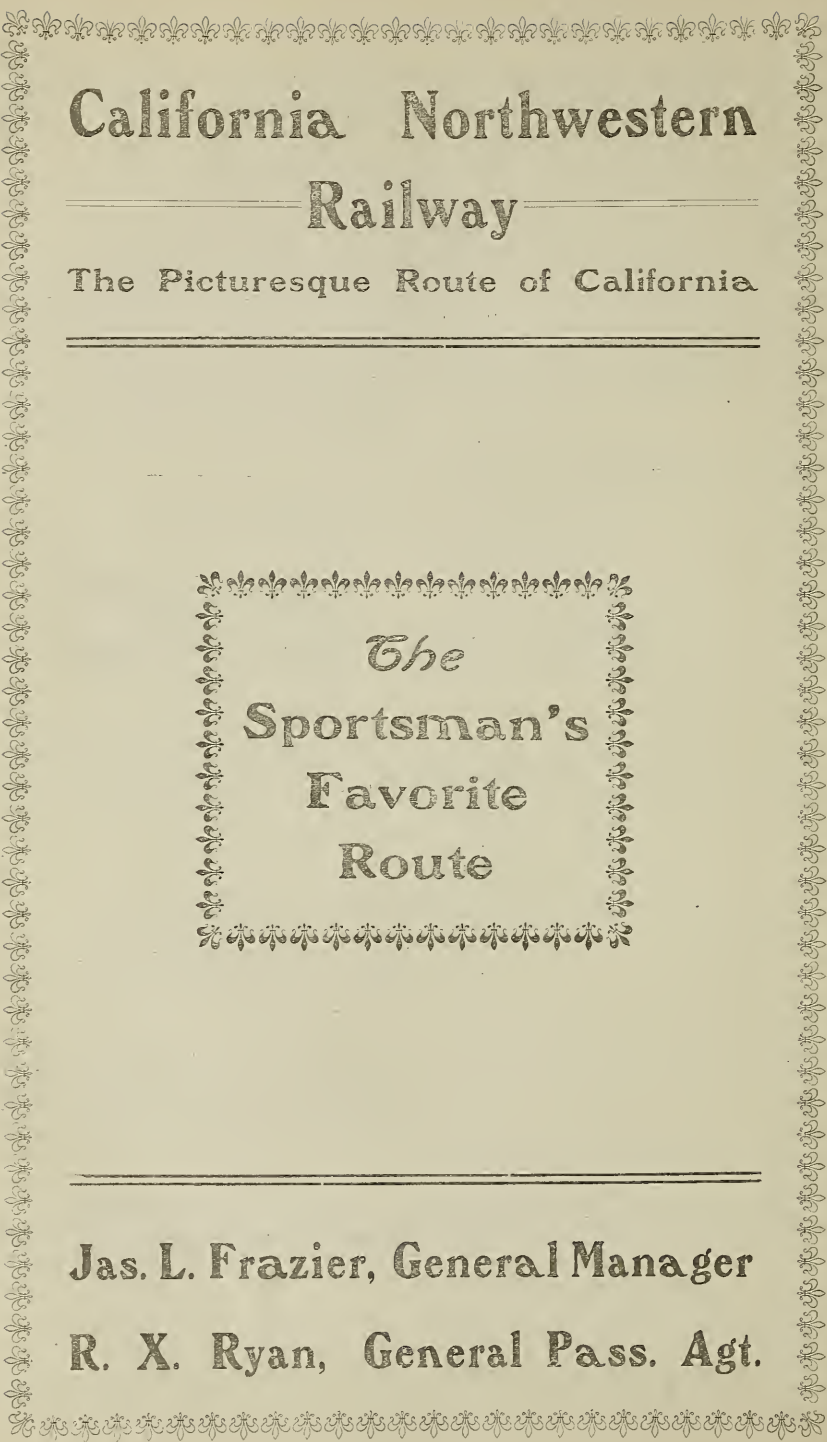
CHAS. O. DUNBAR

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Assemblyman from the 14th Assembly District.

FOR CONGRESS


THEO. A. BELL

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Congressman from the 2d Congressional District.



California Northwestern Railway

The Picturesque Route of California



The
Sportsman's
Favorite
Route

Jas. L. Frazier, General Manager

R. X. Ryan, General Pass. Agt.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1904.

NO. 7.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE.

BY W. T. FITCH.

FEW citizens of this our country there are, who have not read more or less of the voluminous mass of evidence which has been, and is still being presented through the medium of a more or less interested press touching the great question of the distribution of wealth.

A question as yet unsolved. One to which the greatest men of all ages have bent their minds, with but little profit. It is with one of the factors in the present phase of this struggle that we have to deal, and we therefore respectfully crave your attention and patience.

The average American citizen is a likeable chap, a man of sound judgment and of some little experience, whose clear vision will ultimately penetrate the dust raised by the various propagandists who propose to reform him, and to behold, if not realize, those cosmic ideals for which the ages wait.

We therefore approach him without fear of being misunderstood in our remarks concerning the Citizens' Alliance which is rolling up a cloud of smoke on the economic horizon by day, and giving a torchlight deportation party by night.

Now, in order to understand our subject it is necessary to review the events leading up to the organization of the alliance. Through the ages past, back to Mr. and Mrs. Adam, human nature has been ever the same. It is the same today. The lawyer, the preacher, the gambler, the laborer—all are animated by the one idea, selfishness. And "shmall blame till thim," for must we not all wage continuous war for our very existence? There are exceptions, however, in all walks of life (God bless them) who are working for the good of mankind, and getting NOT EVEN THANKS for their pains. But the

mass of mankind are ever at each other's throats—savages still. As far back as we have record the unscrupulous few have exploited the easy-going many.

The Saturday Evening Post, under date of Oct. 1st, 1904, says editorially: "The social fabric, which has been ravaged through the centuries by the SELFISHNESS and VAINGLORIOUSNESS of the TYRANNICAL FEW, and has survived and strengthened, is safe from any assault." (We will add, however, that it will look a bit battered before this matter of labor and capital is adjusted.) The first part of this paragraph exactly expressed the thought we wish to convey, viz: That the workingmen who are identified with either the alliance or the unions, are in the hands of the "tyrannical few," who will continue to exploit them until the mass of our citizens shall have learned the lesson that the centuries have so far striven in vain to teach, that selfishness, or to put it in a different way, the competitive form of government has been replaced by a stable form of the co-operative.

As the sea-coasts of the world are strewn with wrecks, vessels of every time and every nation, so are the pages of history strewn with the wrecks of nations. America is today passing through a crisis which will leave behind it a chastened, and let us hope a wiser people. In former times such questions involving the rights of the people, came up at different times in different countries; but the labor troubles of today, are world-wide. There is a determined effort being made to settle the vexed question once for all, and the movement has reached gigantic proportions. But here let us say that the trades unions movement presupposes a condition which does not exist. One that can never be realized except in a limited form under the present COMPETATIVE form of government, for the very good and sufficient reason that where the employer is

disposed to be reasonable, it is taken for weakness, and a contention arises which intensifies on both sides until all thought of compromise is put aside until necessity, which ever fights against the workingman, ends the controversy.

On the other hand the same result attends where the employer is unreasonable. And as the labor union exists by reason of the abuses of labor by capital, not maliciously, but by reason of competition, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the latter cases are the most numerous.

The labor movement, when it began to assume considerable proportions, attracted to it many ambitious political wire-pullers and other opportunists who, by their "gift of gab" at a time when the movement sadly needed leaders, directed matters to their own profit. And it is to this that unionism owes its present unpopularity with the general public. It is a hopeful sign of the times that no one of any repute for a sense of justice, blames the rank and file of the unions for the abuses perpetrated in their name by unscrupulous leaders. Nor can we blame the individual capitalist, as a class. It is, as Mr. Lawson has shown, the system that is at fault. For, if it were not, if those who are righteously inclined could change the current of popular effort and thought there would be enough on both sides of the question to make a radical change.

The reason why the labor movement has experienced a check, and that the capitalist is organizing so determined a resistance to its progress, lies in the fact that it is impossible at this time, and under present conditions, to realize the ideals that constitute the goal of the labor movement. And it is in districts where unionism is the strongest that this is most clearly demonstrated. For where any organization is all-powerful, the weaker party invariably suffers. The victor in any struggle, seems unable to stop at "good enough."

It is at this point that the alliance enters the arena to do battle with the victorious trades unions, in behalf of an impatient public. And right here we will take up the silent features of the alliance and consider them seriatim, placing each in opposition to that of the trades union.

THE OPEN SHOP.

It is patent to the poorest reasoner when once stated, that "one man cannot serve two masters." Yet this is just what the man in the closed shop is expected to do, and this fact militates against organized labor. Between the boss and the walking delegate, the union man is between two fires. The interests of the wage-earner, and the wage-payer, are not always the same by any means, and so there is always more or less friction. Now this is a condition of things which in its very nature cannot continue, for a labor trust is as much to be feared as a steel trust or any other combination. It is the governmental system under which such things are possible as the abuses which organized labor seeks to abolish, which is at fault, and for that reason reform must begin at the SOURCE of the trouble, and not waste its strength in trying to DAM UP the resulting torrent of evils. So therefore, we again repeat that under the present "system," which Mr. Lawson is so thoroughly "showing up," the closed shop is an anomaly; an impossibility.

ANTI-STRIKE, OR BOYCOTT.

We propose to consider this subject under two heads, viz: The ethics of the strike or boycott, and from the standpoint of expedience. Taking up the first named we will state the matter in this way: If a body of workmen have the right not only to cease to work, but to use means to prevent the employer running his plant, then, on the other hand, this right would carry with it the right of the employer, not only to discharge his men in a body or singly, without cause, but he may use means to prevent their finding em-

ployment elsewhere. The same rule of give and take would apply to the boycott also.

Ethically then, the strike and boycott on the one hand, and the lockout and blacklist on the other, are wrong. But from the standpoint of expediency it would appear that all of these "arguments" are permissible under certain circumstances. Instance, where either party is using its power to the hurt of the other, then the injured party, having no recourse at law, (and note that we use the absolute term, no recourse,) has the right of rebellion remaining. But the exercise of this right is only justifiable under stress of direct necessity, and the strike or boycott, if accompanied by violence are a form of rebellion, otherwise troops could never be employed in the premises. Here, however, it is proper to say that the function of troops, state or national, during a strike are as police only. Instances are not rare where troops have been used strictly in the interests of the property owner, while not one instance shows where they favored the laborer. How about this?

It is incontestable that in the past both parties to the labor question have abused their power, to the permanent hurt of both, to say nothing of the public. We are then forced to the conclusion that these methods are indefensible, and that the remedy for existing evils lies elsewhere. We conclude then that the alliance has taken proper ground, and is in a position to exert a salutary influence upon the present situation, provided, that it restricts its acts to dealing with cases where proper bounds are being overstepped.

THE UNION LABEL.

The alliance has made the air vibrant with protest against the use of a distinguishing label on union-made goods, claiming it amounts to a boycott on articles not made by such labor. The satirist has made merry over the "labeled" union man. But "out of thine own mouth will I judge thee,

thou wicked servant," for behold, the alliance also hath a lable, und it is like unto that of the allied printers. Forsooth, sir! do not be so hasty next time.

The use of a device to represent an individual or collection of individuals, or a particular kind of codfish or liver regulator, has never before been called in question, but now that the murder is out we may as well look into it. The union label is a device to accomplish a manifold purpose, viz: to protect those who wish to further the cause of union labor by purchasing only the products thereof. To create a demand for such goods by thus compelling all merchants to carry such goods, and to protect the union manufacturer from such as are disposed to substitute other goods for those of union make.

The alliance label is a device to accomplish the same purpose for the alliance. In other words, to nullify the union label. Therefore, if one party has the privilege of using a label for these purposes, so has the other. However, the union label is of a piece with the boycott, etc., so that what we have said under the head of strike or boycott would apply here.

LABOR AND CAPITAL, VICE, LABOR VERSUS CAPITAL.

Labor AGAINST capital, is a better statement of the matter than labor and capital, as things are going. For both are locked in a struggle for the supremacy which will end only with the submission of one of the proponents unless the alliance be able to pull them apart, and thus stop the row. It is true that nothing can be accomplished without friction, those who make progress, those who would be the pioneers of the van of progress, must expect some hard knocks, for nothing is won save by earnest efforts. Labor and capital should walk side by side, mutually benefiting each other, not like the fable of the lion and the lamb, who got on nicely together (with the lamb inside). For the co-operative idea, which the alliance has incorporated, is sound all

the way through, but it would fall to the ground if one party gobble up the other.

Therefore, do you, Mr. Union Man, call off your sandwich-men and pickets, and you, Mr. Employer, your lawyers and injunctions, and you, Mr. Governor, your Militia, and all of you get together and talk the matter over. There is nothing to gain and much to lose in the present struggle, and it would be better if there were more conference and less plotting going forward. The best thing that could happen to you, gentlemen, would be to change places for a while and each get a better view of the others position and responsibilities.

WORKING CARDS.

In addition to following the lead of the unions on the matter of a label, the alliance also issues a "working card" similar in all respects to that of the unions. Except that it is a "permit" and does not carry membership in any organization with it. Here we wish to state a proposition which we wish you to carefully consider, no matter who you are, or what your affiliation.

If the employers' association and the alliance, being in the minority, and being dissatisfied with the doing of an organization similar to their own, and enjoying the same privileges under the constitution, does, by the aid of the military arm of the government, eject from the territory (in effect expatriate,) the aforesaid majority, or such of them as is necessary to break the power of the opposition, then, what guarantee is there that the employers' association and the alliance will not institute a despotism equal in all respects to that which they have labored to overthrow? This is an exact statement of the matter as seen in Colorado, the first battlefield of the great revolution.

But while the matter is bad enough as it is, the situation would undoubtedly have been worse, had the labor troubles been allowed to continue. There is no doubt that the labor unions first, and the authorities next, went to

extremes, but the reign of martial law was a reactionary matter, a necessity under the existing conditions. Such matters are always attended by some injustice.

However, this situation has a third side to it. Back of the employer are, first, the business men and non-combatants generally, of the immediate region, and, secondly, the public at large who want coal and ore. And they want it badly, and right away. They do not care a rap who brings it to them, so they get it promptly. This class it is, by and of whom the alliance movement was formed. They stand today between the employer and his employees and say to them: "Gentlemen, stop talking, and saw wood!" So there you have it. The mechanic and laborer, who have fared ill enough in the past, heaven knows, trying to better themselves. The capitalist, small and large trying to hold up his end of the stick under the changed conditions. The

doctor, the lawyer and the merchant all depending on continued amity between the two, and the politician and the robber, serenely smiling at the "whole bunch" knowing by past experience that whichever is on top, is equally worth the plucking.

IN CONCLUSION.

It is a great truth that nothing can be accomplished without effort, and we see in the future, worked out by the continued effort of mankind throughout the ages to come, a commonwealth embracing all the countries of the world, which, united in one great confederacy, where there are no poor; where the blessings of education and reasonable leisure make life worth living; a people which have come up through much tribulation; who have learned the lesson that selfishness is the cause of all our troubles. Therefore, EDUCATION, AND MORE EDUCATION.

In Autumn.

By Anna M. Reed.

It is more than a year, since I looked in the
face of the day,

And said: "You are fair."

For my life has been shadowed by sorrow,
And my heart has been heavy with care.

But I turn to the Autumn land-scape,
Which nature has deftly adorned,
And the wrongs that oppress are forgotten,
And man's inhumanity scorned.

And I look in the face of the day,
Away from the prospect of care,
With a heart that is thankful and thrilled—
I say once again: "You are fair."



A Violin Solo.

By Laura Gordon Chappelle.

Sing me a song my violin,
Oh sing me a measure mellow,
Wild as the woodland's droning chant,
When the leaves turn brown and yellow.

A song that tells of whispering boughs,
With night-winds softly blowing,
As it sang around the eaves at home
At dawn when the cocks were crowing.

A strain that tells of sighing pines,
An echo of wood-doves calling,
Bringing a breath of forest fires,
When the autumn leaves are falling.

A lilting song of the pale, wild rose,
Or the breeze through low grass flying,
A song that tells of fields at night,
Where moonlight is softly lying.

Now I tune my strings to minor keys,
With a note almost like sobbing,
Where it tells of days long, long ago,
When my heart with youth was
throbbing.

Twang! the G-string snapped in twain,
All its wondrous melodies sever,
A life that is done, a soul that fled,
It's music is silenced forever.

THE CASE OF CONGER'S.

BY O. A. WARD.

EVERYTHING became pretty quiet in Nevada City when Conquest No. 2, the largest mine in the vicinity, shut down. The closing of the mine was generally deplored. When the crushing of ore ceased, the payroll stopped; and when the payroll was discontinued the soiled passbook, which had been conveyed so regular, by chubby, dirty hands to the grocery store down the street was returned unbonored; and not only minus the things ordered but the usual stripped piece of candy was not forthcoming, to the surprise and sorrow of the youthful bearer.

One November afternoon, a group of four or five men were gathered in front of the White Bear saloon discussing the probabilities of rain. The argument finally became so earnest that Barney Stevens, the bartender, came and tilted back a chair by the open door to listen, and the landlord Tadlinger, of the New York House, a little man with a very red face and thin, red whiskers, slowly "blazed" his way across the street by whitteling long shavings from a stick with his pocket-knife. Taking a seat on the edge of the watering trough, he pulled his hat down to shade his eyes and quietly listened to the conversation.

"Say, Tad," spoke up one of the men, as the weather topic began to get a trifle threadworn, "when is Mrs. Tad coming home?"

"Tomorrow, or next day," answered the landlord, as he shifted his crossed legs; "I'm purty safe, tho in sayin' next day."

"Well," broke in another of the group, "yon had better take a good bath and brace up, old man. You have had a horrible soak of it for two or three days."

The crowd laughed.

Tadlinger looked up with a sheepish, self-convicting smile, but made no reply. Shading his eyes he looked far down the western slope. "The stage is comin'," he finally remarked, "on the horse-shoe now."

"What is this about your wife's mother, Tad?" asked the bartender, as he made an unsuccessful attempt to expectorate the full width of the sidewalk.

"Oh, mother-in-law fell off the steamer goin' down to Stockton. Only favor she ever did me."

The little group laughed loudly.

"I don't believe in making sport of the dead," said Jim Conger as he arose from his seat.

"Nobody dead," replied the landlord, as he closed his knife with a snap and edged out into the street, "they harpooned her with a boat-hook and pulled her in."

With a laugh the men followed him across the street to see the stage in. As it swung around by the steps a fami in face appeared at the coach door.

"Mrs. Tad!" they ejaculated, as one man.

Mrs. Tadlinger it was no mistake. Backing her bulky form down the stage steps until she reached terra firma, she cast a hurried glance about her.

"Some of you men come here, quick."

As willing hands responded and lifted the limp, frail form of a woman from the coach, the landlady added: "The poor thing has fainted dead away! Bring her right in here."

It might be stated, and within the confines of the truth, that during her month's absence, Mrs. Tadlinger or "Mrs. Tad," and sometimes "Mother Tad," as she was familiarly called, had been missed by nearly every man, woman and child in Nevada City. I am compelled, however, to chronicle the fact that about one half of the population of this mining center would have been pleased if this worthy woman had prolonged her visit indefinitely. I refer to the drinking, fighting, gambling and lawless portion of the community. Mrs. Tadlinger's two hundred pounds of Methodism challenged the devil of that sect to combat upon each and every occasion and gave no quarter.

Hanging around the outskirts of this questionable element mostly, although occasionally getting squarely in the midst of it, was none other, I regret to say, than Mr. Tadlinger himself. Consequently he became the object of constant attack.

The courtship of the landlord and his wife had been a standing joke on account of its brevity. The story is that Mr. Tadlinger went over to seek employment of the landlady of the New York House. That worthy individual, who was too prone to jump at conclusions, imagined she saw in the offers of assistance, a delicately framed proposal of marriage. She accepted Mr. Tadlinger on the spot; and that individual, while horrified at the error, knew he might as well try to turn the waters of the Sacramento upstream as to convince her that there had been a blunder committed. Therefore in this instance, at least, the name of Smith faded out of existence and Tadlinger, for the first time, became one of power and strength in that community.

The better class hailed with joy the return of the landlady. During the absence of their leader, the little society of Methodists became inert and almost lifeless. They had depended so long upon the broad shoulders and fighting qualities of "Sister Tad," that they retreated at the first signs of conflict and abandoned the field without a struggle.

The question came to many minds as to what Mrs. Tadlinger would say when she learned how sin had "ran riot" during her absence, but to none more forcibly than to the guilty conscience of the landlord, as he was vainly trying to remove the signs of dissipation by a vigorous application of soap and water. During the excitement attending the first care of the sick traveller, he, while realizing that it was necessary for him to be in evidence, tried to not come in too close contact with Mrs. Tadlinger, but the effort was not a success. In attempting to dodge into the dining room he came face to face with his wife in the narrow hall.

"Malcom Tadlinger!" exclaimed that worthy woman, "what on earth have you been doing? You smell like a second-hand distillery. W-h-e-w!"

Martha," said that unfortunate individual, "I've been sick."

"You look sick. If you feel half as bad as you look, you are an awful sick man. You had better douse yourself in the sink!"

With this parting shot the landlady disappeared into the parlor.

Jim Conger, one of the men who assisted in carrying the woman into the New York House, did not stop to inquire into the sudden illness of the new arrival, or to discuss with his cronies the premature coming home of Mrs. Tadlinger. Instead, he walked around the corner and rapidly out the Graniteville road.

"There will be h—to pay now," he muttered, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "What did she come here for?"

As he approached his cabin, a little

boy with long curls stopped digging in the yard and ran down the path to meet him. Swinging the child upon his shoulder Conger entered the house. Seated by the window, sewing, was a woman in whose veins Indian blood could be discerned. She looked up smiling.

"Anything new, Jim?" she asked.

"N-n-o, yes. Mrs. Tad has got back."

"Is that so? Has Tad sobered up yet?"

"Yes, pretty much so. But there will be some fun when she finds out about that dance there the other night."

Mrs. Conger's features clouded up a little.

"I feel sorry for Mrs. Tad, anyway. He had no business to act the way he did."

"Say, Kit," spoke up Conger a few minutes later, I believe I'll take a trip down on the Middle Yuba and prospect 'round a little. Steve Hawkins is going tomorrow for a little trip and wants me to go along with him."

"Oh, Jim!" and dropping her work she clasped her arms about his neck. "I don't like to have you go. But do as you think best. I wish we dare open up this claim."

The following morning the little strange woman at the hotel was too ill to leave her bed and Miss Hineckley, the little milliner next door, was brought in to look after her while the landlady endeavored to restore the house to its usual degree of cleanliness.

"You can thank your stars, my dear," said the milliner, as she busied herself about the patient, "that you are in Mother Tad's hands. If there is an angel walking around on earth today it is her. About half the poor folk in town get their living off Mother Tad, in one way or another."

The wan face on the pillow essayed a smile and the lips moved as if to speak; but the smile faded away and from the

lips came no response but a hollow cough.

The landlady bustled into the room with a small tray on which was a bottle and a wine glass. Partly filling the glass, she said: There's little one is something good; drink it all, it won't hurt you. "Jennie," she added, turning to Miss Hineckley, "I want her to have half a glass of that every two hours. That will brace her up."

Miss Hineckley followed the landlady out into the hall. Tapping her chest significantly she nodded in the direction of the inner room.

"Course," ejaculated Mrs. Tadlinger, bluntly. "I knew it soon as we left Colfax. She wouldn't say a word, poor thing. Just sat and brooded over her trouble."

"Do you think it is right, Mother Tad, to give her that wine? You know the Bible says 'touch'—"

"Right? Hump! Have some sense, Jennie Hineckley, have some sense! See here, you know as well as I do that it is the best things the Lord has given us that are the most abused. And somebody said once that Satan, as he tramped up and down the earth seeking whom he might devour, never carried any weapons. He just found them in the hands of the righteous as he went along. Well, well, here I am preaching to you. Now run along; if you want anything you will find me upstairs."

Mr. Tadlinger stood upon the edge of the hotel porch, apparently in an uncertain frame of mind. Occasionally, he would glance up the street as if watching for some one. Finally he turned and went into the house. In the hallway he paused a moment to listen; then he tip-toed upstairs and down the long hall.

"It will be a long time before I have another chance," the landlord muttered to himself, "and it will be safer out to the barn, anyway."

Pausing at the door of an unused room, which was filled with odds and

ends of hotel furniture, he glanced back along the hallway. Observing that the coast was clear, he opened the door softly and stepped quickly inside. As he carefully closed the door behind him, he found himself face to face with Mrs. Tadlinger. She had just removed the cork from a large bottle and was smelling the contents. The landlord backed against the door for support, while his wife cast at him a look of withering scorn.

"Malcom Tadlinger!" she exclaimed, and the words ripped out like the snapping of a whip. "Ar'n't you ashamed to stand there and look me in the face? I know all about it!"

"Martha," feebly protested her husband.

"I know all about it! Do you hear? You moved everything out of the dining-room and had a dance there! You had half the women of Tigertown up here to our everlasting shame forever! You got drunk and pounded Sing so he could hardly get breakfast the next morning! You did all this,—coward that you are!"

"Mar—"

"Yes, coward! And all this time my mother was lying at death's door! One month I trusted you! One month I weighed you in the balance and found you wanting! One month I—I—I—"

Exhausted finally, from emotion and scarcity of breath, the good woman dropped into a chair and for a few minutes sobbed convulsively.

"What? What have you got to say for yourself?" she managed to articulate, glancing up through her tears.

Mr. Tadlinger was gone.

During the entire day two topics absorbed the attention of the village. One was the little sick woman at the hotel, of whom nothing could be learned. The other was embodied in the question: "What would Mrs. Tad. do about it?" In respect to the latter there could be but one conclusion arrived at. Mr. Tadlinger would be "fired bodily," as they expressed it. When

night came and nothing had occurred worth mentioning. McBride, the barber, voiced the general opinion, when he said, "Mother Tad. is simply layin' low an' gettin' ividence."

In truth, the landlady of the New York House was doing nothing of the kind. She was too busy. There was the sick woman to look after, besides renovating the house, straightening out affairs in the kitchen and even assisting in the dining-room, for one of the new girls from Marysville had become too cosmopolitan during her absence and it was necessary to let her go.

Mr. Tadlinger, more in a fit of despair than otherwise, rolled up his sleeves and scrubbed out the little office. Then, sitting with his feet dangling from the hotel porch, he resumed his old habit of whittling, a silent specimen of miserable manhood. From the open front of the White Bear saloon came wig-wag signals of divers meanings, but he heeded them not; nor did he stir from his position until his wife came to the door and requested him to ring the supper-bell.

Nevada City awoke next morning athirst for news and its wish was gratified. The information came through Mrs. Tadlinger, to whom the sick woman had told her history. She had been deserted by her husband years before in the east and finally traced him to Nevada city. On the day of her arrival she recognized him in the crowd and immediately fainted away. She described one man so accurately that there could be no mistake. That man was Jim Conger.

One of the unexplainable features of the human makeup is the rapidity with which it will grasp the slightest thread of an occurrence, or whisper of slander against the character of a fellow being. There were people who remembered at once that they had always considered Jim Conger a bad man. Others remarked that they thought his actions strange in marrying Kate Bently, the half-breed Indian woman.

There was no use denying the fact that the sympathy was intirely with the little woman dying with consumption at the New York House. Even Miss Hineckley, the mild-tempered little milliner, became very vindictive and outspoken.

"Jim Conger is a scoundrel!" said she, after many repetitions of the facts in the case as they came to her, "and as sister Tad. says, the man ought to be hung!"

Hung? Of course he had. The idea spread like wildfire. And in less than an hour a dozen determined men were galloping down the mountain side to find Jim Conger and hang him!

That night brought the much looked for rain. The water fell in torrents an devery gulley and gutter formed itself into a running stream. It was still drizzling when Kate Conger, with clothing wet and muddy and carrying her child in her arms, stumbled into the hotel. Exhausted and with tear-stained cheeks, she fell at the landlady's feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Tad." she cried, "what is this I hear about them going to kill Jim? My Jim! Oh, it can't be true, Mrs. Tad.; it can't be true! For God's sake do something to save my husband.

When Mrs. Tadlinger gazed down upon the distracted woman before her, with the little boy clinging, crying, to her skirts, the conscience of the landlady rose up and smote her; and as she herself expressed it afterwards, it gave her a pretty hard thump. So hard, indeed, that for once, her tongue lost its power to articulate.

"Sister Tad., Mrs. Irwin wants to see you." It was Miss. Hineckley who spoke.

"Who is this woman?" the patient whispered huskily, "I heard her speak of 'Jim.' Is it, can it be possible that she is Jim Irwin's wife?" After a moment she added: "Have her come here, I must see her."

As the sobbing woman knelt by the

bedside, the patient clasped one of her hands and said: "Answer me truely, are you the wife of James Irwin, or Conger, as they call him here?"

An affirmative answer came from the weeping woman.

The sick woman was visibly affected. Her gaze wandered until her eyes met those of the landlady.

"I should not have come here," she murmured, "but I wanted to see him once more."

Beckoning the landlady to approach, she drew her down and whispered something, and then added, audibly: "if he is in danger, do something to help him."

As Mrs. Tadlinger turned to go, the kneeling figure at the bedside grasped her by the hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Tad! you are a Christian! Pray, Mrs. Tad. that he may besaved!"

The landlady left the room with conflicting emotions within her breast and walked with a determined step to the end of the porch where a group of men had gathered out of the rain.

"Men," said she, "there has been a big mistake made and may the Lord forgive me for my part of it. He has not got two wives, as we supposed. The sick woman in here has been divorced from him for years and never let him kuow anything about it. What do you say, Ike Sanborn? What is your idea about it? Can't something be done?"

"Well, Mrs. Tad., the chances are slim, even if it is'nt too late. The grade is gone, you know, down by the Big Tree Curve. There is a chunk washed out there as big as the meetin' house. As for the old trail, well, there isn't one man or horse in a thousand that could get over that today. I know I would'nt want to try it."

"Isn't there a man here," the landlady exclaimed, earnestly, as she looked around the group, "with sand enough to try it? I'll give a man a hundred dollars simply to try it!"

Some shrugged their shoulders, while

others shook their heads. Mr. Tadlinger, who was one of the number, simply continued to whittle and did neither. When the landlady entered the house she felt that all hope had vanished. Turning into her bedchamber she soliloquized:

"Martha Tadlinger, you have been forgetting yourself and your boasted religious precepts the past few days. You have got to do a little extra praying and right now too!"

Thirty minutes later, as the landlady was about to leave her room, a horse galloped out of the hotel yard and down the street. Peering from the window she recognized Old Roan, an old-time stage horse and astride of him, bent over, with hat drawn down over his face as a protection from the pelting rain, sat a familiar figure. Could it be possible? Mrs. Tadlinger strained her eyes and her breath came fast. There could be no mistake. The rider was Mr. Tadlinger, himself.

Stock in the landlord of the New York House went up fifty per cent that day, when he was seen riding out of town by the way of the old trail. It was recalled that "Tad" used to carry the mail there years before and knew every foot of the five miles of treacherous pathway and the idea was freely expressed along the street that the landlord not only knew what he was about but there was one or two chances out of fifty that he would win.

Mrs. Tadlinger smiled through her tears as she conveyed the intelligence to the two anxious women in the sick room. She insisted upon Mrs. Conger remaining at the hotel and clothed in dry garments, the latter relieved Miss Hinckley of the care of the sick woman. These two seemed to fully understand

each other, but had a mediator been necessary, the child, "Jim's boy," would have eliminated every barrier. The suppressed excitement was fast telling upon the little patient whose lamp of life was flickering feebly.

Thirty hours after his departure, Mr. Tadlinger, accompanied by Jim Conger, rode up to the New York House. In a few minutes all available Nevada City was there to greet them; and when they saw the warm welcome extended by the landlady to the little, muddy, gaunt-featured and water-soaked figure of Mr. Tadlinger, a roaring hurrah went up from the crowd.

Mrs. Conger led her husband into the sick chamber, and as their hands clasped and the eyes of the sick woman looked full into his, the feeble light gave one more flicker and then went out entirely.

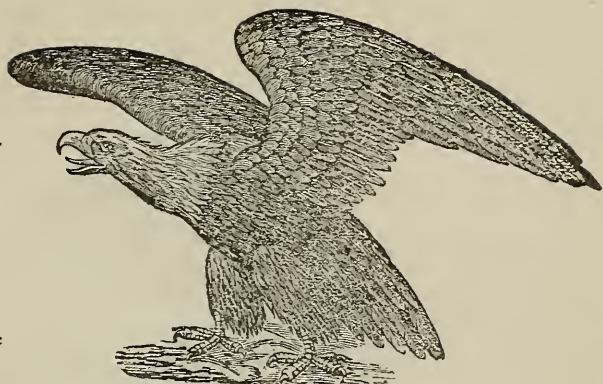
The posse returned the following day without having seen either of the two men.

While some narrators might be inclined to place a more narrow margin on the escape of Conger from death, the writer has endeavored to confine himself closely to the facts as they came to him. And while some of the inhabitants were disposed, at the time the landlord was elected mayor, to belittle his ride down the narrow mountain trail, the fact that Mr. Tadlinger carries a solid gold pocket-knife, upon the handle of which is engraved the flying figure of a man on horseback, presented to him by Mr. Conger soon after the latter opened up his claim, is proof sufficient to many people, Mrs. Conger and Mrs. Tadlinger, especially, that the ride of the landlord that day was equal to Sheridan's, and therefore should not be lightly estimated.



An Appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt

—By W. D. Foulke



Theodore Roosevelt has been elected President after a campaign in which the "paramount issue" was declared to be "himself." What are the qualities by which he has won the love and confidence of the American people? They are:

His unflinching honesty in act and speech and thought, and a frankness that is absolutely daring. He never says one thing and means another. He has no subtlety, no diplomatic finesse. He is not lacking in tact, but it is the tact that relies upon the good sense and love of fair play in those with whom he deals.

His utter fearlessness, not merely of personal danger, but of the consequences to himself from doing what he believes to be right, practicable, and for the public welfare. When warned that his intervention in the coal strike would blast his future, he set his teeth and answered: "Yes, I suppose it ends me, but it is right and I will do it." But although fearless, he is by no means rash. On all important matters he consults those whom he trusts, and no man is more willing to change his views if good reasons are submitted. Counsel is always welcome, control never.

His accurate sense of justice. Every man is to have "a square deal." When he was Civil Service Commissioner he filled the quotas from the South by announcing that Democrats should have just as good a chance for appointment as Republicans; he accords just as fair treatment to the Jew, the Catholic, and the Agnostic, as to the man who shares his own religious beliefs. He is President of the whole people, and not of those belonging to a single party, race, or creed.

His prodigious capacity for hard

work. In this he is like Napoleon. But much of his ability to "get things done" depends upon others. His knowledge of men is extensive and accurate; he chooses his agents with skill; trusting to them all details, and demanding nothing but results, he wastes no energy in trifles. The moment he arrives at a decision, it is carried into instant execution.

His practical nature. He has high ideals, but he never seeks the unattainable. He will not struggle vainly for "the perfect and abstract right" when he will lose thereby the good that can be accomplished by seeking something else. He has got to make this great government work, and he will make it work as nearly right as it will work at all, but he will not give up the job because all his ultimate desires cannot be accomplished.

His implicit reliance upon the better instincts of the people. While he often distrusts his own skill in handling local political conditions, no man since Lincoln ever had a stronger belief in the honesty and good sense of the masses. Although he comes from an aristocratic family, he is intensely democratic in his sympathies.

I might mention other characteristics: his masterful personality; the strength of his affection and his antipathies; his brilliant powers of conversation; his literary attainments; his ideal home life; his bubbling merriment, and his spirit of practical optimism, by which he epitomizes the joy of living and realizes to the full the old Roman ideal of the *MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO*. All these things fit him better than any man living to be President of a young, vigorous, great and flourishing Republic.

—Everybody's Magazine.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

THANKSGIVING.

To be very thankful seems to the writer too much like exulting over those more unfortunate. We are not thankful that turkey and good things abound upon our table, while others just as deserving eat crow.

We are sorry, when we remember, that through the

ages so stained with blood and tears, that man has not realized the primal cause of so much wretchedness, and by correcting the unfair conditions of human life, made possible a general Thanksgiving.

This is no dream—using common sense, and a little unselfishness, we could make life, for all, worth living, and fill the world with a justified thankfulness. But using the *free will* that was the gift of God and the *knowledge*, that he *filched* from under the very nose of the Almighty, man goes on year after year insulting the Divine ears, by thanksgiving, that by a better use of this stolen power, he *seems* more blest than his neighbor, who has not the same aptitude for using it, to his fellow man's undoing.

The trouble then, is: that man has not *attained* knowledge, as was intended, but has *stolen it*. And the Lord God said, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: Therefore, the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.—Genesis, 22–24.

So as is ever the case, the custody of stolen goods has hampered and embarrassed the thief in possession. Lies have been added to the original offense, and the world is entangled in a web of falsehood and fraud and hypocrisy where the innocent suffer with the guilty—not victims of God's will, but of the *free will of man*, and his ill used knowledge, and this must be, until we learn to yield obediently to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, and to God, what is God's. So, poor, perishing, prone things at the feet of an outraged Omnipotence, let us not say in our hearts, as we gather round thanksgiving cheer: fellow ant, we are so thankful that we have a better ant hill than your own, with eaches filled with savory seed, winnowed from the broken hearts and lives—lost faith—curses and lamentations of other ants, crippled mentally and physically in life's battles, from whose very jaws we have snatched these luscious things, such were easy victims to our dishonest thrift, but a wise

ant must look out for himself, and prepare for a rainy day, yet after the precious piles are hoarded, how disappointing, that often the rain falls on a dead ant's grave.

It was the grasshopper who was foolish in the fable, but we are a foolish ant, and cannot be quite glad just now, when far across the water, little brown ants and great white ones, are fighting and freezing this Thanksgiving Day, while in fair Japan under the Cherry blooms, little brown lady ants wring their hands, and moan, appealing from blind grief to blinder gods. And in cold Russia the widowed white ants' black bread, is wet today with tears. And all this, for what? A piece of not too inviting territory, and a little brief authority, in an age where *might still is right*.

In other lands the God of war has shown his teeth, and yet in others, peace reigns—the sun shines, birds sing, and the willing soil yields to the tillers hand. But still free will and the stolen knowledge work much woe, while the heavens look on and wonder.

We will be thankful then, that of all the lands our land is happiest and best, that here we are solving most rapidly the problems of man's well-being and learning what to do with our inherited plunder: knowledge. Personally, we should each be very thankful for health, if we possess it. For courage, not like that which animates the game cock, who perches upon the prostrate body of his enemy, and crows exultation to his especial hen coop. Nor like that of the victorious barbarians of old, who after slaughter and death, bound their prisoners to the car of victory, and paraded before the eyes of their especial corner of the world, the vanquished, weeping victims of war. But the courage that gives the dauntless heart, the strength to meet the difficulties of our daily lives with quiet fortitude, and to despise unworthy things, and ignore the insults and humiliations of human existence.

Sometime ago the grasp of avarice reached, and took hold upon our own particular ant hill, confusion and

even death insured; household gods were scattered; and supposedly safe provision for the future confiscated, with not only the rainy day, but the winter of life coming on. And no doubt the ant who has profited by our ill-fortune will eat his turkey with thankfulness that the fullness and fatness of the land are his, though he has left leanness and emptiness, and scattered colonies, and ant hills in the wake of his cupidity.

If the wishbone sticks in his throat, we are not too Christian to rejoice, and should he strangle even on the day's set phrases, it would be no wonder, for he has no God to receive his Thanksgiving. Since the day when our ant hill was so ruthlessly leveled to the earth, we have worked early and late, and we are thankful that we have had the health, strength and ability to do so, and to here appeal, month after month, to the minds of others, and ask them to help us hasten the day, of the world's thanksgiving, when the velvet *Antennae* of professed friendship will cover no longer the claw of greed, and each anthill honestly acquired, will be safe from assault and devastation by other termites.

Meanwhile we return most fervent thanks, that we are as yet, the robbed, and not the robber-ant

*
* *

The choice of the people, for public servants from President down, has been made, and in our own part of the world most wisely. We look forward to four years of peace, plenty and progress. Every loyal citizen will welcome the incoming officers, giving them aid and support in the responsible duties assumed. Let the majority rule, for the greatest good of the greatest number. We are sincerely American, and so say: Welcome, to every man honestly elected.

*
* *

We know that during the term of office to be served by Marcus L. Gibson, of the second supervisorial district,

no such giant imposition will be forced upon the tax-payers as the changing of the Potter Valley and Blue Lake road.

Sometime last spring a notice of condemnation was posted upon the bridge over the branch of Russian River, beyond Fort Brown. An attempt was made to run the road temporarily into the steep, rocky bed of the creek, and to make the teamsters, and the travelling public avoid the bridge as a thing of danger. That it was, at the time, perfectly safe has been proven by their constant travel over it with loads varying in weight from 40 to 90 hundred, and one man crossed with 7 tons of canned beans, and there was no danger, or no disaster incurred. Meanwhile a new bridge, at the cost of some \$4000.00 was thrown across Russian River, near the Christie place, and a new grade dug along the north hillside, on the south side of the stream.

Everyone who travels the mountain grades of California, knows what a north hillside means in winter, and especially this one, with the Williams' ditch above, to seep, and drip until the road is one eternal mudhole, a menace to the lives and tempers of man and beast. The old grade ran on a south hillside, sunny and warm, and comfortably dry all winter. Five hundred dollars would have made the old bridge new, and a few loads of gravel made the old grade perfect, and travel to the north, and Humboldt, always possible by way of Calpella. A fill has been made at the end of the old bridge, so that those formerly going by the shorter route, must now come around by Ukiah, and on the trip travel twelve additional miles by the new route. This is a public hardship, at this day when upon short and rapid transit, hinges all traffic and travel. Had we been advised sooner of this outrage and unnecessary use of public funds, we would have labored without ceasing to prevent it. As it is, it would be cheaper for the people to abandon this road today, than to go on pouring money out for the constant repair that will be necessary, and the gravelling of the new grade, for years to come.

The illustrated lecture on views of the Yellowstone Park, by the Rev. W. M. Woodward, at the St. John's M. E. church, Ukiah, was not only exceedingly interesting, but educational, and it would benefit the community if more of such could be given during the winter.

We cannot know too much of the beauty of the land we live in, and such description as given by the Rev. Mr. Woodward, both by word and picture, is rare and excellent. Many who were prevented from attending, would be gratified by a repetition of this presentation of our picturesque National Park.

For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little

or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to

For Humanity.

be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often

endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.



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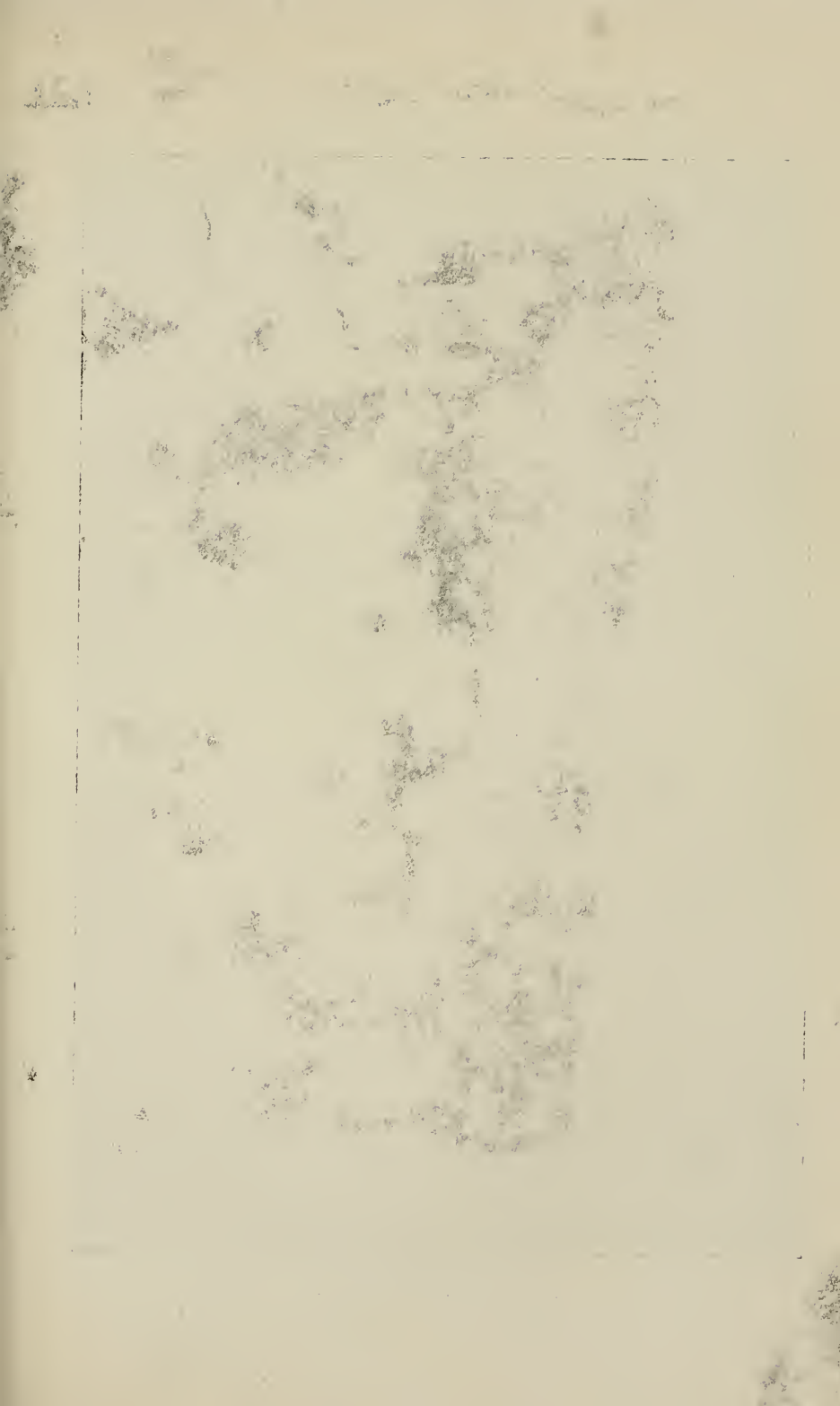


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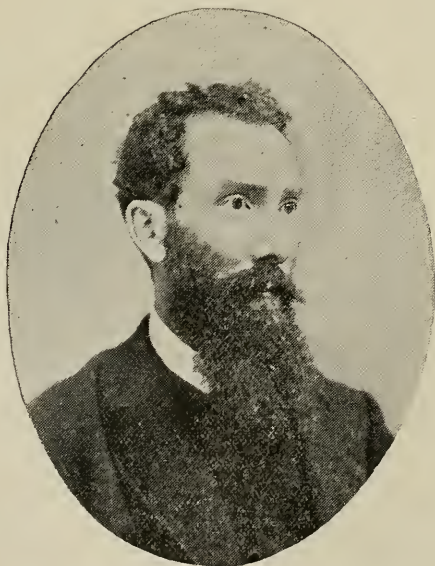
VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., DECEMBER, 1904.

NO. 8.

THE SHEEP INDUSTRY OF MENDOCINO COUNTY.

BY J. H. CLARKE



JOSEPH H. CLARKE.

One of Mendocino's Most Able and Successful Citizens.

The following is written at the request of the Editress of the NORTHERN CROWN to give reasons for the many failures in the sheep industry and general decrease of the flocks in Mendocino County.

THE final abandonment of sheep for other stock is chiefly attributable to the coyote. Were it not for this pest, though managed in the careless and customary way, sheep prove far more

profitable than the raising of beef. Sheep gave way to cattle that the owner might be released from "care and worry;" changed for herds that could protect themselves and which are usually associated, at least in the imagination, with leisure and indolence.

If the same amount of precaution, the same amount of thought mingled

with the necessary labor required for successful prosecution of other rural industries, were put in the sheep business, it would seldom be forsaken.

Even under the present and common methods of mismanagement many quit sheep to their misfortune.

OVERSTOCKING.

Overstocking is the most fatal mistake made in the production of mutton and wool. This is not so serious on the flat or leveler lands beneath a lesser rain fall, but on our hill and mountain ranges that in the space of a few weeks are drenched, and inundated with from sixty to a hundred inches of water it is disastrous. Range deterioration is soon manifest and in a few years the grazing capacity of some sheep ranges dropped at least forty per cent. During the summer months all the old grass was consumed by the hungry sheep leaving the surface soil without its natural protection. Divested of nature's wrapping, a legacy of the past, the light and more fertile portions of the hills are carried away by succeeding storms. Beneath a covering of old feed the seed soon sprouts and the new grass is up within a few days after the first rains in the fall, not to wither and die, but sheltered and protected by the fostering mulch acts conjointly with that in saving the soil.

Notice the steep, overstocked hillside in a hard rain and witness the fearful accelerated denudation! In the absence of grass the downpour dissolves the surface soil, then small puddles form, gather, break into the next below and these myriad little erosions, continually augmented, rushing on and gathering force in geometrical progression, freighted with humus and seed, potash and nitrogen, dash into the gulch, fill high the creek, rush on to the river and are lost forever. And thus the mountain's fertility is rapidly diminished.

On many ranges this depleting process has continued to such an extent that patches of bedrock formerly be-

neath several inches of earth and stretches of clay, once deep beneath alluvial fertility are exposed naked to the sun. On these wastes, strips of desolation, nothing can grow.

Not only have the hills been bereft of the essential elements of plant growth, their forage producing capacity, but nature's granary of seed has been swept oceanward. After a super-abundant harvest much of the seed may remain in the soil ungerminated and dormant for several seasons. When this is exhausted, the new crop eaten off, an insufficient quantity returned to the soil, what can be expected? A mortgage has been given to the future and the gloomy mortgagor is brimfull of dissatisfaction.

The most nutrient, deep-rooted soil protecting and best indigenous forage plants are obliterated and supplanted by an adventitious growth often unpalatable to sheep. Several perennial clovers, the most nutritious of plants once common and furnishing a large proportion of the feed, have disappeared. In their place have sprung up shallow-rooted, woody annuals of little value as pasturage plants.

Many of these perpetuate themselves by being unacceptable to stock a large portion of the year.

All stockmen admit that overstocking is pernicious and yet it has been the rule rather than the exception. Twenty-five years ago it was not uncommon to find sheepmen of large holdings making wool the only object of income. Usually young sheep were bought with the ostensible object of putting them on the range and shearing them twice a year, till they died of old age. This practice in a measure was partly responsible for the habit of overstocking.

Little pride or interest was taken in the flock save that of numbers, and an erroneous impression prevailed that a sheep scantily fed would shear as much as one abundantly supplied—that diff-

erence in clip was due to the grade of sheep.

The amount of feed on the range is the proper criterion to follow and not altogether the condition of the stock. Healthy, grown sheep may keep fat all summer and into the fall and have their range cropped very close; eaten so bare that the first grass that starts up in the fall on the south slopes, without the nourishing and protecting mulch, is seared and killed by the autumn sun. This was the proper feed to support the flock in mid-winter when they most needed grass and sunshine. Even if the sheep get through the winter by subsisting for a time on browse and acorns the range has suffered irreparable injury.

Continually bordering and hedging along the line of the maximum carrying capacity is a dangerous practice viewed from a financial standpoint. Safer, far better a super-abundance of old feed than the slightest scarcity. A large balance of feed kept over, uneaten, is not a waste, but capital invested in the range. Surplus grass has been a characteristic crop of nearly every successful sheep-raiser.

I have divided a flock of sheep, all of the same age, sex and condition and pastured them in adjoining fields from early fall till spring shearing. One lot had ample feed while the other kept their pasture closely shaven and during the hard weather were somewhat thin. At shearing, those properly pastured shorn over a pound more wool than those that hungered in the contiguous lot.

Overstocking is chiefly responsible for the serious losses in hard winters. Fat sheep will live for weeks in the snow where they can get a few leaves. The fallacious idea that greater profit lies in carrying all the sheep you can just pull through the winter has cost many a sheepman from a quarter to half his flock. Every few years comes a "very hard winter," late rains followed by north winds and frost, culminat-

ing in snow, producing a terrible death rate among those poverty smitten flocks.

Where this practice of "carry all you can" is persued, few lambs are raised, owing to the weak and poor condition of the ewes. At spring shearing there are only a few saleable sheep as the mutton market is about the only market, and the buyer is permitted to take anything fat enough. This method of "cutting down" on the overstocked range is after an easy winter; after a severe winter there is usually the remnant or none for sale. Selling your best sheep, because none others are fat is another stride down hill. It is impossible to prevent deterioration of the flock under this method of selling.

The usual excuse given for such action is, "I was forced to sell." Overstocking, poverty was the impelling force. Poverty limits the increase, retards growth and depauperates, greatly lessens the quantity and quality of the wool, and eventually covers its tracks with disease. Ewes with ample feed and protected from vermin will, one year with another, raise from seventy to a hundred per cent of lambs. These to be made most profitable should be pushed to maturity as fast as possible by giving them ample pasturage.

The wethers at two-years-past should give above fifty pounds of mutton and yield eight pounds of wool for the second year. Every sheep kept should be up to the standard. No undersized or ill-shaped animal should be retained.

ADVICE.

Dispose of the old ewes for mutton before they are broken down. Examine their teeth once a year and cull out as soon as the teeth begin to break. The sooner a wether is prepared and put on the shambles the more profitable he is. Keep plenty of feed and sell when mutton is highest and have the best to sell. Never be compelled to sell a sheep when the market is down. Give your sheep plenty of salt and count them frequently. Go to their

camp grounds and see if they have been molested. Should one die, find it in time to determine the cause of its death.

There is satisfaction and good profits in sheep when properly managed. But overstocking reverses all this. There is neither pleasure or profit to be derived from a flock of scabby sheep on an impoverished range. Poverty renders the best breeds of sheep equally unprofitable, and practically prevents any improvement in the flock. To

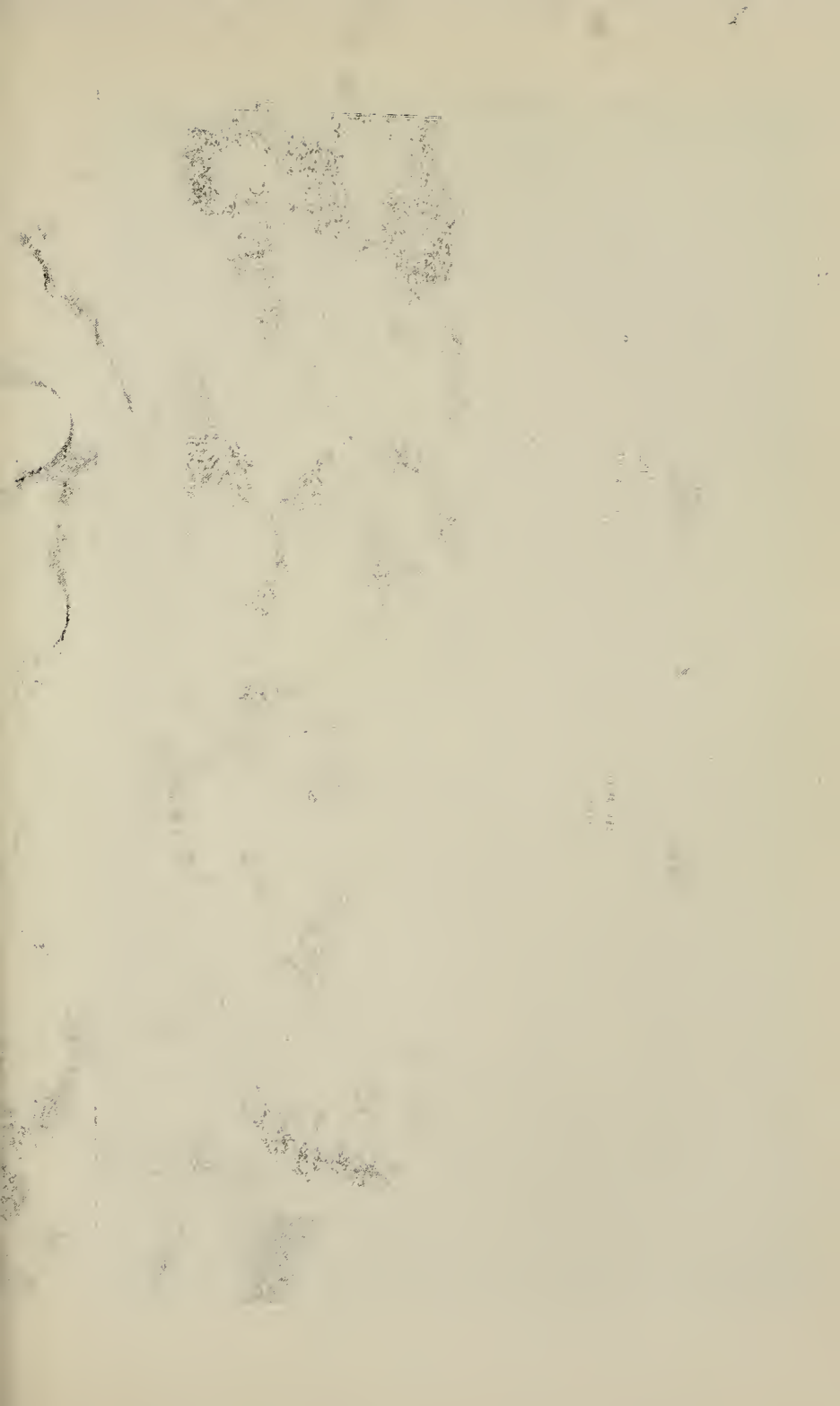
succeed in the sheep business, to make the most out of it, thought and energy must be put into it, all its ramifications must be studied in detail. If this is done it will not only prove a profitable investment but be a public good. Mutton is probably the most healthful meat and its consumption is constantly increasing. The "good" shepherd of today should not be without honor any more - than he was two thousand years ago on the hills of Judea.

Dusk On the Columbia.

By Anna Morrison Reed.

The smouldering fires of the sunset,
 Die in the western sky,
 The shadows of twilight are falling,
 Away from the evening's wings,
 A robin his mate is calling,
 With the song of a thousand springs,—
 As your heart called—and is calling,
 Through all the changing years,
 To mine; whose only answer,
 Must be but silent tears.
 Here on the breast of the river,
 That flows to a wider sea,
 Hushed in a dream of longing,
 The dusk has folded me.

Columbia River, April 13th, 1904





W. T. FITCH AND FAMILY.

Mr. Fitch is the gifted author of "The Conflict Between Labor and Capital," "The Dice of Fate" and other valued and able contributions to THE NORTHERN CROWN.

A Jekyll-Hyde Santa Claus.

BY W. T. FITCH

A BUSINESS man at his office is often very different from the same man at home. Many a man there is, who, while known at his office as an "old skinflint" is a loving gentle "paw" to those at his home. And were you tell some of his performances to that trusting bunch of olive branches who look to him as the potent source of all the good things that life has to offer, would they set the dog on you? Some! Therefore, if you have a misunderstanding with your landlord and he is harsh with you, give him the benefit of the doubt, and do not think him as fierce as he looks. Now to clinch the matter, listen to the tale of the frosty old curmudgeon who collected rents.

The old curmudgeon, having fed himself by means of a steel knife and fork and having donned his steel-gray top coat and hat, launched himself through the steel portals of his modern steel mansion like a very large and very convex, steel projectile. His line of flight bisects that of a passing car, and he is borne over sundry miles of steel rails to the modern, steel office building where he does his plotting.

He pops into the elevator, which is also constructed of steel, and is controlled by a boy who would doubtless steal if given a chance, and is borne swiftly to his office floor. His steel-gray eye takes in the interior of his sanctum with a comprehensive glint as he removes his coat and hat and hangs them on a steel rack which is attached to the wall by means of two steel nails.

Seating himself at his desk he opens it with a steel key, and, adjusting his

steel-bowed "spees" on his nose is ready for the battles of the day.

He now gives his attention to the morning mail which his stenographer removed from envelopes previously stabbed with a steel letter-opener.

Glaring at the calendar, and with his brow wrinkled into a map of Manchuria, he dictates replies which his stenographer later copies out with much clicking of the steel type.

Now begins the real business of the day, which one should know is the collection of rents, or any old bill which for any reason at all remains unpaid to the holder thereof. The curmudgeon now receives the personal reports of his collectors. Mr Grimm (the voice of the curmudgeon sounds like the click of handcuffs). Mr. Grimm proceeds to hand over his receipts, and to enumerate the delinquents with comments suitable to each. "The widow Flaherty claimed she had 'nt a cent, and would 'nt dig," comments Mr. Grimm. "Get onta writ and eject her," commands the curmudgeon, biting off each word like a nail machine cutting wire. "Yes sir, and Peterson's sick," began Mr. Grimm, but the curmudgeon cuts him off with a click, "give him ten days notice, I'm not running a poor farm." Well Grimm, speak up sir! Grimm finishes his list and gives way to the next. And so the business hours are worried to a close.

The curmudgeon locks his office with the steel key, and projecting himself to the elevator is hurled to the ground floor. A rush to the street; a feverish moment spent waiting for a car; and copying two columns of the "Daily

Squeeze" he is borne over the steel rails to his home. Dashing into the hall, he rips off his overcoat, stabs the umbrella rack with his steel shod cane, and--Zip! Mr. Hyde is Dr. Jekyll again.

He walks leisurely, serene and smiling, to the parlor, where he finds the family assembled. And this particular evening happening to be Christmas eve, and a large evergreen tree having suddenly taken root in one corner of the apartment, stands loaded with very queer fruit for an ordinary, law-abiding pine sapling. The fruit borne by this extraordinary tree is the result of weeks of cellar and garret conferences.

Mother has been beset for days, advice asked and given in health stage whispers; young conspirators lurking behind corners; and such expressions as, "Oh, Mother! wot yeh make Ted go 'way? I can't say a word t'yeh without he hear--s-s it! (this in a whining voice). Everybody with so many secrets that they dare not open their mouth lest they ruin some cherished plan and, worse yet, bring down swift vengeance in the form of a counter confidence. Of course, just a mere hint is 'nt telling.

Sighs and frowns. Tears and smiles, bribes and intimidation. And all the smaller joys and sorrows of Christmas shopping. The total representing a

goodly chunk of the curmudgeon's bank account. But does he sigh? Nay, he would have doubled it at the hint! After all the gifts have all been distributed by the curmudgeon gotten up as the "original and only genuine" Santa Claus, to whom the sweet childish eyes of many lands look; the confiding voices pray; and the unaccustomed pens of whom scratch a thousand-fold appeal for the mysterious gifts of which they believe him to be so bountifully possessed; then comes dinner.

THE dinner of the year. And was ever a father more generous with "wings" and "drumsticks?" Just imagine the hard-fisted old sneak, smiling until his face aches, as he gazes around upon the happy faces of the little assemblage.

Dinner disposed of, he romps with the children, laughing and cackling at his ancient and oft repeated Christmas jokes, inherited from his grandfather. Altogether, he behaves himself in the most ideal manner, and is the best and most warm-hearted old chump alive.

And this is thy mission, Oh Christmas-tide: to the end that we may forget for a time, limited though it be, our own little self, and turn our unaccustomed hand to the gracious task of promoting the happiness of others.

A Tale of Eden.

A primitive party named Adam,
Saw a serpent and thought that he
"had" em,"

But the snake said: "Don't flee,"
It's a real snake you see,
I have just brought some fruit for your
madam." —Clifton B. D.

Popular Magazine.

THE SEA.

She was rich and of high degree;

A poor and unknown artist he.

"Paint me," she said, "A view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the
day

That Aphrodite arose from the spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face
the while,

Into its countless—dimpled smile.

"What a pokey, stupid picture!" said she;

"I don't believe he can paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,

Storming, with fierce and sudden
shock,

Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam.

A towering, mighty fastness—rock.

In its sides, above those leaping crests,

The thronging sea-birds build their
nests.

"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;

"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown
sand,

With a big hotel on either hand,

And a handsome pavilion for the band—

Not a sign of the water to be seen

Except one faint little streak of green.

"What a perfectly exquisite picture!"
said she;

"It's the very image of the Sea!"

—EVA L. OGDEN. *Century Magazine*.

The Western Trend of Civilization.

EUREKA AND HUMBOLDT BAY.

BY WILLIAM AYRES.

IN preceding numbers we have described Humboldt as occupying an enviable position on the Pacific shore as relates to California's commercial and industrial growth. It will be the effort of this paper to refer more particularly to Humboldt's endowments, development and future possibilities, and to her capital city, Eureka, the fair Queen of the Realm of Redwood. The city is situated on what might be termed the southern side of Humboldt bay, whose concave water-line embraces the land in such manner surrounding a point, that the city looks westward, northward and eastward, while its growth and extension is southward.

The deepest and best water to accommodate shipping is west and north, the east giving more upon marsh lands with intervening sloughs. The land rises from the waters edge in a gentle slope toward the south, and the natural water system can be compared to nothing so completely illustrative of the situation as to a lady's widely extended fan, the dividing ridge which reaches back to the mountains represents the handle, and the divergent rays of the fan the natural water system that drains the ground.

Looking southward a continuous forest meets the eye, which is slowly yielding its kingdom to the inroads of the lumbermen and wood gatherers, later to be followed by the cottages of suburban dwellers, who are clearing the way for the coming of improved streets and substantial buildings. The scattered cottages now extend south-erly from the most northerly water front, a distance of two miles from the

waters edge. Across the city from the water on the west to the marsh on the east, one mile back from the northerly point, is two miles and a half.

The gentle rise from the water-line on the three sides, to the central dividing ridge forms a most admirable system of natural drainage, affording available outfalls on three sides of the city in its present growth, which about covers the blunt point of land which pushes into the bay forming the site of the present city, and in the future the city will extend easterly and southerly along the bay shores as well as back and southerly encroaching upon the forest. The area contained within the corporate limits at the present time is about five and one half square miles.

The streets run very nearly with the points of the compass. The city has eighty-five miles of graded streets and a total of nearly one hundred miles of sidewalks, some of cement, but principally of redwood plank. There are two miles of asphalt street pavement laid upon substantial concrete foundation; other streets are paved with river gravel. The growth of the city for the last three years has been very rapid, but it has been a healthy growth, there being very few idle people. The rush of building which has been kept up during the three years has been hardly sufficient to house the incoming population, and the alternative of going into rooms as in the larger cities is being adapted.

Eureka has been the center of lumber manufacture for Humboldt county since the first inauguration of the industry in 1851. The details of the

evolution, growth and expansion of the lumbering industry of Humboldt would constitute a history too voluminous for the limits of this article. But the stage through which it has passed from the time of the ox-team, wooden truck and muley saw to the present day and present appliances of donkey engines, steam locomotive logging railroads, electric communication, bull-donkeys and double-action band saws is a most interesting one.

During the whole period of development to the present time, lumber has occupied a leading place in Humboldt's manufactures by more than two to one; the dairying interest in later years having grown to second place in the county's product and output. To give a comparative idea of these leading products, take the last annual report of the Harbor Commissioners and we find the total of all exports for 1903 amounted to \$7,331,370.00 of which \$4,803,916.00 was in lumber, and \$1,275,858.00 was in dairy products, the two leading productions forming over three-fourths of the production of the county. The first lumbermen and the first dairymen little thought to what proportion these industries would reach as a following of their first pioneer efforts in these vocations, nor did the first occupants of the first houses along the city's water front dream that in the beginning of the present century the streets would run two miles back southerly from the water-line, hedged with the houses of a growing and thrifty population.

But, in reality, the possibilities of Eureka and of Humboldt are in the very infancy of their development.

For Eureka a hopeful future in diversified manufactures opens before her and invites her to an enviable position. As the capital and center of the red-wood industry her position is assured by reason of her commanding harbor of Humboldt bay, and the fact that Humboldt possesses the cream of the red-wood belt. But her advantage does not stop with this feature. It has trans-

pired and been irrefutably demonstrated that Eureka's climate and water are admirably adapted to textile manufactures, in fact a record has been in this branch of manufactures that is unexcelled anywhere, and as the growing tendency toward legitimate and conservative investment in operative enterprise advances the favorable conditions here offered in this industry is certain to attract multiplied capital in extended and enlarged operation.

The demonstration has already been made in woolen fabrics, but experiments have been made which show that the conditions are equally well adapted to the culture of flax and the manufacture of linen. To the end of adding this industry to the woolen mill enterprise already established, investigations are now being made.

Admirable sites for mills in extending the textile industry are available in ample acreage, and the future promises much for this branch of industry in Eureka.

Two machine shops and one foundry have a full volume of work coming from railroads, the mills and the logging woods. It is predicted that the time is not far distant when the peninsula, west from the city and across the bay will be the location of numerous smelting and reduction works to reduce the base ores with which the eastern borders of the county abounds.

The manufacture of furniture and of pulp have been subject of careful investigation, and while reports have been favorable, no steps to materialize these enterprises have been taken, the opportunities, as yet, are open to the seeking investor.

The premium leather of the United States is made in Humboldt, the specialty being that of harness leather, and the question naturally comes to the point, why not a premium harness factory also? Possessing such variety and abundance of woods for toys, fancy ornamental work, there is an undeveloped, almost untouched field of enter-

prise in this direction. The production and canning of small fruits hold great promise to him who shall enter and fill the opportunity, for the reason that active tests have proved Humboldt berry fruit unequalled for cannery purposes, remaining firm and luscious after passing through the process.

Considerable mining is carried on along the eastern border, principally placer mining for gold. Iron, copper, coal and petroleum are known to exist, but are as yet undeveloped. A large area of the county is devoted to stock raising. This lies principally inland on the inside of the redwood timber belt but as transportation makes this section available, much of it will in turn be employed in horticulture for which it is admirably adapted. But a new era is opening for Humboldt, and there are many forces at work to propel her onward in the race for development and position. During the last five years from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars of capital has been brought in from outside sources and invested in railroads, lumbering mills,

timber lands and real estate, and a number of large deals are now pending which will increase the tide of incoming capital that is being attracted by the apparently exhaustless resources.

It is fair to presume that such investing capital is well assured that through railway connection is certain to be accomplished in the near future, and that such fact is the cause for incoming capital, and transportation is one necessary factor to promote development. The other necessary factor is power, and a powerful company is rapidly preparing for the generation and distribution of about three thousand horse power, to be in operation by the first of January. When this great power plant is installed and its energy harnessed to the wheels of new manufacturing, and through railroad connection is accomplished, bringing into life a thousand new industries, it will be necessary to add another chapter, paint another picture of Humboldt as "the greatest county, in the greatest state, in the greatest country under the sun."

The Knowledge of Faith.

By Lucile Macpherson.

Why do we search for truth, when truth is here;

Why do we argue what we cannot comprehend?

The world is beautiful beyond compare,

What greater truth of God could Heaven send?

Accept it, as it is, the master does the rest;

His will created, then it must be right;

Live in the knowledge that we all are blest,

It is the patient faith, that sees the light.

The Moth and the Butterfly.

Georgie K. Reed.

A gray moth fluttered forth one night
To seek for the path of fame,
But, alas! he beheld on his journey's way
The light of a rainbow flame;
He paused to gaze at this glowing blaze
That filled his world with light,
But, alas! for the moth with the soft gray wings
For he scorched them black that night.

A golden butterfly one day
Set forth on her yellow wings
To sip the heart of a honeyed flower
For the happiness it brings,
But she stayed too long, in this land of song,
Where beauty comes to grief,
And left the love of a dozen hearts
To die on a poisoned leaf.
Alas! for the moth with the soft gray wings,
Alas! for the butterfly—
Alas! for the song the siren sings
To see young beauty die,
Alas! for the tempter's smiling face,
Alas! for the poisoned flower;
Alas! for the life so often spent
In the jest of an idle hour.

Idaho's Young Poetess.



Georgie Kriechbaum Reed.

IT IS with pleasure that we present in the December NORTHERN CROWN, the portrait of Georgie Kriechbaum Reed, the young and gifted poetess of Idaho. She is a typical western girl, born at Dayton, Washington, and has never visited the east. Her father is a prominent mining man, who with his family has lived for the past eight years at Grangeville, Idaho, a lively mining town, near Buffalo Hump. Miss Reed at the early age of ten years, began writing, showing ability of the first order.

Her mother is an unusually bright woman, with decided literary taste, and talent, and it is to be regretted that she has so far chosen not to give her writings to the world, as her poems

and Indian stories would be an invaluable addition to literature. We consider it a privilege, from month to month, to present Miss Reed's poems to the readers of THE NORTHERN CROWN, for many of them are gems of verse.

"Love and Roses" a small volume of about fifty pages, was brought out by Miss Reed a year ago. It contains some beautiful poems, giving promise of rare work in maturer years. This fair young girl, around whose classic brow, the flowers of scarcely twenty summers have shed their fragrance, has the true gift of poetic inspiration, and we predict for her the appreciation of the future, and an exalted place in the world of poetic literature.



CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS BERRIES

Photo by Mac Donald]

A PATHWAY TO THE STARS.

BY GRACE HIBBARD.

IT was the afternoon before Christmas but Hans Vandyke felt not the coming cheer of the morrow. He was miserable, yes more, he was almost in despair. America seemed to hold nothing for him, while Germany held the "Mutterchen", (little mother), Herr Evermister, his revered musical instructor, and Hildegard, Herr Evermister's only child. He had been in America a whole year, and when next June should come two years. He had dreamed dreams of fame, but the awakening had come and he found himself on the threshold of the world's rejoicing, alone, hungry, homesick, in a vast lodging-house of San Francisco.

From his one window, he could see the blue Pacific, wrapped about in the sheen of ever-changing sunlight—could see masts and white sails, silver-tipped. Upon the sill of his window lay some fragrant violets, and one great golden chrysanthemum, for the purchase of which he had paid his last dime. Hans Vandyke was a fair, slight German youth of twenty years. His soul was filled with music—the one gift bestowed upon him. As he sat by the window that looked seaward, with the sweet perfume of the violets all about him, he played snatches of melody on his violin, the violin whose purchase had consumed one whole winter's earnings of the little provision store that the "Mutterchen" kept.

As he played, before him seemed to float pictures of his young life. He was a boy again in Germany, a boy of twelve, and was telling his mother the desire of his heart, to go to Munich to hear the great Cathedral organ, with the sound of the human voice. Again he could see the dear kind loving face

of the "Mutterchen" as she said: "Hans, you may go. I can trust my boy always." They were seated before the kitchen fireplace, in the small low-ceiled room with smoke-browned rafters.

Together they planned the journey, which they thought would take Hans three days to accomplish on foot, or less if carriers would give him a lift now and again. Then the "Mutterchen" planned the food he should take to eat upon the way, the bread, the cheese and the sausage also; and the pieces of money she would sew into the lining of his small jacket. The "Mutterchen" loved her only child. Music spoke not to her. She was of a practical nature. Often she would say to her neighbor, Frau Beerstine, with a sigh, "Hans inherits music from his father," much the same as she would say, "Hans inherits rheumatism from his father."

When the morning came for Hans' departure, a friendly carrier, who brought goods to the little store, offered to give him a ride to the next town. His bidding goodbye, was another memory-picture for Hans. A little mother, waving her plump hand to him as he climbed into the carrier's cart. The event of his first letter next came to Hans. Of course it was to his mother. It was printed with a pen, in great letters to suit the limited scholarship of her to whom it was addressed.

In it he told of going to the Cathedral, and of hearing the grand organ, that thundered like the black clouds that came over the mountains; that sighed like the breeze, and trilled as do summer birds. And that while he was listening, the great master of music had spoken to him, for the tears would come down his cheeks, and often he

would shiver with sobs. The master had questioned him as to his crying, and Hans had answered: "That the voice of the organ had made him miserably happy." That the master had taken his own handkerchief and brushed the tears from Hans' eyes, and had said: "Come with me, little Hans." Then he told his mother of Hildegard, the master's only child, a girl of eight years, with gentle blue eyes, and long yellow braids, whose mother was in heaven.

Inclosed in Hans' letter was one from Herr Evermister, telling Frau Vandyke that in his judgment, her son possessed unusual musical talent, and offering to instruct him on the violin, if he gained her consent that Hans should spend the winter with him, in his home in Munich. Hans' mother gave her consent, sending her "duty" to Herr Evermister, and a sufficient sum of money to defray his board, and to purchase a violin—the precious violin that Hans was making sweet music upon—his one friend in America.

It must have been lonely for the "Mutterchen" without me, he thought. Hans had never realized how lonely, until this day of his utter loneliness. Tender thoughts came to him, and the music drifted into a minor chord of great sweetness. He remembered that with her permission to remain through the winter, she had bade him promise to return to her in the spring, and his promise given that he would return. Tonight he seemed to understand how she must have watched and waited for him.

In the mood for tender memories of her, he improvised the music and words of a little song, and sang it in a gentle voice sending his real self across land and sea to the loved mother. Did she hear him?

After that winter in Munich Hans had gone home. He was by nature an idealist, and practical work was irksome to him. His love for his mother was very strong, and thus he overcame

his tendency to dream, and devote his time to music, and worked faithfully and cheerfully to assist her in the store. He had a deft way of doing up parcels, and quick and willing feet to carry them home to customers, and Hans became almost as much a favorite in his native town as was his mother.

When he swept the store, however, it was to the rhythm of music, hummed or whistled. His violin was most loved of his possessions, and for several months each year he went to Munich, and Herr Evermister instructed him. Once, when he was about eighteen years of age, his master had applauded his rendering of some difficult music on the violin, and Hans had ventured to confide his desire and hope that he might join some orchestra or in some way be brought before the musical public, and become a financial help to his mother.

Herr Evermister took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, then readjusted them, was silent for a moment or two, and then said: "Hans, I think well of your proposition, and will give it my careful attention." For weeks Hans hoped to hear a favorable mention of his dream, but it was not until six weeks had passed that Herr alluded to it. Then he said: "Hans, I have thoughtfully considered your desire to earn money by your musical talent." He added: "There are a number of musicians that an old friend of mine, a former pupil also, is to take with him to America in June.

They are engaged to perform in symphony concerts. I can recommend you as a violinist if you feel that you can leave the little mother and Germany for a time. I can secure you a position in the company for six months, at a salary that will at least meet your travelling and other expenses. Hans' eyes shone with delight, and surprise. He seized Herr Evermister's hand, and raised it almost reverently to his lips. Then the rebound came—the pity of it—the leaving the "Mutterchen," Herr

Evermister, and the little friend, Hildegard.

He saw in fancy, the great ocean surging, rolling, foaming, wind-beaten—a great grave between them and him. “Will you go?” questioned Herr Evermister, who had noted the sudden tears come to his eyes.

“I will go,” Hans had replied, brushing away the tears.

“The little mother will say go. Do you remember, Herr Evermister, finding me before the great organ, in the cathedral, with my small bundle of seedcakes, cheese, and sausage, and the silver pieces sewed up in my jacket. It was the little mother who gave them all to me, and said: ‘Yes, Hans, you may go where the great organ is for a little time. I can trust my boy.’ She will say it now. She will tell me to go.” Herr Evermister laid his hand gently upon Hans’ shoulder, and said: “Yes, I remember it all, and that you shared the sweet, homemade cakes, and the apples with my little Hildegard. She will miss her former playmate, and I shall miss you, also.”

“I shall miss my three,” said Hans. “The three whom I love and reverence, my little mother, you, my revered friend, and—.” The color swept over his face, and left the name of Hildegard unspoken. Before the kitchen fire once again, he told his mother his desire to journey, this time across the sea. Again the mother consented saying: “Go, dearest of all to me.”

A week afterwards a great ship had taken him away. Again there were cakes and apples, and many comforts for the voyage, and some money for a time of need, sewed in his vest, this time. Money to keep him if famine came to him in that far off land. The novelty of the voyage, and the companionship of the director, and his fellow-musicians, and more than all hope, that seemed beckoning to him from the shores of America, kept him from being utterly homesick. Yes,

often when the sun was gone, and “darkness covered the face of the great deep,” his spirit, which the earth-body held but lightly, seemed beside the home fireside with the “Mutterchen” who loved him so well. With each new sunrise he had brighter visions than had dawned upon the yesterday, of the name and fame he should win by his interpretation of music on his beloved violin, the violin that had cost his mother so much self-denial, and which the master had chosen for its excellence.

On the arrival of the steamer at New York the director arranged a temporary home for himself and the eight musicians, and the following morning they presented themselves at the theatre where the rehearsals were to be held. It was a strange experience to Hans to see so many musicians gathered together. He bore the ordeal of the examination, and the star of hope shone radiantly when the manager enrolled his name as a member of the company.

The summer months were spent by the director and his little band at a seaside resort near the city, where they delighted the guests with their music. When the autumn came they returned to the city, and Hans’ dreams of success were realized. There was inspiration in the throngs that listened and in the applause. Oftimes rare flowers were tossed to the young German after some solo on his violin. His name was several times favorably mentioned in “musical notes” of the daily papers. Hans sent these notices to his mother, and once some pressed violets from a tribute tossed him by a fashionable lady of the city.

The “Mutterchen” kept all these clippings and the flowers, and she felt it no irreverence that she laid them away between the leaves of her great family-bible, in which were recorded the names of Hans’ ancestors, and his own name. Music, Frau Vandyke had come to believe was a gift from

God, and she loved the Lord the more, that He had given her only child the good gift. At the coming of the spring, the director who had suffered much from a cough during the winter, grew suddenly worse, and too feeble to continue his work, but as the season was so near over, he said it mattered but little, he would be strong enough to resume in the fall.

He decided to spend the summer in California, and Hans accompanied him. All summer long Hans and the director wandered about seeking to restore the director's health, sometimes on the mountains among the pines, sometimes on the seashore, lying on the warm sands. Health never returned and the autumn found Hans mourning the loss of his friend the director, and alone. Hans was without a friend in America. He did not even know where his former comrades were, not one of them. They were of little more than mediocre talent, and had drifted to various places and occupations.

The day before Christmas found Hans in a small room alone, hungry, homesick, without employment, moneyless. With his eyes fixed on the blue Pacific, he played on and on. The low minor chords changing with his mood to wild, wailing, prolonged strains. Suddenly the door of his room was opened with a most ungentle hand, and a harsh voice demanded, in a language unknown to Hans, that he should cease playing, that the whole house found his violin a nuisance. Hans did not understand a word the angry man said, but had with courtesy offered him a chair, and refrained from playing.

The man paid no attention to the courtesy, but left with the threat, "that if he heard the violin again that day, he would break the violin over Hans' head." Hans, all unconscious of the man's words, upon being left alone, resumed a low, dreamy, strain that he especially loved. Again the angry man appeared. This time he strode

across the floor, and seizing the violin dashed it across the back of the chair upon which Hans was sitting. There was one low wail, and the loved violin lay shattered, and broken, like a dead voiceless thing upon the floor, where the man had thrown it e'er he left the room.

For an instant Hans was like one stunned and dazed, as if the blow had fallen upon his head, instead of his heart. Then he caught up his broken treasure, and held it fondly in his arms rocking it gently as if it were a dear child stricken. Then great sobs, tearless ones, shook him. He was little more than a boy, and no "Mutterchen" was there to pillow his head on her shoulder, to brush back the silken pale-gold of his hair, to kiss his brow, and perhaps whisper of hope to him in the promise of a new violin. God pity him, so young, so capable of suffering as are "all the gifted of the gods."

A whole continent and an ocean was between him, and the mother who loved him. The man who had done this violence, looked in upon Hans. There was no resentment in the dark blue eyes that looked at him, but in them was sorrow, and almost despair. The man was somewhat touched, and tossed some money into the room, and said: "Buy another," then went up to his room overhead. Hans was in despair now. He had not even money to buy a meal. He had not noticed the money the man had tossed into the room, and probably he would have scorned to use it.

His means of earning a living was now gone. He could speak little English also, which was another barrier to his usefulness. He took the loved violin and packed the hopeless broken thing, like a body bereft of its soul, into its case, then putting on his coat and hat, left the lodging house forever. Street after street he traversed, but always in one direction, towards the gateway of the sea, down among tall masts and white sails. There was

a long wharf that jutted out into the deep waters. Hans seated himself upon some lumber that workmen had left.

He still held the beloved violin in his arms. It should never leave them, he thought, until the waters surging at his feet should take it from them. The moon came up and made a broad pathway, and oh! so many stars. Hans felt sure they were "The Many Mansions." No one has found a pathway to the stars, he reasoned, and none has followed the way that a soul takes when it leaves the earth. There seemed to be music all about Hans, as if the violin was singing its own requiem. Hans was half delirious. He wondered what he was waiting for. The wharf was very still, quite deserted. A few sea-gulls were hovering about.

Hans glanced seaward, and saw an inbound steamer flying a silver banner of white steam. All the while the tenderly, beautiful melody was singing itself to his soul. He would hear it through and then goodby to the world, even the world that held his "Mutterchen." The steamer came nearer and

nearer. Still the sweet music sounded. Hans discovered the flag upon the ship. It was a German flag. The ship entered the slip beyond the one where Hans was sitting. Listlessly he watched. Passengers were landing. Suddenly Hans went to the water's edge, and after one hasty caress, tossed the violin into the bright pathway of the moonlight.

Did he follow? Oh! no, for down the companionway was coming, Herr Evermister, assisting a trim little German woman, the "Mutterchen," and following her was a tall, graceful girl with long yellow braids. Despair was a thing of the past for Hans. It was joy from that Christmas eve on. They had brought him for a Christmas gift a Stradivarius, all the way from Germany. The first strains he played to them upon it, were those of the weird music he had heard upon the waters edge, which he called: "The pathway to the Stars." The first "inspiration" of a composer, whose name became famous.

—Springfield Republican.

Tired.

By HIRSH E. WHITE.

Dear love, I'm tired;—I long to rest.
My weary head upon your breast,

Nor deem it wrong
To lie within your strong embrace,
To feel your kisses on my face—
Pressed warm and long.

Dear love, I'm tired;—the world is hard
My life is sadly warped and marred
Its pleasures few.

I cannot bow my head and pray,
For grace to bear my load each day,
I want but you.

Dear love, I'm tired;—I stand alone,
Of those who pass each has his own
Sad load to bear.

I can but wait that distant day,
When in some strange, unlooked for
way,
My grief you'll share.

Dear love, I'm tired;—but just an hour
In your dear arms would give me power,
To struggle on;

Your strength would make my sorrow
less,

Your presence give me happiness.
When will you come?



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

When we remember that the same nation that gave to the world the English Bible, also instituted the practice of *usury*, and introduced the opium trade into China, things look

a little mixed to the thoughtful mind, this Christmas day. While in our palatial churches men rich in material things, and prosperous in sin, pray: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors"—after they have payed us interest at the rate of 10 per cent, compounded every thirty days.

Ye have indeed in many instances, turned my father's house into a den of thieves. So let no one take the flattering unction to his soul, that Christmas promises, and Christmas cheer, and peace on earth, are special dispensations of grace for those who have made their daily lives a mockery of the commandments, and the golden rule. Peace has only been promised to men of good will—good will towards God and man—and not by words, but by deeds you shall know them. Every golden dollar laid today in offering upon the silver plate of contribution, and carried to altars, gem and flower and light bespangled, while paid songs of praise swell from selfish throats, in a simulated adoration of the Most High, is an insult and an offence in the face of Divinity.

If on the golden dollar are the ineffaceable stains of tears and blood—God help the giver. If even the sigh of a suffering child has dimmed its luster, accursed is the dross, offered to bribe Omnipotence, and it were better a millstone were hanged about the neck of the giver, than that he had wronged one of those little ones. And so, though Angels sung that first bright, Christmas morn, through man's stubborn sin and perversity, the world's song is yet "jangled and out of tune."

Here, after nineteen hundred years our brother's blood still crieth from the ground—He has come, and the world receives him not—But mark you, self-sufficient man, "God is not mocked."



A CORRECTION. In an article entitled "The Present Status of the Citizens' Alliance" published in THE NORTH-

ERN CROWN for November, the idea is conveyed under the head of "The Union Label" that the lable used by the Citizens' Alliance was for the same purpose and the same effect as that of the union lable. We are informed by the alliance that this is an error, and that the label used by them was designed to ridecule the union label: thus making the objectionable character of such a device apparent to both the printer and the public. Respectfully, W. T. Fitch.

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* *

In this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN, Joseph H. Clarke contributes by request, a most practical article on the sheep industry of Mendocino county. It is full of valuable facts, and suggestions. When a man has succeeded where others have failed, in a business that requires brain and brawn, and ceaseess vigilance, his every word is valuable to those similarly employed, While solving the problem of sheep raising in Mendocino, Mr. Clarke, with his wife and children, built up a tasteful home in the wilderness, and exemplified the capabilities of soil and climate as to fruit and flower, and tree and vine, until to visit there was a delight, to which the writer looks back as a treasured thing that it is a privilege to remember.

There, far away from church and school, the shrine of home was all sufficient; for intelligence was there, and refinement, and above all else kindness was there; and the willing service that is the foundation of all honest success. We have known the Clarke family for years, and Mrs. Clarke since her girlhood. She was the daughter of Mr. James Fowzer, a respected pioneer citizen of Mendocino, who was treasurer of the county for years.

Mrs. Clarke was once numbered among our brightest teachers, and that her abilites were not overestimated, has been amply shown, by the fact that she prepared unaided and alone, her family of children for grammar and high school.

No words of praise can add to the credit of a mother

so faithful, and so competent, and the crowning success, of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke is not the fact, that they have made beautiful, and profitable a life in the wilds of Mendocino, but that they have given to the world a family of bright boys and girls, that will add to our citizenship, intelligence honesty and thrift, for above all values, is the value of the people, and they are a country's most precious product.



And now comes word of the recent passing of L. F. Long—kind neighbor, genial friend, and respected citizen. Formerly of Largo, in Mendocino county, he was the father of the hop industry here, bringing the first hop roots from Sacramento. Some years ago during a flurry in hops, he refused the price of \$1.00 per pound, and thereby met ultimately with loss, for an honest public-spirited citizen was crippled financially, and when such men meet with misfortune, it is a public calamity. Mr. Long did efficient and unselfish work in securing the right of way for the railroad from Cloverdale to Ukiah, and many today enjoy the result of his generous acts. Those who knew him best, know that not in many days, can his genial personality, and the cordial hospitality of his home be replaced by others, and other conditions.

Passed with the passing year, an old friend goes to rest, into the silence, where soon we all must follow, bearing with him, the benediction of much tender remembrance, from sorrowing friends. A wealth of sympathy more valuable now, than silver and gold, and all material things, death bids us leave behind.



Friday evening, Dec. 16th, we took our first trip to the Hawaiian Islands, by way of the magnificently illustrated lecture at the St. John's M. E. church. The Rev. Mr. Woodward is doing good work for young and old by his intelligent and beautiful presentation of distant places, to those who have not seen, and may never see, these points of interest in any other way. We hope the lectures may continue through the winter.

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VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 9.

THE GOLD DREDGING ERA.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1902.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.

ATOROVILLE, Butte Co., has dawned an epoch that will revolutionize mining in the State of California. For more than fifty years a golden flow from various mining operations in Butte county has replenished the stream of general prosperity throughout the state. From the files of the "Oroville Register" we learn that Judge C. F. Lott, who has lived in or near Oroville since 1849, has made the following estimates of the fabulous sums mined in Butte from his actual and personal knowledge:

At Bidwells Bar, including both sides of the Middle Fork, to its junction with the North Fork of Feather river, from 1849 to the present time (October, 1897), \$5,000,000.

Long's Bar, including Smith's Bar, White Rock, Cherokee, and both sides of the river, to the junction of the North and Middle Fork of Feather river, since mining began, \$17,738,000.

From Morris Ravine to the mouth of Dry creek, half a mile or more below Oroville, for the same period, \$16,925,000.

From the Lava Bed mines, adjacent to Oroville, worked from 1871, by thousands of Chinese with sluice and rocker, \$27,000,000.

The total amount of gold extracted within five miles of Oroville, is given at \$62,263,000.

Torrential streams have washed the gold for ages, from a thousand hills, into the body of the Feather river, whose waters have distributed the treasure over miles of plain and valley.

To secure this, labor and ingenuity have advanced through a constant evolution from the most primitive methods of mining, to schemes and experiments of gigantic magnitude. Some of these, for reasons that shall be set forth here, have failed. But the colossal digging machine—the gold dredger—is a success.

Pick, pan and shovel, the rocker, the string of sluice-boxes with the "Long Tom" at the end, the ground sluice, which was ground broken up by pick and crowbar, or loosened by blast, then water carried by ditch or flume, confined by dam, or reservoir, turned upon it, to wash the earth and gravel through the sluices, and catch the gold in the riffles. Many of the earlier miners did not prepare for the ground sluice, by ditch, flume or dam, but depended upon freshets during heavy rains.

In the memory of the writer lives many a picture of the earlier ways of mining—men clad in rubber coats and boots that reached the hip, and "sou'-wester hats," frantically delving in a blinding rain to rush their store of earth through the boxes, while they

might yet utilize the forces of the storm.

And another: a string of sluice-boxes in old Dixon Ravine, which is a tributary to Oregon Gulch, a man and a boy bending to the shovel from early morn until set of sun, with only the intermission of the sweet, bright hour of early summer noon. A golden-haired baby playing on a blanket, spread upon the dry bed rock; a woman, gentle, refined and beautiful, standing at the Long Tom, sluice fork in hand, through the long hours of the day, and a little girl, with dreaming eyes and dark brown curls that touched her waist, watching the baby, and waiting to "pick" the sluice-boxes after the "clean-up" for the last "color" of gold.

Those were the days when, at the old Buffalo Ledge, one of the first quartz leads worked in Butte, under the dense shade of a spreading live oak tree, a dozen men or more sat all day upon the ground, and broke with stone hammers the quartz into pieces fine enough to feed the one horse "arrastre" tediously grinding near.

With joke and song, these men of many lands worked and laughed the hours away. The sledge and stone hammers were soon replaced by the mighty iron stamp, whose ceaseless jar and rhythm waked the echoes in many a California canyon through succeeding years. The arrastre was increased in capacity a dozen fold, and the power of water and steam applied where muscle of man and horse had once sufficed.

The old time "ground sluice" was the forerunner of the methods applied later to the stupendous working of the hydraulic mines, which ceased only at the edict of an unjust and unnecessary legislation, which proved a public calamity. One of Butte's most noted hydraulic mines was the Spring Valley mine, at the north end of Table Mountain, which used twenty-two hundred inches of water, taken from the west branch of Feather river, more than forty miles from the mine. This mine, under the manipulation of its giant ap-

pliances and apparatus, yielded more than \$10,000,000.

Butte county embraces 1,720 square miles. One-third of this is level plain and valley land, all gold-bearing, lying between the Feather and the Sacramento rivers. Oroville is situated on the Feather river, three miles below the junction of all its branches, where it ceases to be a rushing torrent and calms into a deep, wide stream.

It has always been a mining center. A rich stratum of "pay gravel" is known to underlie the entire site of the town, and for miles around it. From time to time, through all the years since its location, attempts have been made to work the river near it, and to mine these vast tracts of gravel.

Twenty odd years ago a tube boat was constructed to try the dredging process. It was worked something on the principle of a pneumatic tube. The tube had a trap door near the bottom. It was lowered by machinery to the bed of the river; then steam under a given pressure was forced into it. Then jets of cold water followed, condensing the steam. The atmospheric pressure forced the tube down into the gravel, but in this instance the process of digging and lifting was not sufficiently perfected, as in the later dredging; and this, with the fact that much of the gold had been extracted from the immediate bed of the river, by wing damming in earlier days, made this first dredging boat a financial failure.

Beginning about 1882, some six other river dredgers were consecutively constructed to experiment in river mining. They were all failures as dividend-paying investments, although a partial success mechanically. But they were not strong enough to go as deep as necessary into the coarse gravel. A novel scheme to mine the bed of Feather river, at a more remote point, was the venture known as the Big Bend tunnel. A tunnel was run through a mountain, the water of the river turned through, and thirteen and one-half miles of the

river bed laid bare. Work was begun in the fall of 1882, and completed in 1886. Twenty miles of road was constructed, a saw mill built, and other buildings put up. The tunnel was sixteen feet wide, nine feet high, 11,970 feet long. A village of two hundred inhabitants sprung up, and the pay roll averaged sixty-five men. Yet comparatively it was a financial failure, as much gold had been taken from the same portion of the river in earlier mining days.

In May, 1886, a new plan was promoted by a man named Leonard, a civil engineer, who built the second bridge over the Sacramento river. His plan was to sink a shaft and drive down a pneumatic tube. On top of the ground was a mighty air compressor, with pipes leading to the working shaft. By these, any degree of air pressure could be obtained and be regulated by the workman in charge.

This apparatus was given a trial on the bank of Feather river, near Montgomery street, Oroville. Each section of the tube weighed 5,000 pounds, and in June 1886, three sections were down, and the workmen felt no inconvenience, when the engineer sent in ten pounds of air to the square inch. The water was forced back for some time successfully. They went down many feet below the river level, drifting along on the bedrock for several hundred feet, and striking the richest kind of virgin gravel, some of it paying \$7 to the single pan. Up to December, 1886, the company had expended some \$30,000, with a bright outlook for success. But the air pressure could not be kept strong enough, and any reduction of the air pressure might be fatal to those employed. The machinery began to get out of repair, air leaks were caused by the inward flow of water, the drifts filled with water and gravel, and it was at last abandoned, as the risk to human life was too great to be continued at any price.

After this another plan to mine the

main bed of the Feather, near Oroville, was proposed and carried out by Hammond Hall, formerly State Engineer; at least the work was done under his general direction.

A solid wall of masonry nearly a mile in length was built along the right bank of the river, and the water turned by a head dam and flume through this canal. Every foot of the river bed thus exposed had been previously mined by simpler methods, and its original richness may be judged by the fact that from a pan of sand and deposite scooped up years before from the side of a bowlder where the river bed had been drained by a dam and flume, was taken \$2,250 in grains of gold about the size of a cucumber seed. The bold skill and the brave outlay of capital used in the building of the wall did not meet with the financial reward the enterprise merited. But the only lack of judgment and cause of failure was in the location. Many a stream so mined in California would today yield a fabulous treasure of literal sands of gold.

Some time in 1898 the Couch Dredger, a Risdon machine, was set up on the "Grant," or right side of the river, five miles below Oroville. It has been a success from start to finish, and the end is not yet.

There are now fourteen dredgers in full and successful operation, both on the river and inland, as the modern dredger can be worked anywhere that water is available. These are all within sight of Oroville, and there are many more in course of construction.

At first some were worked by steam, but now all are operated by electricity, furnished by the Butte Creek and Bay Counties Electric plants. The Continental, which may not inaptly be called a dredger of the "first magnitude," lies in its own lagoon at the end of Montgomery street, Oroville, surrounded by the immense beds of gravel, from which, with ponderous power it has for months garnered a golden revenue.

It has been overhauled and remodeled in preparation for a more extended harvest. From Mr. D. P. Cameron, the genial and intelligent gentleman in charge, we have learned the following facts as to the mechanical construction and mode of working the Continental.

The gravel is lifted by an immense bucket and the bucket ladder, an endless and continuous bucket system, driven by the bucket line motor, of one hundred horse power and variable speed. The gearing and sprocket chain lifts the buckets to the top tumbler. From this they empty into a hopper. The largest bowlders are carried off by a side chute. Finer gravel passes through the hopper and shaking screens where it is thoroughly washed and sifted. The sand and gold go through the perforations to the mercury system of gold saving. The coarser material passes on down the screens, and is discharged into a Robbins conveyor, from which it is stacked thirty-five feet above water line, and seventy-five feet away from the dredger. From the mercury cup riffles, and the distributor, gold and fine sand wash on to the side tables. About ninety per cent of the gold is caught by the mercury cups directly under the shaking screens, and often less than one per cent is caught on the tables.

The general mechanism of the different dredgers is very similar, the work-

ing principal about the same. The custom of some of the companies is to have weekly "clean ups," of others three times monthly. The writer would like to give you the exact results and could it be done, a worse epidemic of "gold fever" would ensue than prevailed in '49.

The Feather River Exploration Company divided this month a semi-annual dividend of \$50,000, and this is but one item of the golden returns from recent dredging.

In a little time, and upon a thousand waterways, these dredgers will appear, a new fleet, that will not fail to find the "golden fleece," not only upon the natural waterways, but wherever water can be conveyed to deposits of auriferous earth and virgin gravel. These dredgers are the combined perfection of all the primitive ideas and methods and the realization of the dreams of the early miners.

For a period the State will know a fresh and brilliant prosperity. Electric lights will shine upon our streams, and at last the "brook and the star" shall be wedded. The pulse of giant machinery shall beat and throb, like a restless heart, through a new era of activity. At last the mission of the dredger shall be accomplished. And after the lights have faded one by one from the bosom of the waters, and left them once more to darkness and silence—what then?—Overland Monthly.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—J. G. Holland.

I Knew Not.

By Dewey Ravenscroft.

I knew not faith until I felt your hand
Tremble in mine; the thrill went through
my own,

And I was made to know and understand
That I walked not alone.

I knew not friendship till I heard your voice
In sweetest cadence accent soft and low,
Its measured music made my heart rejoice,
And follows where I go.

I knew not love till I looked in your eyes
And saw it bubble from a heart's full spring,
I gazed then through the gates of Paradise
Into an Eden blossoming.

I knew not life until I felt your kiss,
Upon my lips its tenderness you press
And all the world is blent in perfect bliss
Melting to sweetness and forgetfulness.

L'ENVOI

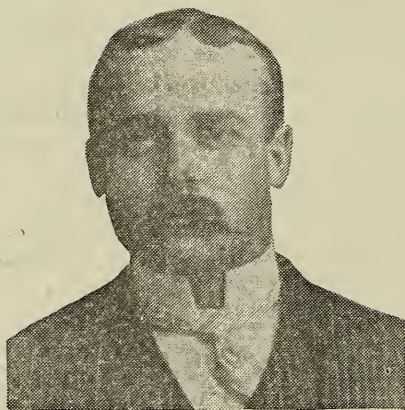
I knew not faith nor friendship, love nor life;
Your hand, your voice, your eyes, your lips
are mine,

With these I meet misfortunes fiercest strife
And drink its bitterness as wine.

Petaluma, Dec. 30, 1904.

THE HOTEL ST. ROSE.

AND ITS GENIAL AND EFFICIENT MANAGER, S. G. SPIER.



S. G. SPIER

IN NO OTHER city of the size of Santa Rosa, can one find in California so elegantly appointed a hotel as the St. Rose. Recently built, and elegantly furnished, it has cost its owner, Mr. A. E. Chartrand, more than \$110,000.

The time has come, when these transient homes of the travelling public—the modern hotels—must combine elegance with comfort, and appeal to the

taste of the refined, and their love of beauty, as well as their necessities.

This superb building, the St. Rose, is a four story brick structure, with one hundred and two guest rooms, with hot and cold water throughout, and eighteen connecting suites with bath, etc. Nothing is lacking to please the most luxurious.

The best feature to advance and advertise the interest of a city is such a hotel.

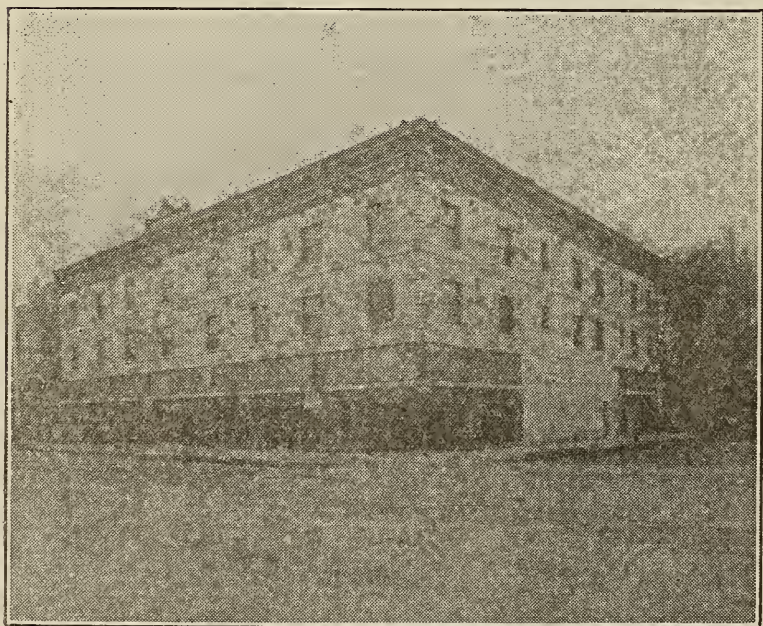
It was the pleasure of the writer to be entertained at the St. Rose not long ago, and never were we better served. The table appointments are dainty and elegant, and the coffee alone should make the reputation of the hotel, as it is the best, in the writer's knowledge, served in California.

Every room is heated for comfort in winter, a modern elevator gives added ease to the guest. And no expense, or care is spared, to give perfect satisfaction to the patrons.

By the efficient management of Mr. S. G. Spier, of the help under his direction, from bell boy to housekeeper, the hotel moves like clockwork, and

it is to Mr. Spier's unexcelled executive ability that the St. Rose, owes its crowning success. He is a man versed in the ways of the world, up-to-date in knowledge, generous and progressive, and will make the St. Rose popular and successful. We wish him all the good that he deserves, as well as a rich return for the faith and enterprise of A. E. Chartland in his investment, as the builder and founder of this elegant establishment.

Not until you have visited there, enjoyed the luxurious appointments, and unequalled fare, will you truly realize the beauty and convenience of the St. Rose.



HOTEL ST. ROSE.

California.

[This poem went the rounds of the California Press more than forty years ago. The author is unknown.]

A Land of Beauty—the land of the west:
Where the pine trees wave on the mountain's crest,
Overhanging the gorge where the Eagle floats
And song birds warble their tuneful notes,
With its cloudless sky, and its pure sweet air,
In all the world no land so fair;
Where the wanderer stretched on the velvet sod,
Can look up through nature to nature's God.

A Land of Wealth—for its waters flow,
Over golden ores hidden far below
Where down to the depths of the mountain steep,
Treasures of silver lie hidden deep,
And the hand of man in his thirst for gold,
Earth's long kept secrets to light unfold.

A Land of Nations—for some are here,
From every clime on the rolling sphere,
Every white-sailed ship, leaves a living freight,
As she slowly glides through the "Golden Gate,"
From the eastern land, on whose desert sod,
The pilgrim fathers in silence trod;
From Britain's isle, where the cliffs of snow,
Look down on the ocean that foams below;
Where in clustering hamlets and leafy dells,
Re-echo the soft, sweet evening bells;
From sunny Spain, where the purple vine
Gives promise rich of the sparkling wine,
Where the fire-flies glitter the trees among;
While the gay cachuca is danced and sung;
From the classic shores where in days gone by,
The seven-hilled city stood firm and high,
Where crumbling Forum and ruined tower,
Are the sole remains of Caesar's power,
Seekers of wealth over seas they roam,
And the cry is ever: "they come, they come!"

A Land of Toil—For the gold they seek
In deep ravine, or in rippling creek,
They have gained by the work of the live-
long day,
Till their limbs grow weak, and their locks
are gray,
And down in the depths of the secret mine,
Where the pale blue streaks of the silver
shine,
Weary and wet in Cimmerian gloom,
They toil for aye in a living tomb.

A Land of Rest—when the work is o'er,
And "lives fitful fever," disturbs no more.
For many a one there are hearts to yearn,
And long and pray for his swift return,
Little they dream that their loved one lies,
Lost to this earth 'neath the western skies,
In a land of rest for the quiet dead,
With a rock to pillow the lifeless head;
And they wait and hope, till all hope is o'er,
For him they shall see upon earth no more.
Patience sad hearts! In yon starry sky,
Where the river of life murmurs gently by,
And the white-robed Angels in myriads
wait,
You shall meet once more, by the Golden
Gate.



Success.

By Nita E. White.

O, clear eyed daughter of the Gods, thy
name?

I sadly answered, "I am called
Success."

The house, thy lineage, whence thy
beauty came?

"Failure my sire; my mother weariness."

"SAMMY."

BY CLARA BELL BROWN.

IN 1849, when some venturesome souls who are well known in the annals of this coast took a drive across the continent in the most primitive of vehicles; in other words, in the days of the "forty-niners," Col. Joe McKibben brought in his train a half grown boy who had joined his crew somewhere on the route, it was said at St. Louis.

At any rate, he was there and he was so helpful, so brave and so willing that before the sunlight of the Golden Gate was sighted each man in the train would have shared his last morsel with "Sammy."

Sammy was short, rather stout when they first found him hidden away in the hind part of a wagon among the traps, but he grew thinner on the long "drive" across. His brown, curly hair was white and harsh with alkali dust, and his voice grew whiney and weak, but he never complained, he was game. That was why they liked him.

"Sammy," asked one of the teamsters one day when a rest was enforced. "Sammy, where'd you come from? What are you going to do when you get to California?"

"I come from Mizzoury, and I'm goin' to do what the other ones do."

"Good enough!" laughed the driver of the big wagon.

"You kin come into my wagon, there's room to sleep when you get tired. Come from Mizzoury, eh? Well, Mizzoury's a good place—to come away from."

Sammy was particularly helpful to the women who were brave enough to join that fearless band.

"I declair," said one of them, "he's

as handy as a girl. He aint no common low child, nor no poor-house run-away. This here Sammy's had good bringing up."

But that was just what Sammy was, a poor-house run-away, orphaned, tired, sick and ill-treated, by the charity of those days. So, his little heart fired by stories of the glorious country beyond the Rocky Mountains, he ran away and became a stow-away among the pots, pans and heaped up clutter of moving pioneers. The struggles of strong men; their triumphs have been told and re-told by pens gilded with genius; born among the foot hills of the Sierras, and nourished by the sunshine on the sea and mountains. So it were vain to go over it, in the lame style of a reporter of today.

Sammy kept busy, he was always on hand, and worked early and late. His "pile," was increased by the kindness of his grown up mates, until young manhood found Sammy passing wealthy for a youngster. Then, Sammy grew home-sick.

He visibly pined and finally it was decided to send Sammy to his state again, to get over the terrible longing that each man knows too well. He was charged with letters, messages and gifts, "ef he gits home alive." He did. Sammy was fated to escape the Indians, as he had done on the outward trip, and survive all other dangers. Sammy was a child of the Gods, it would seem, when his after history came to light.

Spruce, well dressed, and with a purse by no means light, he walked the streets of old St. Louis. His heart was

light and his countenance merry. He had friends, newly-made, and they stuck as close as such friends always do to a lucky returned miner. Sammy and his friends strolled down to the wharf one day to watch one of the river steamboats from New Orleans unloaded. They cracked jokes and idled away the hours, some of them fell asleep in the sun, with the lazy habit of wharf loafers. Sammy was not in good society. He picked up a paper that one of his companions had dropped and idly began to scan the columns. His eye lighted on the advertisements.

Suddenly his attention was riveted. This was the item: "Information wanted of Sarah Drew, called Sallie, who ran away from the county poor house in the year 1849. Is supposed to have joined a wagon train of settlers. Any news of this girl will be thankfully received by Stratton and Carr, attorneys-at-law, 289 Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo. 'Reward.' "

Sammy read this over several times, then with a glance at his sleeping acquaintances, he folded up the paper and quietly walked away. Not one of the haunts that had enticed him, not one of the friends who had helped him to spend his money ever saw him again.

Sammy had vanished from earth, to all interest and purpose. But Stratton and Carr knew where Miss Sarah Drew heiress to old Phenias Drew's money, was, for "Sammy" had gone straight—no—not straight, for he had with some difficulty got a 'rig-out of decent clothes, second-hand of course, for there were no women's out-fitters in those days. And as Sammy thoughtfully shed his men's habiliments, and tried to put on the skirts and fixings, he found it absolutely an awkward thing to accomplish.

It was so long since he had worn them. So, it was a brown faced young woman, with a very unwomanly stride and short curly brown hair, which parted on the side also, presented herself

at the office of Stratton and Carr. There were papers to go over, people to see; the authorities at the poor-house to interview and a long waiting for affidavits to come clear across the plains, which proved that Sammy, who joined the emigrant train in '49, was the young woman who proved so awkward in her own habiliments.

There would be a long story to tell of a run-away marriage of a rich man's orphan niece with a poor young lawyer; a hasty flight and disinheritance. Death; the poor house for the fatherless and motherless child, except that these details are unimportant to the real story, which is that no one ever saw Sammy the miner again, but that among the families who yearly visit the Pacific coast who stop at the great hotels and pay the price with lavish hand, is one whose head is a handsome old lady, who does not look her age, she must be nearing seventy, and who has a son, married to one of California's lovely daughters, whose mother always calls him "Sammy."

When this dear old lady married in her youth, she said the name of Sammy had very pleasant associations for her, so her eldest son was named Samuel, but always called "Sammy." There are grand-children who will inherit estates both in California and in Missouri. No doubt the hardening of the young frame of that boy "Sammy" of the pioneer crowd, had much to do in prolonging the years of the old lady who comes every year, and looks so hale and hearty each time.

"Grandma," how did you come to know so much about the pioneer days," asked a handsome native son one day last week after he had heard a long story of the "Forty-niner's" told by his grandmother. "There were some of your ancestors who came over with the pioneers, my child," replied grandma, in the tone of one who would say: "Our family came over with William the Conqueror."

Big River and Its Singing Fish.

BY EUGENIA JAMISON COX.

When the moon and the stars shine out brilliant on high,

And no fogs close across the September sky,
When the raft is left open to give a boat room,
Then it is, you may hear the fish sing at the boom!

At mid-night, when a falling twig startles with fright,

And all fairies are out to inhabit the night,
When grim pines, change to hob-goblins,
the light of the moon,

Then it is you may hear the fish sing at the boom!

NONE of these streams, the Garcia, the Gualala, the Albion, the Noyo, Big river and others following westward to the Pacific ocean, from the Coast Range of Mendocino county could appropriately be called big. They are full and roaring in winter, but in the dry season, are shallow excepting deep pools and stretches until they near tidal water, within a few miles of the sea where they assume a considerable amount of dignity. These streams, so similar in general characteristics, wind through a vast range of picturesque diversified mountains, exquisite in coloring.

Glimpses of quiet scenery along their margins, blend with wild views of hill tops, blue distance and changing skies, into dreams of beauty, into almost audible tones of harmony. Sweet-scented azalias, rhododendron blossoms, masses of ferns, tangles of low foliage and trees, massive sequoi and exhilarating air, are always associated with these westward streams in memory. One sunless tract of many trees near a river is recalled, among them several giant sequoi having enameled looking snow-white growths of the redwood, from four to

six feet in height, growing from the wet soil up around their trunks. These delicate feathery sprays seemed so unusual—freakish. They were beautiful.

Big River from a source near Orr's Hot Springs, traverses miles to the sea. Within six miles of the sea a boom or dam of logs, constructed years ago for milling purposes, crosses the river. Seaward from the boom, the river expands and deepens and soon spreads with the waves of the bay. Standing thus at the head of the tide water the boom must now appear a monument of the river's past life and usefulness. On its wet surface, time is surely tracing its sad inscription. The railway looks down smilingly, triumphantly on the river, peacefully stretched at the foot of its decaying mossy head stone. With the slow crumbling of time and the shifting position of the logs on the river, do the fish still sing at the boom.

Singing Fish, a noise known by that name, was several years ago and is no doubt today, a distinctive, strangely unique feature of the river. A peculiar sound may be heard on the river, near the hour of midnight in the month of September, near the boom. Tradition states, only near the hour of midnight only in September, near the boom.

The cause of this noise, which seems to have existed with the years is still unknown. The noise was investigated many years ago, by naturalists from San Jose, so the writer was informed, who advanced the theory that it was very likely caused by a peculiar species of fish, lying deep under the logs. From this time the noise has been referred to

as Singing Fish, however none were ever seen. Wiser men than they, who know the river better, and who attach no serious thought to the noise, believing it to be, if understood, the result of some simple phenomenon, say it is much more reasonable to suppose the noise to be caused by insects.

The rumor of Singing Fish lies dormant in the atmosphere of the vicinity near the river. Every now and then, purposely or by some chance conversation, the rumor floats out like a cloud, to a stranger or sojourner of the neighborhood. The fame of these fish has been extended inland. The rumor never varies—seems to have been handed down, tradition-like, assuming such substantiality as never to be doubted; yet on account of the absurdity of the name given to the noise, the rumor is smiled at queerly, and jested about as if it were a myth.

The opportunities for an investigation are very rare. September comes but once a year, and fogless nights suitable for an expedition through perilous ways do not occur each night of that month.

An evening in September several years ago was more than favorable for a trip far up the river. The moon dispensed a soft twilight which seemed a tender prelude to the deeper, fuller tones of a majestic symphony of moonlight earth and water advancing, streamed through and peeped over the straggling pines and oaks silhouetted on the hill tops east of town, then swung out in a flood of silvery light, transfiguring the strips of land as if with magic.

The river below, a stream of pearl, merged in an ocean of glittering waves of moonlight. There was no breath of fog. The atmosphere was warm, intensely clear and buoyant as spirit. From under the shadow of the mill, a still pile of gloom in the moonlight, a boat pushed out to the middle of the stream for the boom. To a picnic spot, on the edge of the river, a pleasure party had rowed. Their faces could be seen around the glow of a camp fire. With

the lugubrious song, "Weep no more my lady," from this party on the bank, sweetly dying with the distance, the boat still steered on up the yet shadowless middle of the river.

Moonlight, with its glamour obscures details, rendering all objects unreal and fantastic, producing a feeling of mingled awe and admiration, an emotion often mixed with fear—it is noticeable the more remote from human habitation, the more fantastic are shapes and forms, the more profound the unreality of existing things, until one would not be in the least surprised, if a bit startled, to push against a fairy each turn of a moonbeam.

The goddess of the moonlight realm had thrown over hills, river and sky her wand of enchantment. The hills familiar and peacefully attractive in daytime attire were now formidable, fascinating walls of blackness ranged along the river's edge, rising in most places abruptly. The moonlight on the river, how wierd? The very water, highly phosphorescent, illusory.

Each dip of the oar left trailing splashes of snowy, luminous water. Only the touch of the hand, in the cool, flowing liquid could dispel an illusion; then as the hand dipped, crushes of sparkling white foam defied a reality. Soon the stream began to grow noticeably narrower. The dark hills and trees along the banks, on opposite sides, to come closer together. Long, black shadows from bank to bank streaked the water, met and mingled.

We were in the dark. Light fog began drifting up the river. By a dim reflection of moonlight, the visage of the boom was dimly perceptible. The boat was pulled through and tied to a log, in the middle of the stream. Struggling out on logs, rafted together, floating over the water, a small party sat to investigate the noise known as Singing Fish. By the light of a match one of the party glanced at the hands

of a watch, it was already midnight.

The unnecessary caution of hush—keep-still was observed. There was breathless silence for what seemed a long time. Not a sound to be heard! Stillness, darkness, a reach of forest solitude hung like a pall around. Each doubtless combating unconsciously, cheerfully any dark imagery, or a possible resurrection of any old ghost story from the unused cells of his brain. A dark solitude, somewhere along the north of the river loomed up in one's mind unbidden, unceremoniously, but not being petted or encouraged took flight. It was a long, inky black, stagnant pool, hid in trees and heaps of debris, around which hung a dismal mythical story of a woman who over the loss of a husband by drowning became insane, and was not heard of for days afterwards until dragged from this black pit. The thought of a bedraggled body, dripping with black inky water flitted around, vaguely somehow associated in the mind, as being something intimate in an uncanny way with Singing Fish.

A cycle of thoughts by each was the end of stillness. A broken conversation began, the fish forgotten, when a

whizzing, whirring sound from everywhere near the surface, not very loud, came as a shock and a surprise. We were the center of a large circle of low buzzing and sizzling. The sound was not in the least like an accented lullaby of frogs or the accents in the whir of insects.

It was an unaccented monotonous low whir. Something like the cutting of saws in large mills would sound smothered deep underground. Once wound up nothing disturbed it. After listening to it some time the investigation ended. The boat drifted down the stream in damp prosaic reality. For fifty or seventy-five yards away the fish could still be heard singing. While listening to the noise, not a member of the party felt convinced as to what it really could be.

Since receiving the above M. S., other facts as to the fish known as humming or singing fish, have come to us. In July and August, of the year 1883, in the Victoria arm of the strait of Georgia or Juan De Fuca Vancouver, British Columbia, on sultry evenings was heard the sound of the humming, or singing fish—a noise almost identical with that of the Chinese musical kite.—Ed.

Sonnets From The Portuguese.

First.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young;
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turn had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while I strove;
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death"! I said.

But there

The silver answer rang: "Not Death, but Love."

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

EDUCATION.

Education is to the mind, as the dressing-stone is to the diamond. It smoothes off all the rough edges of prejudice and superstition and gives expression to the nobler attributes of the soul. But its possibilities depend upon

the material—all the polishing of the pebble leaves it but a pebble still.

Just as the diamond holds *within* its wonderous light, so the mind is only illuminated by the shining of the *soul within*. No one will deny that the pebble is better and smoother for the polishing, and more perfect—in an opaque way—but grinding and drilling, and cramming at the hands of learned experts, will never give the human pebble the magic light of native sympathy and intelligence.

While the human diamond—even in the rough—under the hard knocks of ordinary circumstances, will gleam and shine, and give forth brilliant revelations, and the world will know it is a gem.

Mental growth must be *outward*, from a *spiritual center*—endless—from a never failing *source*. It is a blossoming in the time of youth—a glorious fruitage in the finished years.

So we do not quite agree with the educational methods of the day. Because *education* should be a *development*, and not a process of absorption. Our children are gathered, under present conditions, into great stuffing institutions, and their heads are filled with a medley of fact. A mixture of this and that, to which in contrast, the *bran* and *needles* in the head of the famous Scarecrow of Oz would be a more brilliant and useful combination.

Years are given to the learning of history—a review of the centuries—the sin and death of numerous nations, the intrigues of bad men and women, the awful tragedies of the past. The unspeakable horrors of war, where those who have drenched the world in blood, are accounted Heroes. Would it not be easier and better to say to the young student: Human history so far has been a record of awful mistakes; of things too horrible to tell you now—when you are older, read; the libraries are burdened with books about these things—but the precious days of early youth can be filled with better tasks than learning of all this.

So unless you are to be a priest, or a professor, we will not teach you the dead languages, nor philosophy, for that you may read, or better still, learn from life's hard lessons of experience. And unless you have the gift of music, we will not torture you with that. Learn of the *people* and the *places* of the *present*—where they are—what

they are doing. Learn to read and write and spell correctly, that you may express *yourself* intelligently to others, and also be able to defend yourself against the fraud of written traps, and perverted law, too often set and prepared for the ignorant, or unwary, by unprincipled, plausible men. Learn the true meaning of written language, legal or otherwise. Write a legible hand, and be able to spell when you leave high school. Have a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, as applied to all business forms, so the modern money-fiends may not rob you. You live in the happiest land in all the world—under the best government that has ever existed. We will try to develop you as an individual to the fullest extent, that your capacity may make you an honest, useful citizen, to bless your country, develop her resources—find out the things that most help humanity—and so secure the true education, that fits you not only for this world, but a better one—for you are only a traveller through *Time*, but must be a resident in *Eternity*.

We all draw conclusions from our own experiences, and it has been the fate of the writer to have found the truest hearts, and warmest sympathy, and deepest, most unselfish natures, among honest, comparatively uneducated people, *not learned in books*.

While the blackest-hearted villains, male and female, lacking entirely in truth, and the sense of *moral refinement*, were in circles of supposed culture, and profound learning.

In true education, there must first be a *character* to educate. And that education must be a growth and an unfolding. A fitting of the man or woman for the battle of life—armed with the weapons of defense. A learning of how to reach out successfully for what is *ours*, but not reaching so far as to strike our neighbor in the face—or in the heart. A discipline of all our traits and talents, to aid ourselves, and others.

To make us free in a glorious liberty, that curbed by *truth* and *justice*, is never license. Then, be we pebble or diamond, we are all fit building material for the Temple of Perfection.



THE JAIL-BREAK AT FOLSOM.

THE PRESS of the state has been unanimous in the praise of the prompt and fearless action of Warden Yell,

in the recent outbreak at Folsom. They all agree that he is the right man in the right place. Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Yell cast his lot with old Mendocino, making his beginning in public and private life among us, and choosing as a life companion one of our fairest daughters. Identified with the politics of this section, he was elected district attorney, the youngest in the state at the time; subsequently he was elected to the assembly, and then to the senate. And no one, as representative, has ever served better the interests of the people.

We owe largely to him, the success of the Branch Asylum Bill, and the Coyote Bounty Bill so necessary at the time, to make sheep raising possible on our mountain ranges. But like all honesty and ability, his was not appreciated by the people he served the best. Another lawyer, coming to the county about the same time, and whose subsequent actions have shown that he had the heart of a thief, and the soul of a Shylock, was petted by the judge, and patronized by the people, until he handled all the legal business worth having.

By his high-handed and unscrupulous dealings with estates, bank business, etc., and every trick and advantage that it was possible to exercise, and still keep within protection of the law, he amassed a fortune, and finally breaking by fraud, financially, a man who had been his friend and benefactor, he "cleaned up" with a hundred thousand or so, and turned his back, socially and otherwise upon, the "gulls" who had made him.

It was largely due to the preferment given in the practice of law, to this man, by those who should have stood by Mr. Yell, that he left the county, some years ago, and we lost an honest, able citizen, and Mendocino a servant who had served her well. The other man could be *elected*, by popular vote, to nothing—and he knew it—that at least is to the credit of Mendocino. So he sought new fields of opportunity, where his money, and the influence that goes with financial success, would perhaps gain for him *appointments to fat places* within the gift of people who do not know him so well as we do.

Archie Yell's honesty, and bravery, and loyalty have always been known to us, and that his actions under the trying circumstances at Folsom state prison, have distinguished him before the eyes of the public, is no surprise.

The son of his father, will never be found wanting, for his inheritance is pride of race and character, well earned.

It will be well for California, if Mr. Yell's suggestions as to prisons, and penological reform be considered and heeded, by those in power, for none better have been offered for the public welfare. His selection of guards has proved his good judgment and they share with him in the public interest and admiration that centers upon Warden Yell.



A SCOOP.

As the reporters of the Ukiah weekly papers failed to notice one of the most meritorious and successful entertainments ever given by local talent, it is with great pleasure that we say a few words of well merited praise for the Old Fashioned Minstrels who appeared at Ukiah Opera House on Friday evening, January 20th, 1905.

It was opened by Prof. Simpson's orchestra, in a well rendered selection. The first quartet "Possum up a Persimmon Tree," was melodious and amusing, as are all the old time negro melodies so dear to the popular taste.

"Alas," one of Millard's loveliest songs, was given in good voice and expression by Edwin P. Myers, as were the solos by Ralph Vernon, Pete Duff and Willie Shattuck. The comic ditty, "Googoo Eyes," by Mrs. Archie McClure, was very cutely sung, with an irresistible dash that was a surprise to her friends.

The duet "Teasing," by Alice Broback and Pete Duff, was one of the best numbers.

The solo by Dr. Robt. Thomas gave his hearers exquisite pleasure. His selection is always in the best of taste, and the rendering a delight.

The bass solo, "Davy Jones' Locker," by Gus Angle, deserves especial mention, and gave proof of the wonderful tone and compass of a voice, one of the best heard in Ukiah for years.

The cake walk was a special feature, most amusing and well done.

The farce, "A Desperate Situation," was most laughable, as a farce should be, and enjoyed every minute until its tragic ending.

Mart Sloper, as interlocutor and middleman, was distin-

guished by his handsome presence and ease of manner.

We think that every one taking part in the Old Fashioned Minstrels, deserves praise for faithful and meritorious work, and last but not least, Mrs. Hattie Weldon, to whom we owe so much, in the development of local talent, in making our young folks a delight to themselves and others.

The Old Fashioned Minstrels, with thirty performers, will appear at Odd Fellows Hall, Willits, on Thursday, February 2d, under the auspices of the C. N. W. Band, a social dance to follow, with orchestra music.



The Recital Musicale, at the St. John's M. E. Church, on Friday evening, January 27th, was an artistic and musical treat to those who were so fortunate as to be present. The opening number, "Moonlight," by the Symphony Orchestra, was a charming selection and well rendered.

The four part chorus, "Sea Song," by twelve voices, trained by Mrs. Bernhard, was well sung, and given an encore.

The piano selection by Miss Kate Bartlett, was skillfully played.

The soprano solo by Mrs. Cosgrove was a gem in voice and rendering. It was the first time we have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Cosgrove, and learning that she has appeared on several previous occasions, we are surprised that so little has been said by the local press, of the excellence of her musical talent. Not in years has her equal been heard here, and Ukiah should deem it a great pleasure and privilege to be able to claim such musical ability. The tenor solo by Dr. Robt. Thomas, and the recall, were both given in the voice and manner that is a delight to his admirers. The male quartette gave one of its best selections, and responded to a recall.

The difficult Nocturne in G Maj., Chopin, was excellently given by Mrs. Bernhard.

Cupid's Garden, by the Symphony Orchestra, was supposed to close the entertainment, but to a repeated recall, Prof. Schoaff and E. A. Keller gave a beautiful cornet duet, "Hear me Norma," which was in turn encored. No sweeter music has been heard in Ukiah, for years, and we hope that more such entertainment may follow in the future.

Opinions of the Press

I have always felt very grateful to the powers which control such things that Envy, so common in the biped man, was not included in the component parts of my—even to myself—strange nature. Therefore, odd as it may appear, it is always gratifying to me when others prosper, though I do not "get on" very well with my own worldly affairs, and things are generally at sixes and sevens with me. So it gave me pleasure when THE NORTHERN CROWN—always a welcome and joy-giving visitor—reached The Letter's desk, sometime after the ides of December, resplendent in a four color title-page, a large assortment of new advertisements—which I hope pay liberally—and the usual amount of interesting reading matter. It was the Christmas number. THE CROWN deserves success. * * * * *

—Saul's Letter.

The holiday issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN, is one of the finest of that publication. It is replete in well written articles and good illustrations.

—Mendocino Beacon

The December number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, which is published at Ukiah by Anna Morrison Reed, has reached our desk. It is a very creditable publication in every way and contains a number of splendid articles. Joseph Clarke has a very interesting article on the sheep industry in Mendocino.—Covelo Review.

Anna Morrisons Reed's bright little magazine, THE NORTHERN CROWN, contains a pleasing mixture of California topic and illustration, poem, essay and advertising. "A Rose of Mendo-

cino" and "My Knight" are attractive pages. Published by the Excelsior Press Co., Ukiah Cal.; one dollar a year.—J. H. Barry in the S. F. Star.

Mrs. Reed's NORTHERN CROWN for October contains a beautiful picture entitled "On the beautiful Noyo River." Although the stream is short for boat riding, we doubt if there is another in the state that comes up to it for pretty scenery. The picture is a fine production and a credit to the artist who designed it, W. T. Fitch.

—Fort Bragg Advocate.

THE NORTHERN CROWN for December has been received and is a magnificent number. We congratulate the editress on the splendid progress she is making in the publication of the journal.—Ukiah Times.

THE NORTHERN CROWN, Anna Morrison Reed's bright little Ukiah Monthly, presents in the current number: "The Present Status of the Citizens' Alliance" by W. T. Fitch. O. A. Ward tells a good story, "The Case of Conger's." The Thanksgiving editorial is original and graceful in expression. The editor's idea of an endowment fund for children is elaborated and the two poems by the editor and Laura Gordon Chappelle are exceptionally good. The magazine is neatly printed and is richly worth its ten cents a number.—S. F. Star.

The December number of the NORTHERN CROWN is a very dainty publication. It displays fine literary ability on the part of its editress and splendid artistic taste on the part of the publisher.—Little Lake Herald.

JOHN IVETT S. D. NOLAN

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How about your sole?

If it needs fixing, consult

OWENS

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Shoes made to order; perfect fit guaranteed. None but the very best leather used.

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Everybody Knows Ves.

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The best table and accommodations on the Mendocino road.

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When in Willits Make Your
Headquarters at

The

POPLAR

Cranshaw & Keller,
Proprietors

They'll Treat You Right.

The Angels.

Dedicated to Mrs. L. V— D—

By Anna M. Reed.

*Pure, and untouched by the flame of sin,
Must be the hosts of the Cherubim.
Mothers bereaved, with cheeks tear-wet
Your love, the heavens, with jewels set
With empty arms, and longing eyes,
Hopefully turn to your Paradise.
With folded hands, on each stainless breast,
You have laid your innocent babes to rest,
But with spirits, in legions undefiled,
Gathers in glory, each sinless child.
And in that bright realm, that seems afar,
The souls of the children, the Angels are.*

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

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NO. 10.

THE IDEA YOU HAVE.

By Clara Bell Brown.

THERE is a scientific reason for prompt action, in order to obtain the best success. The old rule was caution; it brought a measure of success, but in this day and age the great rewards come to the man who does things. Too much caution will bring defeat, or a partial success. The scientific reason for quick action is this: Just as sound waves strike upon the drum of the ear, so thought waves strike upon the receptive faculties, made to transfer them to the headquarters of action. Thought waves are always flying by you. They are full of ideas. It is not without cause that we say, "a thought struck me;" or, "I had an idea, just now." It is true. If it is a thought or an idea that is entirely new to you, don't pass it on to some one else. Act! Do something!

You are as likely to achieve, from that idea as anybody in the world. The stroke of the thought may be the

knock of fortune. Thousands of boys had seen the tea-kettle lid lift with the force of steam, before one boy felt the force of the idea that was there. It is better to try to do something and fail than not to act. When an idea strikes you, do something! If success does not come, and you are sure you are doing the thing you can do best, keep on, do it again. If you are convinced that you have made a mistake, do something else, but remember that thought-waves are transportation trains for ideas, and ideas are marketable property.

If you don't stop and use that idea, it will pass you by, and go to some other haven where it receives a warmer welcome. When you read of the granting of the patent, or the floating of some great new enterprise, you will say: "Why I thought of that once, but I didn't do anything about it. I had the idea first, I wish I had acted on it."

You will state a truth and an untruth. You DID have the idea (offered) first, but you did not entertain it, you did not treat it with hospitality so it went away to another man.

Then, you did not "think of it," it thought of you. It came to you, out of the infinite store house, for the same reason that the fruit ripens for you, the sun shines for you, and the rain falls for you. It is one of your everyday blessings, which you never appreciate, just because it is always happen-

ing. The power to translate into our language these ideas, that touch at our station during their journey on the thought wave, and to receive a passenger idea and set it to work, is with us all.

Look out for the train and be prompt to welcome the passenger booked for your station. Say: "Go no further. Stop right here, you are welcome. I have use for you." And the world will have use for you, and for your idea.

To "El Cantara."

By Clara Bell Brown.

El Cantara! Neath thy shadow
 Let a weary pilgrim lie.
 From thy side, O, lonely monarch!
 Let the desert greet my eye.

How resistless is the picture
 To my city-tired soul;
 Space that seems illimitable
 In its shining, golden roll.

Thou, the Gateway of the Desert!
 Hear me, while I voice my prayer,
 While I lay down in the silence
 Alla life-time's weight of care.
 Oh, the resting by the rock side!
 Oh, the peace, in space to lie!
 But two shadows on the desert;
 El Cantara! Thou—and I.

The Coming of Uncle Dennis.

OAKDALE Cottage was thrown into a flutter of excitement by Neva rushing in from the post office exclaiming, "Oh, mamma here is a letter for you."

"Open it quickly and see who it is from."

"I don't know the writing, do you?"

"It is from Greenville, Mo. I wonder who could be writing to us from there for it is for both of us isn't it mamma, we have no secrets from each other, have we?"

The mother took the extended letter and after carefully examining the address and post mark took her scissors and cut the envelope open. Neva was dancing around her mother saying, "Oh, 'mumsey' do hurry, I am almost dead with curiosity," so peeping over her mother's shoulder this is what she read: Greenville, Mo., July 27, 1898. Dear Niece: You no doubt will be surprised upon receipt of this letter, but I am your father's, brother, in fact all the living relative you have on his side, and so I am coming to make you a visit. I want you to be in New York, but if it is impossible for you to do so, send your daughter.

I will start the 15th of Aug. but will telegraph what day I will arrive. Your loving uncle, Dennis Jackson.

P. S. I will pay all expenses.

"Oh! mumsey, mumsey, what will we do?"

The mother folded the letter and carefully replaced it in the envelope, then quietly resumed her sewing for Mrs. Cinthy Lawrence was a dress-maker, and since her husband's death some years before had earned a meager living for herself and daughter, who helped all she could by doing all sorts of dainty needle work. Her mother

found in her the greatest help and comfort in her sweet, cheerful disposition and willingness to help.

Neva again said. "Oh! mumsey, what will we do?" "You must go; won't it be jolly, mumsey on a vacation! Do talk dear and say you will go."

The mother looked up from her sewing, and although she read nothing but genuine pleasure in her daughter's face at the prospect of the mother's trip, she said: "My dear, you will have to go and meet uncle Dennis in my stead, for I have so much to do, work promised ahead, that I cannot go."

"Oh, mumsey, mumsey, you unselfish dear, but I won't go, you must let the work go and take this chance of a little rest. Just think, a trip to New York and all your expenses paid. Hurrah, for uncle Dennis!"

After much discussion it was finally decided that Neva was the one to go, but she had nothing appropriate to wear on a trip to New York and no time to get anything made, for her mother couldn't stop their living to sew for her daughter. Although Mrs. Lawrence owned Oakdale cottage, it took all she made to keep them. In telling the good news and then the dilemma to one of her customers (Miss Sullivan) she said: "Why Neva, I have just the dress you need in my black tailor suit, would you wear it my dear? You know we are about of a size and I would be glad to loan it to you. You have plenty of pretty waists and that is all you need, for this is to be a sight seeing excursion and not so much to be seen.

Both mother and daughter redoubled their energies trying to have everything in readiness when uncle Dennis came and of course they talked of no-

thing else. Mrs. Lawrence looked lovingly up at her father's picture upon the wall and remarked, "I have so often wished I could see some of father's people, he never talked of them much but I have heard him mention this brother and I wonder if he is like father."

"Oh, I do hope so, but I will love him anyway because he is my father's brother."

At last the expected telegram came and Neva was in a great flutter of excitement getting started, but after the train left the station and she had seated herself for the five hours' journey she began to wonder how she should know him and what he was like, if rich or poor, plain or stylish and if he liked prim sedate people; or jolly, goodnatured ones, and what she should say and do at greeting.

Mrs. Lawrence had a brother who was motorman on a street car, so he was to meet Neva and thus all fears of entering the city alone were allayed. The train upon which uncle Dennis was due, Monday evening, August 19th, owing to some delay did not arrive in New York until Wednesday morning. Neva had almost given up his coming and had made up her mind to return home, thinking maybe uncle Dennis had changed his mind at the last moment.

She went out to spend the night with a girl friend who had married and moved to the city, having left her mother's brother on guard.

Next morning while at breakfast Neva received a 'phone message to return to the hotel immediately for uncle Dennis was there. As she went up the stairs she almost fell into the arms of a very nice looking old gentleman who kissed her embarrassed face and then held her at arms length saying, "My brother's granddaughter and yet not a bit like the Jacksons." The Jacksons were slender and dark, while Neva was short and stout, and although her eyes were dark her hair

was a very light golden brown like her father's people.

After greetings were over, they went up to Neva's sitting room to make plans. The third morning Neva was awakened early by her great uncle knocking on her door, she called to him and asked what he wanted, when he answered: "Come, it's time to get up." Somewhat surprised she hastily dressed and let him into her sitting room. She was not long in noticing something was wrong, but what, she could not at first detect.

When they went to breakfast he refused to eat and left her at the table with the excuse that he would be back in a moment. When he returned a few minutes later, horrors of horrors, was that whiskey she smelled on his breath and the, "well, are you going to eat all day," rang so clear and distinct that every person in the dining room heard it. Embarrassed beyond measure Neva arose from her unfinished breakfast and led the way out of the dining room.

As she started up the stairs he called her back with, "come, come, you know we have planned to go to the children's park today, and it is time we were started. Not knowing what else to do, she went. Everything seemed to catch uncle Dennis' eye this morning and with arm and fore finger extended he would exclaim, "Oh, look thar."

Once Neva said in an undertone. "Uncle please do not talk so loudly, everyone in the car is looking our way." But no sooner had the words been uttered then she regretted them, for he quickly replied very audibly: "Now see here, I paid my money to ride on this here car. What are your eyes for, if not to see with and your tongue if not to tell about things you see?"

Almost on the verge of tears poor Neva did not know what to say or do for she kept thinking, is it really whiskey that makes him act so or is he try-

ing to test me to see if I would be ashamed of him.

At the play ground he capped the climax by wanting to ride on the merry-go-round and insisted that Neva ride too. Should she flatly refuse and offend him? No, for her mother's sake and the memory of her grandfather she would carry it out as she had commenced by treating him kindly. After the ride was over and he stepped from his horse, he took off his hat (which by the way was cowboy style) and waving it over his head exclaimed: "I wouldn't have missed that for a twenty dollar gold piece." Of course everybody laughed.

Neva, her patience and endurance exhausted pleaded a headache and coaxed her uncle to take her back to the hotel, where she shut herself in her room to fight a bitter battle with her pride. Would she dare to take this man into her mother's home, and say to her, mumsey dear, this is uncle Dennis, who I love because he is like grandpa? No! A thousand times no! She would not help bring such disgrace.

She would tell him in the morning just how she felt in regard to it, no matter what the consequences were, for she would not have her mother subjected to the annoyance she had endured, for of course he would have to be introduced into their circle of friends and it would soon become public that Mrs. Lawrence's uncle was a tipper.

It was notoriety enough to have a male visitor at Oakdale Cottage without anything more. Neva still pleaded headache and would not see her uncle again that evening, but next morning she had almost a similar experience as the morning before. As soon as he saw her, uncle Dennis said: "Well what ails you this morning, didn't you sleep well last night?"

This gave Neva an opening so she went up to him and putting one hand on his shoulder spoke to him: "No, uncle, I did not sleep much last night for I was thinking of you."

"Of me, now what's the matter with me, I'm all right."

"No, you are not, for you have been drinking uncle, and I want to tell you—

"Me drunk? I'll admit I take a glass of beer when I want it but I never get drunk."

"But uncle, listen to me one moment, you must not take one glass any more for that drink soon wants another and before you realize it the drink has you. I cannot take you to my mother like this, can not you see that it would never, never do! Will you not please straighten up or else not go—

"Not go, of course I am going, don't think I have come all the way out here to see brother William's children and then go back without doing so."

Neva's nerves were drawn to such a tension that when she heard this she began to cry. After sitting with his head in his hands for a few minutes he said: "There, there, don't cry any more and I will do just as you say. I know I have made a fool of myself but if you will forgive me I'll not do it again, come now cheer up, and kiss me then we will go down town and I'll buy you something nice."

Foolish to believe it, yet she thought if she took him home next day everything would be all right, but alas the perfidy of man. Neva saw to it that all the necessary arrangements were made for the trip home on the morrow and took particular pains to keep uncle Dennis in sight for he had a large sum of money and there are so many "pit-falls" and "sharper" that are looking for such a haul, for he was so careless about showing a handful of gold to get some small change, and when cautioned to be more careful would say: "My neice, I am an old man now, and have always been able to take care of my money and myself."

"But uncle, others have not only lost their money but their lives by being careless. Remember you are not at home amongst friends but with those of whom we know nothing. My father

er's favorite maxim was 'treat every man as a rogue until you find him a friend,' and I think it a very good plan, especially while in a large city."

"Tut, tut, don't you worry about me."

Although he was a little irritable the day passed without uncle Dennis breaking his promise to Neva and her buoyant spirit arose at once, but next morning he was up early and just as soon as Neva joined him she knew he had broken his promise but since word had been sent her mother, and tickets purchased there was nothing else to be done but to go, as it lacked but an hour of train time. At the station he kept waiting to get away for a minute or so but Neva was firm and insisted on accompanying him to see about checking baggage, etc.

However, about five minutes before train time an acquaintance recognized Neva and came over to speak to her. Thus affording the opportunity he had been looking for, uncle Dennis slipped through the crowd and soon vanished. As soon as courtesy would permit Neva excused herself and followed the direction he had taken. When she reached the outside of the station her eyes fell upon the sign over a drinking house which read, "The Last Chance."

She knew he was inside and waited in trepidation of being left but with just a minute to spare he came forth wiping his mouth. As he espied Neva he exclaimed, "Well, are you ready to go?"

She tearfully said: "Oh uncle, how could you."

"There, there, that was just one to top off on, I'll be good from now on." The first hour of their journey (to onlookers) was very pleasantly spent for uncle Dennis was unusually chatty. Neva's pity and sympathy had turned to disgust, and although she tolerated him she received no pleasure from his rambling remarks, for her thoughts kept flying to her mother in the cottage under the big, old oaks that

spread their branches protectingly over the house as if to shield it, not only from the sun's hot rays and winter's cold blast, but from any harm that might threaten the happiness of its occupants, because her mother was her all.

Each had always made special effort to protect the other from all unhappiness possible, but how to keep her mother from knowing this terrible thing. Terrible to Neva because she had never experienced anything of the kind before. At every station he left the car and would have gone into the drinking houses if it had not been for Neva constantly saying, with a smile: "Uncle, come now, the train is starting and I cannot go on without you," but in her heart she loathed the man who permitted his better self to be ruled by strong drink.

Home at last, but those five hours seemed to Neva an eternity in her nervous condition. She could hardly control herself as she greeted her mother who looked so pure and dainty in her neat house dress. Neva felt almost as if she herself was contaminated having been associated with a man who drank, for she had always been taught that a drunkard was not a fit companion for women and children.

All Neva could say was, "Mumsey dear, this is uncle Dennis."

He remarked: "So this is brother William's eldest child; you look a heap like him too, but nothing like your daughter."

The first week at home passed with uncle Dennis behaving very well, for the second day after his arrival he bought a flask of whiskey and kept it in his room, where he would take a nip occasionally. The very first night home as mother and daughter talked the situation over, Mrs. Lawrence said: "My child, we must treat him kindly and may be our kindness and gentle influence will show him the error of his way, dear, you must remember he has

not had anyone for years to tell him how wrong it is to do such things."

"But mumsey, he is a grown man; common sense ought to teach him it is wrong. I have no patience with him. He doesn't try to control the appetite for drink; I know he don't.

"My dear, I never heard you talk so before; it doesn't sound like my Neva's gentle, forgiving spirit. I am afraid your trip has done you more harm than good."

"Now mumsey, dear, do forgive me, I didn't mean to hurt you, but I don't think you approve of uncle Dennis' actions and—and—I don't like him because he isn't good like grandpa—so there."

"Neva, Neva, what is the matter with you?"

"There now mumsey, dear, give me my good night kiss and I'll go to sleep or else the tempter may get control of me through temper as he has uncle Dennis through drink. I'll be brave in the morning and help you all I can."

That's like my own dear girlie. Try and remember he is my father's brother and now good-night."

As the days went by uncle Dennis got more bold and would stay down town late at night and come home in a condition that made both mother and daughter shrink from his kindly meant familiarities. All week he would drink, eating little and worrying poor, hospitable Mrs. Lawrence because her most dainty viands did not tempt his appetite. Saturday night he would come home late and the next morning be unable to get out of bed, so Mrs. Lawrence and Neva would have to nurse him Sunday, keeping them away from their church service in which they took so much pleasure.

Several nights Neva had been awakened by her mother softly crying. Neva said nothing, but resolved that something must be done for she was not going to have her mother made unhappy much longer even if uncle Dennis was her father's brother. She

knew if grandpa Jackson were alive he would not tolerate such behavior in a brother, and Neva's inward self rebelled for she had a goodly supply of Jackson spirit. Finally she told her mother that if she didn't say something to Uncle Dennis that she would.

It was a task Mrs. Lawrence was loathe to perform, but she knew her daughter so well, that she felt she could do it more kindly, so she chose a time when Neva was away on an errand and in her soft, gentle way told uncle Dennis how it grieved her to have him act so, that she knew he didn't realize the enormity of the sin he was committing. She said: "If you keep up this pace your health will be wrecked and your soul lost.

"God never intended man, whom He made in His own image, to be dragged down to perdition by the snares set by Satan. Can't you curb this unnatural appetite for strong drink that you have cultivated?" He broke down and cried like a child and said: "My dear niece, I was a good boy at home and always until after my wife died; had she lived I wouldn't have drifted."

"Uncle! Is it right for you to lay the blame on your poor dead wife, your sins of today?"

"You wrong her memory by doing things now you would not do, were she with you. For God giveth and He taketh away. You should cherish her memory and live as she would liked to have had you live; even if she is not here to personally guide your wayward steps." He answered: "I will! I will be a man the remainder of my days, that I may meet my dear wife in the Paradise she talked of so often."

He did not seem content to stay after this and began to make preparations to go back home, where he could be near his Mary's grave, that it might help him keep the promise given his niece for his dear wife's sake.

He stayed a week longer and was true to his promise and when he was ready to start he said, "dear niece altho

I am unable to prove it. I am a better man for coming here and if I live it will always be with the thought of living so that Mary will not be ashamed of me. I will write to you when I get home." Mrs. Lawrence and Neva were glad he had come after all; for they had helped redeem a soul for the Master.

Three days after he started Mrs. Lawrence read from the daily paper these words: Another Horrible Railroad Accident. The train was wrecked and

many lives were lost.

Fearfully glancing over the list of killed and injured she saw: "Dennis Jackson dead."

As if he had a presentiment of his fate before starting he had said "If I live I promise so to do, that I may meet my Mary in heaven."

Mrs. Lawrence and Neva could not help but feel that perhaps it was best that he had joined her while his promise was yet held sacred. N. I. S.

I Have Been Happy.

Anna M. Reed.

I have been happy, and the light
From vanished days falls gently
through,
The rifts between the darker ones
That cloud my heaven's glorious blue.
I have been happy, and apart,
To-day, from that familiar time,
The bird-songs echo in my heart,
And sweet the "bells of mem'ry"
chime.

Happy I am, though faded fields
Lie where the spring flowers used to
bloom;

Happy I am, although my feet
Have paused by many a loved one's
tomb.

The promise of life's early morn
Old Time has kept right well for me,
And in the passing years I read
Fulfillment of that prophecy.

I will be happy when the past
Upon the future shuts the gate,
When all my transient hopes are o'er
And I can only "stand and wait,"
Singing, my soul will bow before
The chastening of the mystic rod,
And on the wings of gladness go
Forth to the summons of its God.

The 5th Regt. Band Entertainment and Ball.

[From THE DISPATCH-DEMOCRAT of February 24, 1905.]

The entertainment and ball given by the Fifth Regiment Band, U. R. K. P., assisted by the California Northwestern Band of Willits, at Marks' Opera House, February 22, 1905, was a most gratifying success.

It was opened promptly at 8.30 by a march, "Our Directors," by the C. N. W. Band, under the efficient leadership of G. A. Keller, followed by other well rendered selections, notably the last one—"The Flowers of Italy."

The clarinet solo, "Comin' Thru the Rye," by Clarence Phelps, assisted by Mrs. E. A. Keller, the accompanist of the evening, was an unusual treat to music-lovers.

Next came a descriptive selection, "The Fall of Jericho," by the U. R. K. P. Band, the most beautiful number ever given by a band in Ukiah and reflecting credit upon the musical skill and direction of the leader, E. A. Keller.

The next was the vocal solo, "The Message of the Violet," by Mrs. F. E. Cosgrove, with violin obligato by Prof. E. Schoaff. Her beautiful rendering brot a recall and the response was given with inimitable dash and brilliancy.

Next on the program was a selection from the opera "King Dodo,"

by the U. R. K. P. Band.

And then came the song, "My Own United States," from the popular opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," by our Junior Quartette. To their recall, was given Mr. Duff's original song, "And Her name was Maud," which completed the musical program.

The sword drill by Washington Company, U. R. K. P. of Vallejo, in full uniform, was magnificent, and given with the grace and skill for which this company is distinguished. It was a most impressive sight.

As a community we owe much to Col. Abe Marks, for the securing of this delightful feature of the evening. It was not the first time that his publicspirited thotfulness has brot Ukiah and her interests in touch with the world about us and it was done in a most delightful way.

The grand march led by the officers and members of the Washington Company, U. R. K. P., of Vallejo, and the fair colonial dames of Ukiah, turned the evening and its pleasures over to light hearted Terpsichore, and twinkling feet beat time to delightful measures, all completed by an elegant repast, served at the Palace hotel, by Mine Host Sandelin.

To Anna M. Reed.

By Georgiee K. Reed.

You've lifted me—someway

Out of the narrow rut, where I was thrown;
You've shown to me a broader, brighter, path
Than I had ever dreamed about or known;
You've drawn aside the curtains of my soul,
And there where only gloom was wont to dwell

I feel the stirring of a great desire.

Too deep and grand for my poor lips to tell,
You've led me thro' the solitude of thought,
And in the light your kindliness has shed
The future shows a clear and thornless way,
That my tired feet had never hoped to tread.
Your voice across the silence speaks to me
In words of praise, so beautiful and strong.

I must but weep my secret gratitude,

Or pour my gladness out in humble song.

You did not guess the mission of your words,
You did not know the value of your praise,
The whole world shows a brighter, seeter
face,

Than in the restless stretch of those old days.

I vainly strive to picture in my dreams

The beauty of your lips, your eyes, your hair,
And yet for fear of value under-due,

I feel that I should scarcely try or dare;

But when I read some tender song of yours

And bow my head before each perfect
thought,

I know that genius is a priceless gift,

That cannot be attained or cheaply bought.
Accept this humble tribute of my pen,

And if by chance our paths should ever touch,

I hope that I may clasp your hand in mine

And know, at least, that I have gained as
much.

Amador.

Anna M. Reed.

Yet I see thy yellow fields,
As they lay in years before,
Spread beneath an autumn sky,
Fair and fruitful Amador.

In thy canyons and ravines
Miners sought the precious ore,
When I, careless, wandered on,
Through thy pathways, Amador.

But though still thy smiling face
Turns to heaven as before,
Tears are on my own to-day
As I greet thee, Amador.

Where is now the proud young head,
Yellow as thy golden ore?
In thy dust it lieth low,
And you heed not, Amador

What are all thy pleasant fields?
What the treasure of thy ore?
Can they bring one pulse of life
To a dead heart, Amador?

Stilled the voice of melody,
I will hear it nevermore;
Silent, like that heart, it lies
Hushed forever, Amador.

Hope once twined the fairest flowers,
Bright the future seemed before;
But they withered and lie dead
On thy bosom, Amador.

Friendship seems an idle name,
But 'twas real in times of yore,
When we sang our songs beneath
Thy tamaracks, O Amador.

O'er the waves of Silver Lake,
Or upon its tranquil shore,
Never will our voices blend
In thy moonlight, Amador.

So, while still thy smiling face
Turns to heaven as before,
Tears are on my own to-day,
As I greet thee, Amador.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

GOOD FRIENDS.

How many, in a lifetime, have you had? Can you count them on the fingers of one hand? Are you sure that you have had *one*? When the purse is heavy, and the heart is light, and the hand is open to every appeal,

in the sunshine of success they are legion, but in the storms of adversity, how rapidly they disappear, until sometimes one stands alone—yet in good company. Then the memory of one true friend is more than the living presence of all the false ones we have known, and holding fast to our faith in humanity, we thank God again, and again; for while there is *one*, we know that our belief in the attributes that link the human and Divine, is not unfounded, but a blessed thing of reality.

If from the halls of recollection, the loving faces of really unselfish friends—the living and the dead—look out on us, we should be content to count the false well lost, while on the fingers of one hand we count the true.



As we go to press, comes the tidings of the death, after long ailment, of our old neighbor J. F. Todd.

One by one the pioneers are passing, and of those who, are going the richest are the ones who are taking with them the memory of good deeds, kind-hearted generosity, and sympathy for all their kind.

Among them is S. W. Haskett, who years ago—in April, 1868, secured a through mail service, overland from Ukiah to Arcata, Humboldt county. From Cahto to Arcata, at that time, there ran only a narrow trail, through the wilderness, beset by many dangers. The lurking Indian always—the swollen floods in winter—and often the quiet bravery of Sam Haskett, saved self and horse and load, from death and disaster, in stress and storm, taking through safely the precious burden of those early mails.

He loved his horses, and not so very many years ago we remember how he saved his team from the angry waters of Cold Creek at the risk of his own life.

In early days, before coming to California, he married Miranda Barnes of Carthage, Illinois. She has ever been a woman of exceptional ability, and sincere Christian character and a loved and respected teacher, in Mendocino county for many years.

Their children are Mrs. McCan of San Francisco. Mrs. Walter Bransford of Red Bluff, Mrs. J. S. Hart of Ukiah, Mrs. Delia Rawson of Los Angeles, and Guy Haskett of Willits.

Mr. Haskett was always generous and helpful. It was

through his unselfish thought and labor, that a bell was bought and hung in the St. John's M. E. Church.

Some time in the sixties, the congregation were trying to secure money for that purpose. Mr. Haskett, at that time, was not identified with any Church. But he hired Indians, took his horses and journeyed to San Hedrin, gathered and packed the snow, and brought it to Ukiah, that the ladies might give an Ice Cream social.

It was a financial success, and the bell was bought. Since then, year after year, it called to the generous heart of the giver, who learning as we all learn, the vanity of this world the uncertain, pitiful, pathetic meaning of earthly things, turned at last, with bowed and silvered head, to One who alone gives rest to all who labor, and are heavy laden, sought baptism; and passed a regenerated man, to the mansions of his Father.

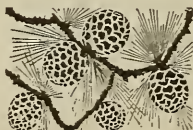
People may say: "Years ago S. W. Haskett lived a rich man, an influential citizen, who later took reverses bravely and well." But we say: *he died a rich man*—rich in the only wealth worth having, safe for all eternity, where moth and rust will not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.



The most beautiful building for purposes of trade ever erected in Ukiah, has just been completed for J. W. Eversole. More investments of this kind would awaken a wide spread confidence in the future of Ukiah, as a business town. Mr. Eversole deserves the patronage of our progressive citizens for it is a pleasure to visit his place of business, and see what perseverance and commercial thrift can accomplish.



A liberal price will be paid at this office for a limited number of the September, October and January issues of THE NORTHERN CROWN.





A DAUGHTER OF MENDOCINO

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I,

UKIAH, CAL., MARCH, 1905.

NO. 11.

LEWIS' TOMB.

A SHRINE FOR WESTERN HEARTS.

By Octavia Zollicoffer Bond.

[From The Land of Sunshine.]

IT IS but little known that a man whose name was on every lip—Meriwether Lewis, the commander of Lewis and Clark's Expedition to the Pacific in 1804-6—is buried in the thick of a Tennessee wilderness; though the reading public of fifty or seventy-five years ago was familiar with his career and fate. The account of the expedition, published by Biddle and Allen in 1814, was then considered fascinating literature. Many an aged man still recalls as the most exciting pleasure of his youth, the reading of the book which held him spellbound with the romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes of 44 men, under Captain Lewis, who penetrated to the sources of the Missouri and down to the mouth to the Columbia river when the Northwest was yet an unknown land.

The brave leader of the expedition came to his death under peculiar circumstances while journeying through Tennessee in 1809. The legislature of that state, in recognition of his greatness, caused a suitable monument to be erected in the wilds of Lewis county where he lies buried. Its stately column of limestone looming unexpectedly in the heart of a monotonous woodland produces an effect which is thrilling. The tall, sculptured shaft, surmounting

a square pyramidal base of rough hewn steps, is in striking contrast to the absence of man's art elsewhere in the dense forest in which it is hidden. Towering amid the gloom of primeval trees, its lofty, broken column awakens sensations of awe. Visitors rarely disturb the silence of the place. The old road conducting to it is in many places so dim as to be almost obliterated.

There was a time, though, when the Natchez Trace, as it is called, was a great thoroughfare of national importance, it being the United States post-road from Nashville to Natchez on the Mississippi. For a number of years it was the western boundary line of civilization. Originally an Indian trail, it was, in 1801, improved by United States troops under Lieut. (afterward Major General) George Pendleton Gaines, and converted into a public highway. This change which was effected through the instrumentality of Hon. George W. Campbell (afterward a member of President Monroe's Cabinet, and later U. S. Minister to Russia) opened up communication with the southern Indian tribes, and with the French and Spanish settlements on the lower Mississippi.

It was on Oct. 11, when the Natchez post-road was still new, that Meriwether Lewis, then Governor of Louisiana

took his fatal journey along that part of it which lies in Lewis county, Tennessee. It was near the spot on which his monument now stands that he came to his death, whether by murder or suicide is still an unsolved mystery.

For two years Lewis had been Governor of Louisiana, a territory embracing the northern part of the region purchased from France in 1803.

He was then on his way from his seat of government in St. Louis to Washington city on business connected with his department as well as to look after the publication of the account of the western exploration. His appointment when only thirty-six years of age to that important position had been due to the warm, personal attachment of President Jefferson, to whom he had endeared himself as his private secretary. A noticeable attribute of Lewis's character was his faculty of attracting sincere friendship.

He had early won a powerful friend in the President, and by his thoroughness and untiring energy in the performance of every duty, had continued to be at all times his especial favorite and protege. In a memoir of Lewis after his tragic death, Jefferson wrote: "His courage was undaunted; his firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities; a rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father to those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal; with a sound understanding and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

This superlative praise from the "sage of Monticello" was justified by Lewis's courage in facing all sorts of dangers in his exploration of the west; his patient endurance of hardships and privation; by the thoroughness of the discipline of his command, and the completeness and sufficiency of his preparations for the journey, though made on a very limited appropriation from the government.

The service rendered to his country was extraordinary. The expedition resulted in confirming to the United

States the title to an area now comprising the states of Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

The information he secured concerning the botanical, zoological, geographical and geological resources of the country was of permanent value. His description of the diversity and grandeur of the scenery, together with his testimony in favor of the peaceable disposition of the Indians he met—the Mandans, Blackfeet and Shoshones—created an enthusiasm for settling up the great northwest.

The expedition was in fact accomplished with unprecedented success, and to the entire satisfaction of the government.

In 1806, after an absence of two years and five months, the exploring party returned triumphant, to receive unstinted praise as their reward.

The president's message said: "The expedition of Messrs. Lewis and Clark for exploring the river Missouri and the best communication from that to the Pacific ocean has had all the success which could have been expected. They have traced the Missouri nearly to its source, descended the Columbia to the Pacific ocean, ascertained with accuracy the geography of that interesting connection across our continent, learnt the character of the country, of its commerce and its inhabitants, and it is but justice to say that Messrs. Lewis and Clark and their brave companions have by their arduous service deserved well of their country."

The published accounts of the thrilling experiences and adventures of the explorers, which read like a tale of fiction, excited universal interest.

Every detail of the narrative was read with avidity. Not a scene was skipped, from the hour of departure from St. Charles, near the mouth of the great Missouri's current, to the moment when Captain Lewis joyfully cleared it at a bound, near its source. The unabated interest of readers still followed him, when at the instance

of a friendly savage, he crossed the dividing mountain range to find the source of a still mightier stream, and, with the same courage as before, to track its windings to the "Big Water" of the Pacific as foretold by his Indian informer. The interest then awakened was in a slight measure revived a few years ago by the publication of a new edition of the once popular book.

Aside from the qualities that won renown for Meriwether Lewis, his dignity and courtesy, his courage and manly firmness, united to gentle graces of form and feature, were elements of his power to win affection. His attractive personal appearance is perpetuated in an exquisite miniature taken of him in Paris at the age of 35. Attired in blue coat, red velvet waist-coat, buff knee-breeches and brilliant buckles, a costume he is described as wearing on occasions, he should have been altogether irresistible to the belles of the young republic, who adorned Washington society in the beginning of the century.

Yet in truth he was never married. An untold romance may have been responsible for this sin of omission. Or a possible explanation may be found in the fact that he inherited from his father a tendency to melancholy and was subject to moods of deep depression.

It was with the hope of diverting him with new scenes and novel experiences that Jefferson had procured for him the command of the Western exploring party, as well as the commission as Governor of Louisiana. Jefferson's hopes seemed to be fulfilled when, at the end of a few years of exposure and dangers in the west, Lewis's mind was apparently restored to healthy action.

In Gilmer's account of the "Early Settlers of Georgia" he appears at nineteen years of age in the act of saving the lives of the pioneers by an exhibition of courage and presence of mind, when a number of Virginians (including his mother's family) were moving to Georgia, then plagued with maraud-

ing bands of Indians. When tents were struck for the night and fires brightly blazing for the evening meal, savages suddenly descended upon the travelers. Confusion seized the camp. No one knew what to do until young Lewis, taking in the situation at a glance, put out the fires and under cover of darkness helped the men to repel the attack.

He doubtless owed much of his personal attractiveness to his mother, who is described as being "perfect in form and feature and possessed of a quick intelligence and a benevolent heart." She long survived her renowned son. When we read of her again she is mentioned as a very old lady, though still active enough to "come pacing home on her pony from a visit to a sick neighbor." Early widowed, she sustained, alone, the responsibility of forming her son's principles and character. Viewing him as an interesting composite of human weakness and human heroism, it is not hard to understand the epithet of "Sublime Dandy" which has linked itself with his name.

This was the traveller who, on the evening of October 11, 1809, halted his roadster on the old Natchez Trace, in front of Grinder's Strand.

We lose sight of the august dignity of His Excellency, the Governor of Louisiana; we forget the man of affairs and the weather-beaten explorer and have only thoughts of pitying solicitude for the handsome soldier (only thirty-eight years of age) riding to his death.

All day his spirits had been weighed down by a gloom so intense that his fellow traveler, Mr. Neely (the United States Indian agent) who had tarried at a point ten miles back, seriously opposed his going forward without him. But it was in vain that Mr. Neely argued of the unsettled state of the country, reminding Lewis that the highway was infested with thieves and cut-throats. Equally in vain he assured him of the responsibility he felt toward the public for the Governor's safety.

Lewis could not be turned aside from his purpose of pursuing his journey. Insisting that it was important for him to proceed, he hastened on, accompanied only by his Spanish body servant and an Indian guide, with the intention of going as far as possible that day. He reached Grinder's at dark. As the next place of entertainment, at the head of the Big Swan Creek, was many miles distant, he resolved to stop for the night at Grinder's Stand, though like most of the backwoods hostleries of those rude times it was only a log cabin of two rooms connected by an open passage-way. The crumbled remains of a stick-and-stone chimney still marks the spot it occupied, with a sad little mound near the monument. On that particular evening Grinder was not at home. In his stead his wife appeared in the passage-way in answer to Lewis' lusty halloo. She looked searchingly at the three men. Turning from the dark face of the foreign servant to the features of the savage, she took alarm. A glance at the gloomy brow of the white stranger did not serve to reassure her and she promptly refused them entertainment in the absence of her husband.

It was only after long parleying and through persuasive insistence that Lewis prevailed upon her to admit them on condition that the travelers should confine themselves to the room across the passage and leave her undisturbed with her little children in the family-room.

The little that is known of what afterward occurred would better be told in the words of our guide to the monument, a native of Lewis county:

"Twas nigh on to three o'clock in the mornin'," he said, "when the woman heerd firin." She wuz plumb skeerd an' she riz up in bed, she did, an' listened close. She kep' on heerin noises o' one sort 'n another till the chickens crowed fur day. Oncet, she most knowed somebody hollered 'O-o-o.' Then agin it 'peared like whoever 'twuz sorter whispered, 'It is hard to die.'

"Atter while she made shore he wuz tryin' to get a drink o' water. The gourd kep' a scrapin' 'gainst the bottom of the bucket 'long-

side'n her dore,—which she 'lowed, in reason he didn't get none, fur her young 'uns they had fooled about it an' dipped it till thar wan't narry drop left when she went to bed.

"B' sun up she onlatched the dore an' the strangers and the nags wuz clean gone—she didn't see ba'r nor hide of 'em a-nigh the house. 'Twuz mos' dinner when Grinder come in—an' purty soon Bob Smith he come along. Smith rid the mail he did, an' 'twuz his day to come from Natchez. Them two found the corpse a little piece from yon' tree. Grinder 'lowed it wuz some big man from his fine clo'es. No sooner'n Smith seed 'im he up and sez, 'sez'e, 'This here's Governor Lewis, sez'e. An' when he tuk notice o' where the bullet hit'm under his chin an' went clean through out'n the top o' his head he 'lowed somebody had shot 'im or he had shot hisself. one o' t'other, Bob couldn't tell which."

That it was an act of suicide, committed in a fit of mental depression, was Mr. Jefferson's conclusion, after taking great pains to collect evidence as to the cause of his friend's death.

But the family of Governor Lewis thought differently. There was no money found on his person, and his guide and servant had disappeared.

These facts, together with other circumstance led them to believe with the people of Lewis county that the Spaniard, with the Indian probably for an accomplice, murdered and robbed his master.

There is a belief in the country also that the murderers became alarmed by the groans which disturbed Mrs. Grinder, and that, fearing discovery, they hastily hid the stolen pouch of gold coins in the earth, with the intention of securing it later.

Hue and cry was raised throughout the land, and it is thought that the thieves did not venture to return, but disappeared toward the west where they probably joined the lawless band of Elkswatawah, the prophet-brother of Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief. Quite naturally superstition has added liberal notes to the simple text of tradition.

The gold lies buried to this day—so the story goes—on the very spot where the victim was afterward interred.

The occasional visitor to the grave

may chance to be told also of "sperits" that guard the treasure, and of certain "blue lights" which play among the crevices of the foundation stones when some over-bold fellow ventures, with pick and spade, to approach the tomb at midnight "on the full of the moon," the only hour, it seems, when success may be hoped for.

Our own guide intimated that many had made the attempt, but that just so many had "seed lights and heard noises" which caused them to beat a hasty retreat.

Recalling the historic associations of the old Natchez Trace, it is easy to invest it with an air of wild romance. Along this route travelled Aaron Burr when on his way to interview General Jackson before visiting the island home of Blennerhasset, in the Ohio. The disguise he was accustomed to wear on the secret journey connected with his treasonable enterprises did not conceal the raven blackness of his hair nor dim the dark and searching eyes which from time to time shot lightning glances that indexed the intensity of his daring thoughts. Fancy pictures him indulging, in the loneliness of the woods, visions of a great western empire of which he shall be monarch.

And again we see him, with "intellectual keenness only equalled by his lack of principle," studying out forms of the poison of ambition with which to inoculate his amiable dupe, Blennerhasset. A downward glance at the bridle hand—the hand that should be glowing with the innocent blood of Hamilton—perhaps brings a scowl of hate, which gives way to a flash of exhilaration as his thoughts revert to the alluring magnificence of his plans.

At one time entrusted with Vice-Presidency of the Republic, he now appears as the "Benedict Arnold of politics," weaving schemes as he rides on his way to tempt, if possible, the very bulwark of free government to join his treasonable plot. But we all know the signal failure of his effort to inveigle

"Old Hickory" by polished flatteries and artful sophistries.

Jackson himself travelled the Natchez Trace at an early day. Another man whose name was associated with the old road was Thomas Benton. Long before he was the distinguished United States Senator, when he was but a rustic youth, he lived beside it at a point called Gordon's Ferry, where he acted as clerk and book-keeper for the brave pioneer, Captain John Gordon. Along this road, when it was simply an Indian trail, Capt. Gordon had chased many a party of hostile Creeks or Choctaws, southward.

Along its northward course he annually sent pack-horses to Philadelphia, with instructions to his men to purchase from Mr. Meeker or from Evans and Jackson (noted merchants in those days) such merchandise as was suited to his trading-post on the frontier.

At a later date the robber band of Murrell made travelling on the old highway a hazardous undertaking. He was the Jesse James of his generation. His exploits furnished the theme for many a stirring border story.

To a mind sensitive to impressions, it would not seem incredible if told that savages still lurk in the untamed woods which border the ancient Indian war-path. Remembering Tecumseh's frequent presence on the Natchez Trace the withered leaves of some distant, gnarled stump might easily represent to the imagination the tawny bronze figure of that great Indian statesman on his way from tribe to tribe. For here he passed along when inaugurating his well devised scheme for uniting all the southern and northwestern tribes into a general uprising against the whites, which resulted in the horrors of Fort Mims and the Creek war.

Over this course, too, galloped Red Eagle (William Weatherford) when sent by Tecumseh on missions to the "war party." The wily half-breed chief, McGillivray, also frequented certain parts of the road when engaged in

his machinations with the Spaniards at Natchez to destroy the American settlements.

These thrilling scenes on the ancient frontier have passed like the slow shifting of a panorama. But a fixed me-

morial of their times is found in the lonely monument of Meriwether Lewis, standing solitary and apart from the hum of human existence in the wilds of the county which bears his honored name.

Down Where the Breakers Roar.

By O. A. Ward.

Down the rugged cliff's dizzy height,
Where breakers dash and dash again,
I gaze with wonder at the sight,
As on Mendocino's Point I stand;
And watch the storm its battle wage
Down where the breakers roar.

A long, bright shaft of sunlight now,
Descends and marks a pebbly strand
That glistens and seems to endow
This sheltered spot with radiance
grand,
And minnows sport 'neath rippling
waves,
Down where the breakers roar.

Off' the rugged cliffs of life,
Seem rent with storms of darkest hue,
But, amid enmity and strife,
A light comes suddenly to you
And calm and happiness reign again,
Down where the breakers roar.

Written for THE NORTHERN CROWN.

A CHAPTER ON PRUNES.

PROFITS AND LOSSES.

The Fruit For Northern California.

Written for The Northern Crown
BY DR. ELISHA D. SHAW.

A VERY little time ago the industry in cured fruits, especially of prunes, was so great with promise that the feeling was general that California's future was bound up in preparing still larger crops of dried fruits, sufficient eventually to supply the entire world, from which there is to be an unending demand.

Land and fruit brokers and owners of non-paying orchards whose only financial salvation lies in unloading upon some "tender-foot," still laud the vast wealth to be made from five and ten acre groves of 'cots or prunes, while their news organs scold like Zantippe because of Cuban reciprocity and lay the blame upon West Indian and Australian farmers for losses in California fruit sales.

A look at home conditions and cleaning up of badly conducted "trust" methods which have ground the growers to dust, dust which has encircled the "trust" magnates, i. e. "Association" officials, drier owners, brokers and dealers, would be too drastic a method of reaching the truth to please the fastidious gentlemen who prefer to seek microscopic obstructions upon the horizon in the shape of "free" oranges reaching eastern markets, while California citrus fruits are still green or in flower upon their trees.

Careful personal investigation into the

cured fruit business shows that growers of fruit are not piling up bank accounts, are hardly making expenses, that a good many orchards have been rooted out and an increasing number of owners contemplate destroying their orchards because of their unremunerativeness. Very few orchards produce crops too small to return reasonable profits upon the investment, but prices realized by the orchardists have dwindled to such a degree as to make other lines of agriculture seem more desirable.

We must manage to keep the price of fruit so low, that the eastern consumer can purchase our fruit more cheaply than any other article of his provision, and so extend the demand for California fruit that it will keep us hustling to supply it. Take the item of prunes for sample; if we can place our 30-40 prunes in the eastern markets so as to sell to the consumer for 5 to 6 cents per pound the poorest people will soon learn to use them as a daily article of diet and consumption will increase enormously to our everlasting benefit. Year after year adding to our acreage until every available portion of orchard land is planted to fruit and drying fields are in evidence everywhere." Thus said one of the most progressive "managers" in the state, expressing the sentiment of the originators of the first "association."

"Most desirable, most worthy and laudable: beneficial alike to consumer and seller. "But sir," was replied, "how can you put prunes to the consumer in New York and Boston at 5 to 6 cents per pound?"

"Freight, cartage and all other fixed charges should be more than covered by an allowance of one half cent per pound in which case the dealer would have the fruit on his counter at an extreme cost of say $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents. A margin of from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents certainly should satisfy him."

"Do you know what the ordinary first class stores ask for such prunes in our eastern cities?"

"As I said, certainly not over 6 cents, possibly seven."

"We have paid 15 and even 20 cents for 30-40 prunes, while 20-30s have been quoted as high as 30 cents in New York and Philadelphia. The smaller dealers who reach the poorer and middle classes generally do not carry "fancy" stock and receive for 120s up, sold by you at a cost laid down in New York as low as $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, from 5 to 10 cents per pound. 50-60s at "special sales" have sold for 5 to 7 cents though regularly quoted 10 to 12 cents.

"Today Chicago dealers large enough to buy in car-load lots are offering "fancy-large" fruit for 8 cents. San Francisco prices range from 8 to 15 cents. Small dealers reaching the bulk of the consumers, pay additional profits, due to the middle-men and charge proportionally higher from 2 to 10 cents per pound.

But in all this, while helping the consumer and increasing the demand, where does the grower come in?

Brokers, merchants and consumers all being cared for what can be done for the orchardist, he who supplies the entire material for the combined profits. Boiling down the various replies to this query, which by the way with remarkable unanimity suggested that he must be satisfied with what the association managers or drier superintend-

ents or selling agents, saw fit to allow him, Mr. Vanderbilt's historic and sympathetic utterance in a similar case seems to be the consensus of opinion held by our fruit sellers. The growers are part of the public. The public is needful, the public exists. It can not help itself, hence, the public i. e. "the grower be damned! We're it; if the growers don't like it let them sell out."

Then they execute their judgment by squeezing out the grower's financial life blood to the last attainable drop.

California prunes grow in popular favor at a phenomenal pace, most justly and should continue to do so. As the demand grew, greed grew in the curing establishments. Methods were devised to increase the profits to the curers. Methods allied to "cheese filling" which has proven disastrous to the reputation and demand for American cheese in a growing European market. Methods alike unjust to orchardist and consumer, benefiting none but the curing houses and packers.

Rotten, wormy, unripe and otherwise imperfect fruit, peaches, prunes, cots, etc., known as "culls," are boiled up with glycerine, licorice, cheap molasses and what not, to make a decoction called "dope"—each curing manager having his own formula.

The dried fruit is dipped in this dope in great iron baskets, while the stuff is hot until the fruit has absorbed from 20 to 30 per cent of its own weight and then packed.

This is one method of "processing" devised by certain packers who purchased the dried product in the field and thus prepared it for market.

Each variety of fruit being, of course, treated according to its own peculiarities. That this should be sooner or later discovered by consumers and a revulsion against the fruit result, may or may not have been foreseen by the practice of the "process," but it is doubtful if they ever believed that the method might destroy the reputation of

California prunes, of which danger is now imminent.

Government inspection seems to be the only remedy, with severe penalties for "processed" fruits, if we can hope that our really fine products shall become and remain the acme of the world fruits. One man, at least, has adopted a better, cleaner plan for "finishing" his fruit viz: by steaming, and is putting upon the market a beautiful fruit as unlike the "processed" product as can well be imagined.

While his method is not all that could be desired, it is such an advance upon the old way as to call for high commendation, and probably will lead to a perfected treatment of our fruits which eventually will put us upon the pinnacle of perfection in the way of furnishing the world with Olympian food.

This advanced method may be a pointer to the road which shall lead to the grower's betterment. The better the article the more money it is worth in the world's markets. By preparing a thoroughly good product full of its original flavor a price may be obtained for it alike just to producer and consumer.

The orchardist must make a living or go out of business. Prune growers who can "better afford to feed the fruit to hogs than pick it for market at present prices," are not hard to find and are growing in number.

It is a delicate matter to so increase the price to dealers as not to shut off the demand because the general public does not yet realize that CLEAN FRUITS ARE THE MOST NEEDFUL FOOD IN THEIR LIST, as nature intended, and as a future generation will understand, but they consider them as luxuries which can and must be done without unless well within the reach of the means of their purses.

We, therefore, must provide them an article so superior to that which they have been purchasing and so little above the price they now pay that they

cannot but see the difference and appreciate it. "Concert of action," preached for years among our fruit growers from one end of the state to the other, has proven anything but good to the California farmer, not because the principle of concert is bad, but because of the agents employed, who have almost invariably succeeded in manipulating the growers to their own avaricious ends.

Northern California prunes are undeniably superior in all respects, particularly in flavor, to fruit grown in warmer wintered counties. We have vast areas of land now in range, paying a very moderate percentage upon the total investment, which put into fruit, with the proper conditions of curing and marketing attainable, could be made to pay handsomely — would change our sparsely settled counties into dense, prosperous communities, enriching our people socially, morally and financially.

As already suggested, careful curing is the probable key for unlocking the grower's troubles, but if combined with marketing of private brands will most likely entirely solve the problem. This will require patience and determined perseverance until the particular brands shall have made their names and taught the public that as much difference exists in various packs as in teas and coffees.

The unprincipled packer will always be with us and can only be repressed by strict government inspection and strictly administered pure food laws. The honest, high class growers and packers will have him to meet just as he is met in every business. Northern California and particularly Mendocino county has this future staring her in the face, and if our citizens are so minded we may see our beautiful hill-sides and plains blossoming with a beauty which only the deciduous fruits can produce, while our people enjoy the social life of a thickly settled, hap-

py community whose roads, smooth,
hard, dustless and mudless shall attest
the prosperity which comes from min-
istering to those less fortunate and
speaks of the profits of fruit growing in
no uncertain tongue.

Possibly others have thought out
these questions and we may solve this
important problem for the benefit of
Mendocino and the entire state by ex-
changing wise counsel.

Dead Leaves.

By Georgie K. Reed.

I stood by the stream of pleasure
With rubies upon my breast
That rivaled the crimson sun-god,
As he sank in the golden west,
I stood by the stream of pleasure
When beauty and wealth were mine
And a score of high born lovers
Were kneeling before my shrine
The light of a hundred jewels
Gleamed from my throat and hands
And my rounded arms were circled,
With a glory of flashing bands;
I drank from a golden goblet
Such amber and bloodred wine
That my veins seemed filled with nectar
And all that I asked was mine
My couch was strewn with rose leaves
My path a violet bed,
I was honored and loved and envied
Till the beauty of life was dead

But the years went by unheeded
And I stood alone at last
With only the faded picture
Of a wild and wasted past.
Again by the stream of pleasure
I raised my goblet of gold
But found the dregs of sweetness
Grown bitter and acid and old
I turned from this waste of splendor
To walk o'er my violet bed,
But the fragrance had vanished forever
And the petals were rusty and dead.
I sank on my couch of rose leaves
But found them withered and old
And I felt in that hour of anguish
The mockery of all my gold,
I thought of my selfish wasted past
And grieved as a woman grieves
For out of that whole rose-colored life
I had nothing but leaves—dead leaves.

FOR HUMANITY.

BY ANNA M. REED.

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life; they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve, finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions.

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to

87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526; and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and

extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrows and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished

MRS. ANNA M. REED.

Editor, THE NORTHERN CROWN,

I send the following suggested by your article "For Humanity:"

ADDDED to this most excellent proposition the cheapest and best form of endowment insurance ever brought to my notice, I would suggest that stress be laid upon more practical school training. Too little effort is made by both parents and teachers to discern and cultivate the leading tendency of children's minds—the bent of their abilities.

Porta noscitur non fit," applies equally to the financier, agriculturist, engineer and cook. No artist ever lived in whose inner mind did not exist the love of the beautiful and a compelling sense of balance.

No financier of ability ever burst

upon the world whose spirit from the cradle had not been toiling successfully with problems of finance. This is true of every profession. Mediocrity is but the undeveloped mind along the proper road in which God intended it to travel.

Teachers who do not strive to seek out and develop the latent fire which will raise her or his pupils above the common herd are not proper custodians of the state's most precious property, its children.

We must begin by training the teacher to distinguish the rare jewels in each matrix of rough mineral presented to him and to then cut and polish each according to its own peculiarities. This thoroughly done we will have a citizenship devoid of criminal instincts, self-respecting and fully competent to use to the best possible advantage the funds provided by this most excellent plan.

DR. E. D. SHAW.

To Thee.

By Dewey Ravenscroft.

[Dedicated to the Christmas Girl.]

I see thee in thy beauty, and I feel
That, were you mine, I would no longer stray
But wander with thee where the rills make way
Toward that great sea of life, where every keel
Plows the deep green, and laughing ocean spray.
I wonder could I hold thy hand in mine
Would life's thin vision of a charm be felt
After my thoughts which stray, my eyes that melt
Into their meek humility, that shine
Now at the altar where my soul has knelt?
Oh, love! I reach to thee a willing hand,
Though you have only touched my finger tips
My lips are all a hunger for thy lips
To wanton in thy arms a moment spanned
And from thy lipsing take the honey drips.
To revel in the bliss of one embrace,
I count as profit hundred fold the cost,
Would I not weigh this life of lives well lost
To sit beneath the halo of thy face
And know that moment my life's pentecost?
I reach my arms to thee, extending wide
And chafe against convention's rule today.
I cannot feel that life holds much to pay
For that one moment's joy that is denied,
With thee beside; to watch with me and pray.
I knew of life, the bitter and the sweet,
Until I saw thee as a vision fair
With thy sweet face, the glory in thy hair.
Since then my peace is faded, incomplete,
That ghostlike passes vanishing in air.
The summer bloom has come—and passed away,
The droning bee has hushed his midyear droon,
The roses faded in the fairest June,
And winter's chill is on the ocean's spray—
Yet will my heart still have a hopeful tune.
Yet why should hope sing in this heart of mine?
For fair, thou art so far beyond my ken
I feel the low exactitude of men
And only can I worship thee, and pine
For that which gives me hope to go again.
The Christmas time is joyful through the earth
And men are singing good will to their kind,
Yet, can I not be of the simple mind
That meets the Master at the Master's worth
For my supremest thoughts are wandering blind.
And still they wander, as they always will
From thee apart. I cannot choose but go
Into life's lines, as by a stunning blow,
Driven to that which never can fulfill
The joy which only with thee I could know.
Fair heart, have pity thou on my distress
And weep with me, e'en though you turn away
To that which must demand thy life today
While I go wandering through a wilderness
Better for having met thee on the way.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

"The Opulence of Nature."

Once, somewhere, we read these words significant with meaning. And again some time ago were reminded of them, by a conversation with a man, whose thought and sentiment were a revelation to us, coming as they did from

one who has followed the practice of law, and whose intellectual effort, and achievement stands of record in the dry tomes of that profession.

To learn, that in the selfish precincts of a large city, where the maddening confusion of sight and sound absorbs time and attention, he had stolen time to watch the stars night after night, as they work out the destiny of this little world, swinging on their shining way to the ultimate solution, or watched with eyes of understanding the unfolding of the flowers—"the stars of earth"—was to us, a great refreshment.

"Look," he said, "at the tree, in spring, arrayed like a bride in her veil of blossoms, and later, with every bough laden and held out, for man's acceptance—an acceptance that is too often thoughtless and ungrateful." And we, hearing, remembered the words that had been kept somewhere in heart and mind: "*The Opulence of Nature*"—the generous, ungrudging wealth, that yields its *all*, unquestioningly to the selfish, unthankful use and need of man.

Nature is not only rich, but generous, and not only generous, but divinely impartial. When a flower blooms, or a fruit ripens, they do not wait for the coming of a millionaire to do their *best*. A tramp along the way may enjoy the fragrance of the flower, or the flavor of the fruit and feast his eyes upon the beauty of the landscape, with equal or greater enjoyment, than the man who owns, and pays taxes upon it.

One would think that this continued opulence and generosity, of so called *inanimate things*, would effectually rebuke the sordid selfishness of *things* that *reason*, in a time when very sordid motives underlie almost every action of *humanity*. From this viewpoint, *instinct* seems superior to reason—superior in unquestioning *faith* and *obedience* to *natural law*.

Here again comes up the uncertainty—and we ponder on the questionable blessing of free will, the distinguishing possession that enables man to fly again and again in the face of an outraged providence.

Some years ago we rescued a wounded bird—a lark—from the hands of some boys, that we hope were thoughtless, rather than cruel in intention. We ministered to its needs as best we could, put it in a comfortable cage, with food and water, it sat upon the perch and preened its ruff-

ed feathers over its poor wounded body, and when night came on, folded its head beneath its wing and went to sleep. In the morning it was dead. But to the last it had given perfect trust, perfect obedience to natural law. Never so deeply had the words appealed to us: "Not a sparrow falleth, but the Father knows."

And we feel sure, that in the merciful economy of divine wisdom that silenced song, hushed here by human cruelty shall be heard again by *those who care*, in the exquisite harmony of Paradise.

In nature there is no poverty—and endless generosity—a constant giving has not exhausted a constantly renewing source. In plant life a blind obedience responds to the demand of light and heat, and the result is perfection.

While bird and beast responding to instinct, carries out to the letter the natural law.

Since man has a mental and spiritual life superior and beyond all this, and since the opulence and perfection of all inanimate and lesser animate things, is because of perfect obedience to natural law, we may conclude: *that man will only become opulent—rich in things of true value, when he has learned to obey unquestioningly the Divine Law, that should control his higher being.*

Then peace, and justice will prevail on earth. And so sure as reason exists, and men shall think, and reason together, that time shall come, when false living and false values shall be set aside, and the opulence of all nature be enjoyed in a universal harmony.



While in Greenwood we had the pleasure of attending a re-union and entertainment given by the ladies of Greenwood Parlor No. 121, N. D. G. W., on the eve of St. Patrick's day. The song, "My Native Land," was given by the young ladies of the Parlor, ending with a beautiful tableau where the central attraction was an unique representation of the state seal of California, the figure of California being personated by a living and very lovely daughter of our Golden State.

A programme followed, by local talent, really surprising in its excellence. This was again followed by a grand march, in which about one hundred couples appeared. Refreshments were served in prettily decorated booths at

each side of the entrance to the hall. Dancing followed the march where those who wished might take part in that fascinating exercise. The decorations of the hall in the colors of the Parlor, and the souvenir programmes, in the shape of a shamrock, in green white and gold, all reflect credit upon the taste and work of the ladies of Greenwood Parlor N. D. G. W.

And here we would remind our readers that it is not to the credit of Mendocino, that but one Parlor of the N. D. G. W. exists within her borders. Greenwood Parlor was organized several years ago, principally through the patriotic sentiment and untiring energy of Mrs. Alice L. Pollard, whose care and pleasure it has been to help in every way in sustaining the organization.

Greenwood's young people owe much to her, in having such social opportunities made possible by the existence of the Parlor. We think that the accepted time is now approaching for other towns in Mendocino, as Mrs. Pollard has assured us, that help in organization may be relied upon from Greenwood Parlor, in the early summer.

Now that the Native Sons have organized at Ukiah, why can we not have a Parlor of Native Daughters?

It would be well for those interested to correspond with Mrs. Pollard, as she is capable and willing to suggest and advise in the matter. One of our former bright, dear Ukiah girls, Mrs. Minnie Smith Scott, wife of A. D. Scott is now President of Greenwood Parlor, and presides with grace and dignity, over a sisterhood of some forty maids and matrons, all practically awake to the charms and possibilities of our peerless state.

The noblest work of our native sons and daughters is in saving the landmarks of California, and in this we wish them power and increase, and "God Speed," now and always.

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What did we tell our readers about the Potter Valley and Blue Lake grade, by way of the new bridge? It would be a cheaper proposition for the people, to abandon it, new bridge and all, and put their work and money on the old road where nature designed a highway. Only thousands of dollars outlay, and endless work, will ever properly drain and gravel the new road, and keep it fit for winter travel. Let the people look to these things, and prevent out-

rageous impositions in the future.

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We note that the Mendocino ranch of 12000 acres, a sheep and cattle-range owned by the late Col. Hardin of Santa Rosa, is valued at *one hundred thousand dollars*. It is situated just across the valley from the Reed ranch, and the Reed ranch, by all stock men was always considered the best, as to natural location, water, and larger areas of agricultural land. The acreage of the two ranches are about the same. The Reed Ranch, a principality in itself, rich in soil, timber, limestone, and other undeveloped resources, is one of the properties of which we and our children are being robbed for a paltry overdraft of some \$3850, so manipulated for four years, at ten per cent *compounded every thirty days*—according to the evidence of the bank's cashier—that it grew with mushroom rapidity. Among the transactions in this high-handed outrage, was the signing of a paper by Mr. Reed upon the assurance that *it was "only a matter of form."* This paper was acknowledged by the seal as Notary, of the attorney of the bank, who at the time was a stockholder and *director*. It was *afterwards filled out, from the assessment books of Mendocino County.*

This transaction was the fit forerunner of the bidding in, upon a judgment secured by fraud, of \$5000 worth of bank stock, in the then solvent Bank of Ukiah *for the sum of \$1700*, so cut down, to make it fit the demand. We call the attention of our friends to these facts; more will follow.

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The last band concert of the 5th Regiment Band, U. R. K. P., at York and Cleland's hall, brought out a full attendance of representative people. The speech by John L. McNab was apt and entertaining, and given in his happiest way, did justice to the band and town.

The solo by Dr. Robert Thomas was in good voice and full of the tenderness for which his selections are famed. No sweeter rendering of sentimental song has been given here by local talent.

The violin solo, "Hungarian Lustspiel," rendered by Prof. E. H. Schoaff, was most artistic.

The Junior quartette did justice to their reputation in the rendering of "Genevieve" and other old time ballads.

The band was excellent as ever in descriptive and popular airs. Under the efficient leadership and management of E. A. Keller, we look forward to the delight of our coming open-air concerts. A band is essential to all communities of a higher civilization, and Ukiah should congratulate herself upon the possession of one, not second in talent or *personnel* to any in the state.

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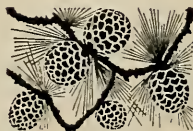
As our thought runs along the plane of music and song, we are reminded of a great treat in store for the people of Ukiah. Richard J. Jose is to be heard here on the 10th of April. "In the world of sound there is but one voice rarer than the tenor's—the contra-tenor's," so says Ashton Stevens. Some years ago we listened with rapture to the singing of Richard J. Jose. We did not pause to analyze or classify the voice that held us in delight, touching with pathos, and tenderness, and melody, the depths of being, and we only hope, that by a happy chance, we may hear again "My Lady of Moods," as he rendered it in those years that have died into the silence of the past, buried deep under the flowers of remembrance.

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The entire force of THE NORTHERN CROWN have been ailing, so although the issue is late, remember that we have done our best—and the angels can do no more.

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Back numbers of THE NORTHERN CROWN for April, September and December are needed—10 cents per copy paid at this office.



ETC.

The Bible—What it has done.

Alone it has civilized whole nations. It is the one book that can fully lead forth the richest and sweetest things in man's nature. Read all other books—philosophy, poetry history, fiction—but if you would refine the judgment, fertilize the reason, win the imagination, attain unto the finest womanhood or the sturdiest manhood, read this book reverently and prayerfully, until its truths have dissolved like iron into the blood. If you have no time, make time and read. The book Daniel Webster placed under his pillow when dying is the book all should carry in the hand while living.

The February number of THE NORTHERN CROWN is at hand and chock full of good things that its readers will appreciate. There is a good field in this section of the country for a representative magazine and THE NORTHERN CROWN is fast nearing that point

where it covers the ground.

—Willits News

THE NORTHERN CROWN, Anna M. Reed's original little monthly, has notably good verse in its current number. The essay on prompt action, by Clara Bell Brown, is a good one to "paste in your hat"; The Coming of Uncle Dennis is a good story. We are sorry for the word "editress" on the cover.

—S. F. Star.

[Why sorry for the word "editress"?]

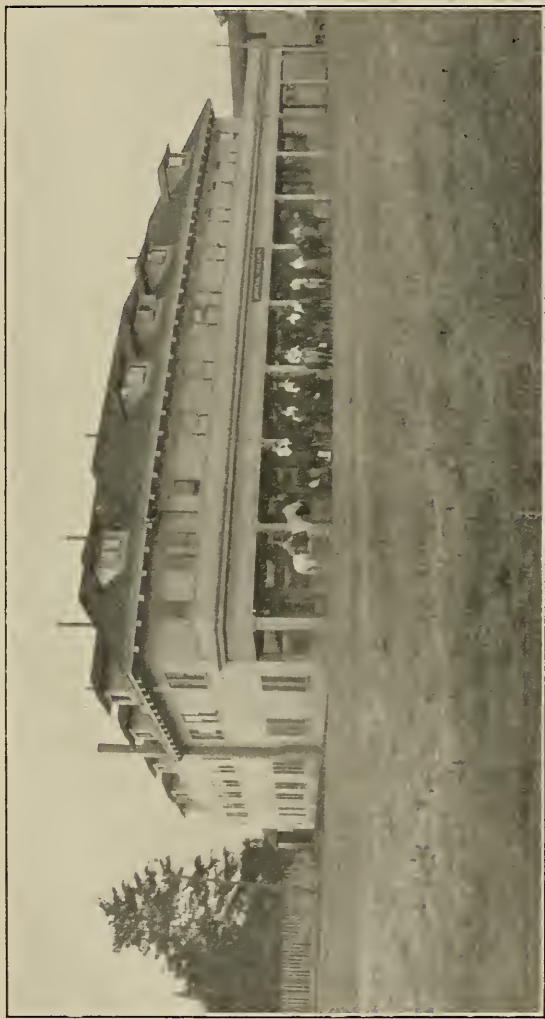
THE NORTHERN CROWN for January has been received. It contains many articles of interest, besides a number of original poems. It is steadily improving in appearance.—Lake County Bee.

THE NORTHERN CROWN for December is one of the brightest numbers yet received. A fine half-tone cut of our townsman W. T. Fitch, wife and daughter adorns a page of the magazine.—Ft. Bragg Advocate.

March.

Month of shipwreck, month of gloom,
Of rolling seas and sailors doom
Month of agony and dread—
Sing Alleluia! March has fled.

J. B. M.



Hotel Willits, Willits, California

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., APRIL, 1905.

NO. 12.

Willits and Little Lake Valley

By Anna M. Reed.

THE first village in Little Lake Township, Mendocino county, was Little Lake, and was built not where Willits is today, but a mile or more south near the former residence of the Baechtel brothers.

There was a saloon there as early as 1859, and the first store was opened in 1865. The public hall, but lately burned down, was built in 1860. In October, 1865, this spot was the scene of the most tragical event that ever took place in Mendocino county. During the culmination of a feud between two families, twenty shots were fired in less than half a minute, six men were killed—five of them instantly—and as is always the result of strife and death, the burden of sorrow fell upon defenseless women and innocent children, and the beautiful valley was filled with mourning and grief that time alone could cure.

The shadow was long in passing, but the years have brought the sunshine; and the children of those who died, and of those who mourned that day, are now among our happiest and best.

During the same year that Mr. James opened his store in Little Lake, Kirk Brier of Petaluma came into the valley and built a house on the land of Hiram Willits, north of the Little Lake settlement. Soon after James M. Jones opened a blacksmith shop, then a

saloon was added, and the early California requisites for a town were all at hand.

This town was called Willitsville, in honor of the pioneer owner of the land. Mr. Willits bought out Brier's store, and for many years carried the business on, at the old stand. Just how Willitsville was merged into the name of Willits, we do not know but Willits it is today.

The credit really deserved by the people of Little Lake valley, has always been begrudgingly given. Little Lake valley has ever led in public spirited action, and geographically, Willits should have been the county seat.

The first celebration of our national holiday that took place in Mendocino county, was held near the home of the Baechtel brothers in 1859. On the committee of arrangements were: Margaret J. and Susan Upp, Margaret Willits, and the school teacher Wm. Munroe. Harry Baechtel read the declaration of independence, and other appropriate things were done, which dedicated the place to liberty.

The enterprise of the people of Little Lake valley also brought about the honor and distinction for Willits, of holding the first agricultural fair. An agricultural society was formed—incorporated for 40 years—with a nomi-



PARTIAL VIEW OF LITTLE LAKE VALLEY.

inal capital stock of \$10,000, of which \$2,000 was paid up at once.

The society bought and set apart for their use twenty acres of fine land, in the heart of Little Lake valley. A grandstand, pavilion, and all other necessary buildings were erected. An oblong, half-mile track was laid out and put in excellent condition. The officers of the society were: B. G. Mast, Pres.; Joseph Krager, Sec.; H. Willits, Treasurer; E. F. De Camp, W. Brown, J. E. Standley, A. Rucker, O. C. Simonson, J. C. Thomson, D. Lambert, W. H. Young, John A. Morgan, Trustees.

The first fair was held Sept. 17, 1879. The address was delivered by Hon. T. L. Carothers, and such an attendance and hearty support was given by the people, that there remained in the hands of the treasurer \$150, after all expenses were paid, and this first fair was a success and credit in every way to Mendocino county.

Little Lake valley is 1370 feet above sea level. Hills from one to five hundred feet high surround it—fair hills, rich at this season of the year, with the verdure of the spring.

The incorporate limits of Willits in-

clude twelve miles square, and the population of town and valley is about 3,000. Ukiah lies 27 miles south, by rail. And San Francisco 137 miles to the southward.

The old landmarks of Willits were nearly all destroyed by fire on the fifth of June, 1901. But the extension of the California Northwestern Railway from Ukiah to Willits being completed in November of 1901, a new era of building and improvement was begun, which has continued with unabated progress. The Hotel Willits and the Willits Mercantile building—a beautiful structure in the Mission style—would be ornaments to any of our larger cities. Many tasteful cottages and private residences are springing up here and there, and the burnt district has been built up with substantial structures.

Cement sidewalks are at present under course of construction, that are a reproach to the lack of taste and energy in the larger towns of our county. Willits has never lacked public spirit, and is not lacking today—and the sowing of effort, in faith and good intention, will bring a plentiful harvest later on.



MAIN STREET, WILLITS.

The writer first went to Willits, by two horse stage, before the highways on the overland route had been improved by new surveys, and an application of gravel here and there, and the two horses, driven by Aleck Fowler, toiled on, over the old Indian trail that had been widened, to adapt it to the use of wheeled vehicles, while we walked up the steeper places, and gathered wild flowers by the way.

When we arrived at the place that has been known for years as the "Dan Southard place," we were impressed by the cool, silvery current of water, that ran with a rippling song down the mountain side, and on, to the sluices of an old mill whose giant wheel added a picturesque touch to the scene. Murmuring like a living thing, this glorious stream of water made everything beautiful and complete, on that spring day long ago.

Today, thanks to the taste and thought, and engineering skill of man, in my luxurious room at the Hotel Willits, I drank once more from that same sparkling stream, that from its mountain source at the summit, six miles away, has been piped to Willits, bringing an inexhaustible supply

of water, with an ordinary pressure of 75 pounds, that can be readily increased to 140 pounds, when occasion demands.

The poet has written that: "Men may come, and men may go," but the brook goes on forever. And so it is with this cold, life-giving stream, fraught with refreshment, and for many with the thought and memories of the changing years. Ever turned to some use for the use of man, its value changes, but is never ending. It has carried with it laughter and song, resistless force, and fertilization, for gardens were once grown along its winding way, and it bears with it a lesson, and a message, that tells how sweet and perfect existence may be, when man has further learned to harness the waters, the winds and other elementary things and caused them to obey his will. When capital and labor are turned to their true account, and made to truly serve the general well-being of man—when use and beauty are combined, and the world has learned that both are essential to the public good.

After long acquaintance with this never failing stream, that supplies Willits, we can say with truth, that no

town in the state has a better water system, or purer supply. There are 30 hydrants in the main business and residence section.

The lights of the town are furnished by the Willits Water and Power company, which is able to supply 5,000 lights, day and night if necessary.

School facilities are first class at Willits with high and grammar schools, with full force of teachers, and a full attendance. The increase in the grammar school has been from two teachers and 70 pupils in 1901, to five teachers and 180 pupils in 1904.

The area of Little Lake valley is 36

than he does the disposition of his sweetheart. He plays upon their moods and tenses with a skillful hand, he makes no mistake in regard to location he knows where to sow, and when and how to reap.

We are told that some of the early settlers were not lacking in faith, no matter how slack, at that day, were the methods of agriculture. It is said to be a historical fact, that Tom Carson in an early enthusiasm, sowed several bushels of corn meal, believing that the soil and wonderful climate would do the rest, while Captain R. Rundle planted two acres with split peas, which



THE REDWOOD MILL POND, NEAR WILLITS.

square miles. It is well watered by small streams. Owing to overflow, the soil is sedimentary, but rich and in places 12 feet deep. The writer has been asked by the skeptical, what can be raised in Little Lake valley? Truthfully it can be said, almost anything, if planted with judgment and upon ground properly prepared.

In the eastern states a man studies the soil and climate more carefully

actually yielded him an enormous return.

It is a significant thing to remember that near Willits there are several olive trees, that have never failed to bring their fruit to perfection, year after year since they bore their first blossoms. Also that two varieties of apples, the Wagener, color yellow and red, and the Hoover, a beautiful apple, dark red to almost black, never fail. The Ben

Davis, an oblong striped apple is next to be relied upon.

The Little Lake potato can not be excelled, if people use judgment in planting, and are not too indolent to properly prepare and drain the soil. On many farms from seven to nine tons of potatoes, to the acre, are produced every year. The quality as "keepers" is of the best. After gathering they keep well until July of the following year. It is the same with cereals. On the old Mast place across the valley, 102 bushels of oats, to the acre, have been produced from virgin soil. One crop was nine feet high, and could not be harvested by a header. What one has accomplished, another may also.

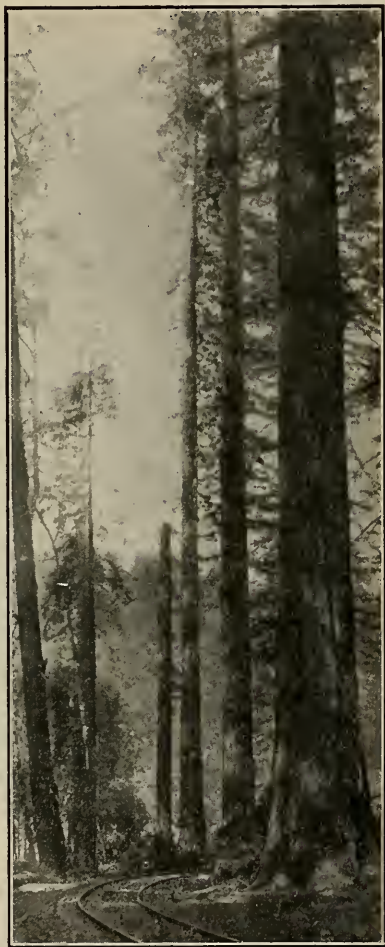
Crops will not grow under any circumstances, in Little Lake valley, UNLESS THEY ARE PLANTED, and properly cared for, we are sorry to admit this, but we must.

The most important source of wealth in the vicinity of Willits is the redwood forest three miles away, extending 30 odd miles westward to the coast, and northwest 120 miles. This immediate proximity to the great timber belt, that a century of time will not exhaust, makes Willits an important shipping point, for freight of its own production. The Northwestern Redwood company carries a regular stock in the yards at Willits of 12,000,000 feet of lumber. The company's mill is situated three miles from Willits, on the extension of the California Northwestern Railroad. The capacity of the plant is close to 200,000 feet per day. We were told that beside this, 200,000 shingles are produced in 24 hours. An outside crew of many men are also employed in making pickets, posts, shakes, cordwood, etc.

Several hundred men are employed at the mill, and outside work. The company has provided more than 30 family houses, of five rooms each, for the accommodation of married employees. And the unmarried are comfortably housed and boarded by the company, in excellent quarters. The

most modern appliances have been put in operation, for facility in labor, the extinguishing of fires, and the comfort of all concerned. It is an up-to-date plant and camp, and no one visiting Willits should fail to see it.

Besides the Hotel Willits, the town



REDWOODS NEAR WILLITS.

has two other well appointed hotels. The Hotel Buckner, J. Ming, proprietor, and the Palace kept by Chas. Whited. It did not seem that any improvement was necessary to the Hotel Willits, but it has just been thoroughly renovated,

and paint, paper and tinting for the walls, and shellac and polish for the floors have made this elegant three story structure sweet and clean for the summer occupancy. Here you are made comfortable and at home by Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, who are ideal hosts. If one desires a restful outing, go to the Hotel Willits.

threshold of development, and permanent prosperity, rich in resource—beautiful in scenery—blest by pure water and a healthful climate, the world has begun to hear about us, and will come as it always does, seeking the best.

Willits has an efficient and well equipped fire company of about 30



A MOUNTAIN FARM.

In spring a wealth of wild flowers bloom, even within the very borders of the town. During the tourist season there are many points of interest to visit, and in winter one may bask before the ample fireplace and dream of the past, with its romance and tragedy, or weave in the glow of the embers the visions of the future, that are more than the fabrics of a dream, for we in this part of the world are only on the

members in good standing, of which H. L. McElroy is Chief; S. Le Rose, Foreman; H. A. Keller, Ast. Foreman; Chas. F. Craig, Secretary; Geo. Upp, Treasurer; M. Leak, Sergeant-at-arms; Policemen, J. A. Gould, G. A. Keller, C. L. Taylor, Geo. Landerbie, M. A. Singleton, Captain.

The town has at present two newspapers: "The Little Lake Herald" and the "Willits News." The "Herald,"

under the able editorship of Alf Pennington, is the established paper with a circulation and intellectual standing throughout the county. And the "News," under new management, will no doubt see better days, and realize the plans of its owners.

The youngest institution in Willits, and one that will be an important factor in the progress of the town, is the Ladies' Improvement Club, organized Feb. 1st, 1905. It is a lever of advancement, in improving the streets, and beautifying the homes. It is also pledged to elevate the moral tone of

done for Willits.

Among the public spirited and progressive men, who are advancing the interests of Willits and the Little Lake valley, are: A. J. Fairbanks, present supervisor of the third district, whose attention to roads and public highways is serving the needs of the people in a way that is invaluable. He is known and liked as one who has been identified in many ways with Mendocino and Humboldt for years. C. A. Irvine and H. B. Muir have been identified with the business and commercial interests of Willits for a quarter



WILLITS' LEADING HOTEL TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

the community, and against all social evils, especially slander. There is a membership of about 50, of which Mrs. C. W. Clark is president; Miss F. B. Rice, secretary; Mrs. G. W. Richardson, corresponding secretary. The board of directors are: Mrs. A. J. Fairbanks, Mrs. J. O. Coleman, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Lancaster and Miss. Ella DeCamp.

The world is realizing rapidly, that beauty is essential to all higher civilization, and goodness the foundation of all, and the presence and influence, and work, of these worthy and intelligent women, will accomplish more along these lines than all the past has

of a century, or more.

Their store occupies one of the old landmarks, spared in 1901 by the fire-fiend that destroyed so many others. They are widely connected with the lumbering trade, attentive, obliging and alert in business, they lead among representative people. One of the fairest dealing men in Willits is M. A. Singleton, proprietor of the Diamond S livery business. He is alive to the right of others to live, and to the appeal of worthy effort is never found wanting.

Tucker & Guest are up-to-date business men, and their store and stock of drugs, tastefully arranged, is an orna-

ment to the town.

The Willits News Depot, is a point of interest and you will find the proprietors, Simonson & McElroy, awake to the best interests of the place. Dr. Fred H. Camp is an addition to the community, and we think he has come to stay, and help Willits to be a desirable town. Mrs. J. A. Gould is Willits' leading milliner, and with the help of her able assistant, Miss Leta Smart, turns out many dainty creations.

Long & Olave are an enterprising blacksmithing firm, they also handle Osborne's farm implements and the Melburne wagons and carriages, bicycles and sporting goods, do machine repairing, and Mr. Long is Willits' safe and lock expert.

The youngest business man we met in Willits was J. B. Williams, 15 years of age, who has just opened a chop house on Main street. He will succeed because he is hopeful and energetic, and believes in advertising.

But faith in our vast resources, and the ways and means of progress, and ability and public spirit would all have been unavailing, but for the extension

of the railroad, that has put Willits in touch with all the world. By immense outlay of labor and capital, and gigantic feats of engineering this has been done, and the wilderness will sing, and blossom as the rose.

And as we think of this, the mind reverts to Hon. A. W. Foster, as the prime mover in this great enterprise. He will do more than all the years back of us have done, to make evident to the world the grand resources of Mendocino and Humboldt counties.

The lives of such men as Mr. Foster are a mission to the world—they understand and exercise the higher, nobler uses of wealth.

The California Northwestern Railway has given us a market, and a rapid and reasonable transportation to that market. It makes it possible for an added population, with brains and capital, to reach us and aid in our development. These, with the natural advantages of soil and climate and an abundance of water, and the inspiration of beautiful surroundings, will in time make Willits and vicinity, second to no part of our great commonwealth.

Fragment.

By Anna M. Reed.

[IN AN ALBUM]

I will not wish you gold, or love, or fame—
Too many sins committed in their name,
Sweep through the ages, and with dark surprise
Their annals blast the light of artless eyes.
Virtue alone, can bless and crown your youth,
Therefore I consecrate its days to truth.

A LEGEND OF THE FARALLON ISLAND.

By Bessie Frances Smith.

MANY years before the United States government had possession of the Farallon Island, it was the headquarters of a band of bold and adventurous pirates. There are still remains of old fortifications built there to defend themselves from the British men-of-war, that would often chase them into this harbor of safety.

A few years ago the skeleton of a woman was found in a deep cave on the island, by some of the light-house keepers. She had many beautiful rings on her fingers set with rare gems; her garments were of silken texture, of course they were badly decayed after all those years, but not enough to disguise the fact that she was richly attired. She also wore a beautiful watch and chain and judging from the ancient workmanship of these jewels, she must have lain there many long years on that lonely island where the silence was never broken save by the weird cry of the sea-birds and the moaning and dashing of the billows.

It was supposed that she was the wife of an officer on some British ship, and was captured by the pirates and

taken to this island, and while the officers and crew were struggling for their lives, this woman escaped and entered a crevice, which was the entrance to a large underground cave, probably she died there never being discovered by the pirates.

And now the lone watchers in that tower at certain seasons of the year have come to expect a phantom visitation. It is always at the same hour, midnight, — A ship will sail gallantly up to the moorings, there will be great haste in the action of the crew, who will lower a small boat. After a seeming struggle with some prisoners, they will row to the shore. During all this time not a sound can be heard, no splashing of oars or grating of the keel, as she is beached upon the pebbly strand.

Some way in getting out of the boat the prisoners escape, and are then frantically pursued up the beach and over the crags by the pirates, who, then return to their boat, and row silently back to the ship, which weighs anchor and sails away to the westward disappearing into the mists.

Good Friday.

By Anna M. Reed.

Today the Saviour died—suffered the Crucified.

Yet could His failing eyes see the repentant's tear,

Saying: "In Paradise thou shalt with Me appear."

"Father, forgive!" He prayed; such blessed words He said,

"They know not what they do." This in the face of death.

This for His enemies, asked with His latest breath.

Yet do His children now turn from His face and bow,

Not to this lowly one; down to strange gods beside;

And in their lust and pride, still He is crucified.

How long will they profane His pure and sacred name?

Placing His holy sign, His emblems so divine,
In midst of mockery, on each unhallowed shrine?

“I thirst!”—to each poor heart, struck by some
poisoned dart,
Treading the narrow way—ready to faint and
fall,
To the parched lips that cry, earth gives her
bitter gall.
Oh, let us kneel to-day! kneel in the dust and
pray,
Close to his bleeding feet; seeking our soul’s
relief,
In deep repentant grief—e’en like the dying
thief.

Jesus, the “Prince of Peace,” when shall the
striving cease?
Dark roll the waves of death; can we the cur-
rent stem?
Seeing at last thy face—touching Thy gar-
ment’s hem?
Forgive each idle word Thy outraged ears have
heard,
Each sinful act forgive; into thy hands receive
At death our sorrowing souls, that they may
live.
This day the Saviour died—suffered the Cruci-
fied;
Yet He, the suppliant, heard, and He could
pitying see,
Saying: “In Paradise, today, thou shalt be
with Me.”

Father Pasha's Resurrection.

By Nettie Hawkins More.

WE left Forkschani at sunrise, our guide informing us it was pleasanter travelling through low lands in the cool of the morning while, as mid-day approached, we would be climbing the mountain where natural forests afforded ample shade, and many springs which bubbled up by the way-side would give assurance that we would be protected from thirst.

We travelled slowly, I urged my horse to a gallop several times but our guide lagged behind, he had no object in slow travelling as we were to pay him for the trip over the Carpathian mountains to a village called Cronstadt, over the Romanian border. As we arrived at the first summit the sun sank across the far range; our guide acted strangely, at last he exclaimed he was ill and wished to return.

We were strangers in a strange land but my friend and I felt no fear, youth seldom does. Reluctantly we paid him a few pieces of silver and told him to return. He gave us explicit directions and informed us that a few miles down the trail from the mountain pass was a village where we could lodge for the night.

He seemed very anxious to leave us. Soon we heard his horse galloping down the road. Alfred and I plodded on; night came; now and then our horses sniffed the air as if danger lurked by the roadside. He was the first to speak after a long silence: "Did you put the cartridges in your revolver?" he asked.

"No," I answered, drawing rein. I loaded the weapon. How long the

way seemed, around rocky bluffs, down steep inclines. Rounding a turn we came in view of what appeared to be a village. Many lights dancing in the night resembled the reflection of stars on a clear sea. We passed a few farm-houses and as we advanced, darkness gathered around us more densely, but we determined to pass on to an inn.

The first house which bore signs of life we applied to for lodging. An old man answered our call. He hesitated at first, spoke to his wife, then led our horses to a stable in the rear of the house. We offered to assist at unsaddling our horses, but he bade us return and closed the door behind us. The wife spread our supper before the open fire, we enjoyed the meal, for we were hungry.

The old man whom I named Father Pasha in my fancy's eye, came in soon. He drew his bench nearer the fire.

We spoke to our host at first in a broken language we had learned in our travels from the Black sea.

He turned to us and asked in German: "Did you meet people?" "No," I answered. "No guide came?" I again answered "No," and related the reason.

We then told him of our trip, that we were only travelling for pleasure, my friend and I, before returning home.

Mother Pasha mumbled a few indistinct sentences to which Father Pasha grunted assent.

"Young man," he said at last, "you came at a bad time; this may cost one of you your life. You have never heard of the inhabitants of this valley?"

I was about to ask if they were bri-

gands when Father Pasha continued:

"We are not thieving people, we are honest, but sometimes we take innocent life. If they would listen to me there would be no life taken, but it is born in them, and they will not yield until at last they find the redeemer."

Alfred and I were all attention, it was certainly an interesting tale we were about to hear.

"Twelve days before Easter," he explained, "several of our men chosen by council to go forth to the outside world to seize one who must pay with his life for the tradition of our race."

"You are taught that there was a man whom men crucified on a cross. He was buried, but on the third day he arose and ascended to Heaven. Our race believes he is still with you, and that he gives you power to build great things and do great things. Our people have not prospered, we are wicked, that is why. If we capture your Savior and crucify him and he should rise, we would have taken your power. We would be redeemed."

"Any stranger within our borders is liable to be taken. If he stands the exposure and strain of three days upon the cross he is given his freedom. We must then fast and pray. If he dies his remains are laid in the tomb of the Chapel on Easter morning, we go to see if he has risen. If we should crucify the Savior he would rise, and the race legend would be abandoned. Now, mind you, this is my people's belief, not mine. I came of a German mother and a Slav father; but I do not participate in this rite, but my wife does, she is of the race."

"Tonight at midnight the chosen men ride out to the plain to seize their victims, perhaps they return tomorrow, perhaps not. If they return with the saddle empty they might scent you here, we must hide you until this is over."

We conversed on several topics. Finally our friend queried as to our nationality, to which I answered,

"America."

Father Pasha exclaimed, "So, so!"

He arose and patted my sleeve carelessly, as if we were art treasures which he had just unearthed. I told him of our government, our country, our ships, electric cars, factories and trade. When I finished he asked:

"Do you fly?"

"No, not yet," I replied.

We fully comprehended the situation. Alfred laughed after we had returned to our attic chamber. "Gif, are you ready to be crucified?" he asked.

"No," I exclaimed in a whisper. "Neither have I credentials to the effect that I am not the man of Galilee."

At midnight we were awakened by horses galloping over the hard road. My head went under the bed covering. Alfred listened; I heard him hold his breath until we could hear no more.

In two days they returned. Those two days we spent in the attic; we heard them talking as they passed our shelter. They seemed to have held a consultation, as Father Pasha related to his wife that he talked to them and urged them to abandon the fulfillment of the tradition.

At evening on the following day, as we sat by our attic window we heard voices below, and heard Father Pasha exclaim, "I will go, go willingly, if you choose me, if I am not one of your people. I will go, but I only hope I may die, that I shall rise and that I shall see my Redeemer in Heaven."

They took him away. We did not understand it fully until Mother Pasha ran up to our prison. She threw herself upon our bed.

"They took him, my man, they will put him upon the cross to die." She wailed and wrung her hands.

"No they won't," I exclaimed; seizing my hat; but the good woman interfered.

"No, they will kill you, do not go," she pleaded, but we felt we could whip the whole country.

The woman gave up her husband willingly after the first grief, but it was a struggle between love and duty.

They took him to the rock-hewn cross in front of the chapel on the hillside. They stripped him of all but a cloth about his loins. They lashed him to the cross, where he hung for three days and nights. The exposure, the strain and want of food were more than his feeble body could bear, but we were powerless. He died; from our window we saw his head fall upon his breast, he no longer prayed to the heavens above. Then came the burial. We wished to witness this, as the danger had passed but Mother Pasha, fearing for our safety, brought us clothes belonging to her sons who were working in the mines in Austria.

Mingling with the villagers, we climbed the path to the chapel, it was hewn of solid rock, it plunged back into the heart of the mountain, water dripped from the jagged ceiling. The crowd filed in, with a few words the lifeless body of Father Pasha was consigned to the tomb, and a slab placed at the opening.

Mother Pasha shed no tears. This religious rite was merely a holiday occasion. We retired to wait until Easter to see if the little band was redeemed. We felt sorrowful, we should have made some remonstrance, but it would have been useless. On the eve before Easter we were prepared to retire. I had removed my shoes, Alfred his coat, Mother Pasha sat crooning beside her lonely fireside. Alfred paused in his drooping.

"Gif, there is only one way to stop this thing."

"Yes," I answered, "there is a way, and we must do it."

We exchanged no words, laid no plans but worked in unison. Soon the fire burnt out, and Mother Pasha forgot her troubles in slumber. Tiptoeing down the creaking stairs, our shoes in our hands, we passed out into the night. I found an implement which

I had seen Father Pasha use as a spade.

We climbed the hillside to be above the village, following a trail, which we had become familiar with while watching the flocks returning at night, until we came to the chapel. No door barred the entrance. The moon, rising behind the mountains, lit up the surrounding peaks, making the valley appear a dark hollow. The cross at the entrance seemed a sentinel guarding the dead. We soon pried the rock slab away. Removing the body we bore it up the mountain. Coming to a secluded spot where the earth seemed mellow we buried our good friend. It was near morning when we returned to tumble into bed with our clothes on, to await developments.

We both slept; Mother Pasha had some trouble arousing us. Today was Easter—how the sun shone in—but not the Easter with the colored eggs for the children. We donned our unique costumes; again we mingled with the crowd. The villagers had assembled, Mother Pasha lingered behind, she dreaded the scene, it mattered not, she gave him to them. The ceremony began, we entered the chapel. Lo, the stone had rolled away. The tomb was empty.

A shout arose from the multitude, the hills re-echoed it, they laughed, they sang, they sank on their knees, stretching their arms to the cross.

In the midst the leader bowed his head, then burst a song, which had been prepared to be sung since the birth of this tradition, now they sang it, the chapel echoed it, the ravines bore it up until it was lost in the mountain heights. The Savior was one of their own people but they knew him not.

He had risen, they were redeemed, the curse was gone, the tradition ceased. Mother Pasha came closer to the empty tomb, she peered into its darkness, she knelt and plunged her hands to the bottom, then raised her fingers to her lips and kissed them. Rising, she went out into the light and raised

her hands to heaven.

"He was always my Savior," she cried.

On the morrow we bade our benefactress "Goodby," we paid her amply for her hospitality, she kissed us both upon the cheek at parting. We slowly

climbed the heights which led to our journey's end. On the summit we paused, the village was quiet, the cross had held its last victim, the bonds were redeemed, the wish of our martyred friend had been fulfilled by Yankee stratagem.

A Spring Song.

By Sophie E. Skidmore Gardiner.

I 'waken with bright visions
Of dewy pastures green.
Sweet wild flowers in the meadow
With dazzling hues are seen.

Oh! my pulses thrill with rapture
For I hear the robins sing.
I know they bring glad tidings,
Of the coming of the spring.

The world seems filled with sunshine
My spirits rise anew,
While the music of the song birds
Rings merrily and true.

So I catch the lingering echoes
Of the silvery-throated throng,
To pour forth my glad thanksgiving
In the melody of song.



On the Lolo Trail.

By Dewey Ravenscroft.

'Tis oh! for the whiff of the camass bloom
The swing of the jingling spurs,
To jog in the balsamed forest gloom
And drink the breath of the firs,
To wander along the canyon's side
In the cool and bosky lea,
Then spill one's self in the billowy tide
Of the limitless bunchgrass sea.

To creep 'neath the tamarack's drooping bows
And brush through the emerald brake,
Where summer zephyrs make sweet carouse
On the margin of mirrored lake,
To lag along on the sunburnt front
Of the rock-ribbed mountain tail,
That has borne the Chinook's battle brunt
Out on the Lolo trail.

Into the gorges, wide and deep
Where the rapid waters roll,
And across the camass flats that sleep
Peaceful as sinless soul,
Where the Clearwater leads in merriness
From the Lapwai's rancherie,
Into a bunchgrass wilderness
As broad as the boundless sea.

I drink the glory of setting sun
And 'Thunder mountains' frown,
Where Piu Piu Mox Mox used to run
And Joseph's sun went down,
Where clenchmen clatter along the trails
And the tattered and tangled mane,
And wild witch-knotted cayuse tails
Bannered the humpbacked plain.

Where the she-bear digs the camass shoots
And the sarvis berries grow,
And the pinnaced tops of the Bitter Roots
Stand in eternal snow,

[“LOLO TRAIL” CONTINUED.]

Where the bull moose blows his trumpet loud
And the pheasant drums his doom,
And the moist mist rises in rainbowed cloud
From the cataracts restless boom.

Then into the silent shadow land,
So restful, and cool, and deep,
Where maidenhair trembles on each hand,
And the bluebells rock to sleep,
Where the muledeer nips sweet grasses
Then throws his antlers back,
With eyes wild wide, and passes
Like the wind, on his wayward track.

The drone of the dizzy city
Palls ever upon my brain,
I long for the fields of camass
For a sea of the rubbled plain,
I long for the sparkling fountain,
I reach for the towering pine,
I look toward the shouldered mountain
For the bannered cloud and shine.

I long for the wanton of nature,
I lean toward the land I love
With the throbbing earth beneath my feet,
And the bended blue above,
Where the curlew nests her youngling
And I hear the bunchgrass swish
About my cuetin's hoofs, and sing,
“I wish; I wish; I wish” —

'Tis oh! for the whiff of the camass bloom
The swing of the jingling spurs,
To jog in the balsamed forest gloom
And drink the breath of the firs,
To wander along the canyon's side
In the cool and bosky lea,
Then spill one's self in the billowy tide
Of the limitless bunchgrass sea.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Easter, 1905.

"Be not afraid," for He has arisen, and ascended to your Father—and my Father. And as He has shown us the triumph of the physical body, over corruption and decay, and that indeed, "in the flesh we shall see

God." So by Him, shall men in time, not only share in this physical resurrection, but in the higher triumph of the spirit, that shall arise above all sordid things, and transfigured by His grace, free themselves even in this world, from all corroding lusts and greeds.

Let none despair of the ultimate result of time, and being. When wrong and strife have passed, and conditions have become consistent with His doctrines—He shall come again. And meanwhile we have this truth to comfort us: He is the resurrection and the life, those who believe in Him, though they were dead, yet shall they live.



Ukiah enjoyed her greatest privilege as to vocal music when by a happy chance Jose came here to sing. Son of a father who was the only contra-tenor of his day, and himself a world-wonder of song, Jose inherits his glorious voice. Richard J. Jose is a native of England, when only a boy he came to Reno, Nevada, and taking up the trade of blacksmithing, sang at the forge, until the great world came to listen, and called him to the realm of music, where he and his voice belong.

He threw his leathern apron across the anvil, saying good-bye to a work he had done well, for the sake of that which he could do better. Since then thousands have listened entranced to his rendering of melodies, that seem perfect only under his interpretation. Here, while he sang, the angels of memory hovered about him, and slipping down the silvery flow of sound, touched with magic fingers each listening heart, and unlocked the fount of tears.

To human hearts he holds the key—in the unique gift, that has set him apart in the world of genius. And we think it was a great day for Ukiah, when one of the world's great artists came here to sing.



On the 19th of April, at Odd Fellow's hall, Willits, the California Northwestern Band and the 5th Regt. K. of P. Band of Ukiah joined in concert, at which time an admirable programme was rendered. The Chinese believe that a combination of various sounds, long continued, will effectually disperse the gathering of evil spirits, and after listening to a Chinese orchestra it seems a reasonable thing

to so believe, but we will go farther in this philosophy, and say, that the concord of sweet sound, not only soothes the savage breast, but will scatter the "blue devils" of care and worry, and give solace to burdened hearts, that nothing else may reach, or comfort. The world cannot have too much music, and if it is really a spiritual disinfectant, as some believe, all the more reason that we should have more of it. May the melody of our bands sound on, and much music sweetly echo down all the corridors of time, where we are making our little journey from door—to door.



An innovation in the commercial life of Ukiah, was the musicale Saturday afternoon and evening, April 15th, at the brilliant opening of the City of Ukiah. The music was furnished by the Symphony Orchestra, led by Prof. Earl Schoaff. His violin solo, "The Poet and Peasant," Mrs. E. A. Keller pianist, was thoroughly enjoyed by the immense crowd of listeners who thronged the store.

The public spirit of H. Marks & Company in furnishing this entertainment for their patrons, cannot be too highly commended. More than two thousand visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to see the beautiful display of goods, and tasteful decorations, and listen to a programme of excellent music.



A contemporary speaks of an appointment of one of the Appellate Judges as "*an honor to Mendocino County*, and appreciated by his friends here." We are at a loss to account for this fulsome praise, as the appointment is not from this district, and was given to a man, who betrayed, politically and otherwise, every real friend that he ever had here, who came bringing nothing into the county, and squeezing its opportunities dry left it, like a sucked orange, and threw away the rind. The first event of any importance, in his career as a lawyer was a well founded accusation of his taking a fee from both sides of a case, an act that would have hopelessly condemned him, and disbarred him, anywhere else. But a few of our old and honest citizens rallied about him, believing that if the charge was true, his *poverty* had probably provoked a young and struggling lawyer, to his first offense.

He had made preparation for leaving, but they told him to stay "and live it down." Among these men were James Fowzer and John S. Reed. If in his twenty years' career before the court of Mendocino, as a lawyer and citizen of Ukiah, this man ever gave to church or school or public benefaction, we have not heard of it.

If he left the town or county richer in any way, for his having lived here, we would like to know it. *But he made money.* He has forced upon many, hardships and needless humiliation—and left the field of his "getting" full of illgotten gains. Just how we are honored by his appointment we should like to know.



THE NORTHERN CROWN ends the first year of its publication, with a paid circulation of 1,000. We have worked ceaselessly, and have no fault to find with the result. We consecrate anew our life and ability to the service and success of THE NORTHERN CROWN, and if still granted life and health during the coming year, we have no cause for misgiving, as to the future of the magazine.



Back numbers of THE NORTHERN CROWN for April, September and December are needed—10 cents per copy paid at this office.

"A Chapter on Prunes," by Dr. Elisha D. Shaw, written for THE NORTHERN CROWN, gives a deal of information. Under title "For Humanity" Anna M. Reed, editor of the magazine, outlines a plan for endowment insurance that is receiving attention: the sum of five dollars or more, to be paid to the State at the birth of each child, certificate for which, presented at the legal age, shall entitle the holder to its apportionate share of the fund thus created—the fund to be augmented by legitimate means of handling capital. "Why sorry for the word Editorress"? Ask the "editor." We have outgrown necessity for the sex brand in the intellectual world. Teacheress and preacheress and tutoress and their ilk are obsolete or ought to be.

—San Francisco Star.



On Wednesday morning The News received a very agreeable fraternal visit from the editress of THE NORTHERN CROWN, Mrs. Anna M. Reed. The

lady has been in Willits for several days gathering material for a general "write up" of our little city to appear in the April number of THE CROWN.

The promised article will be liberally illustrated and, as Mrs. Reed is a charming descriptive writer, something more than common may be expected concerning Willits in the coming issue of her neatly written and clearly printed monthly magazine.—Willits News.



The March number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, Anna M. Reed's magazine, has been received. Among other good articles those headed, "A Chapter on Prunes," and "For Humanity," are well worth anyone's time for a careful perusal. The latter is along original lines and treats of State insurance; she advocates insuring babies at birth and then turning over to them the amount of their policy when they reach maturity. This reverses the present order.

—Covelo Review.

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